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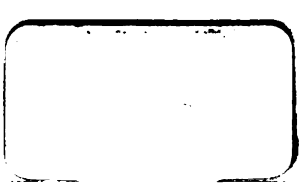

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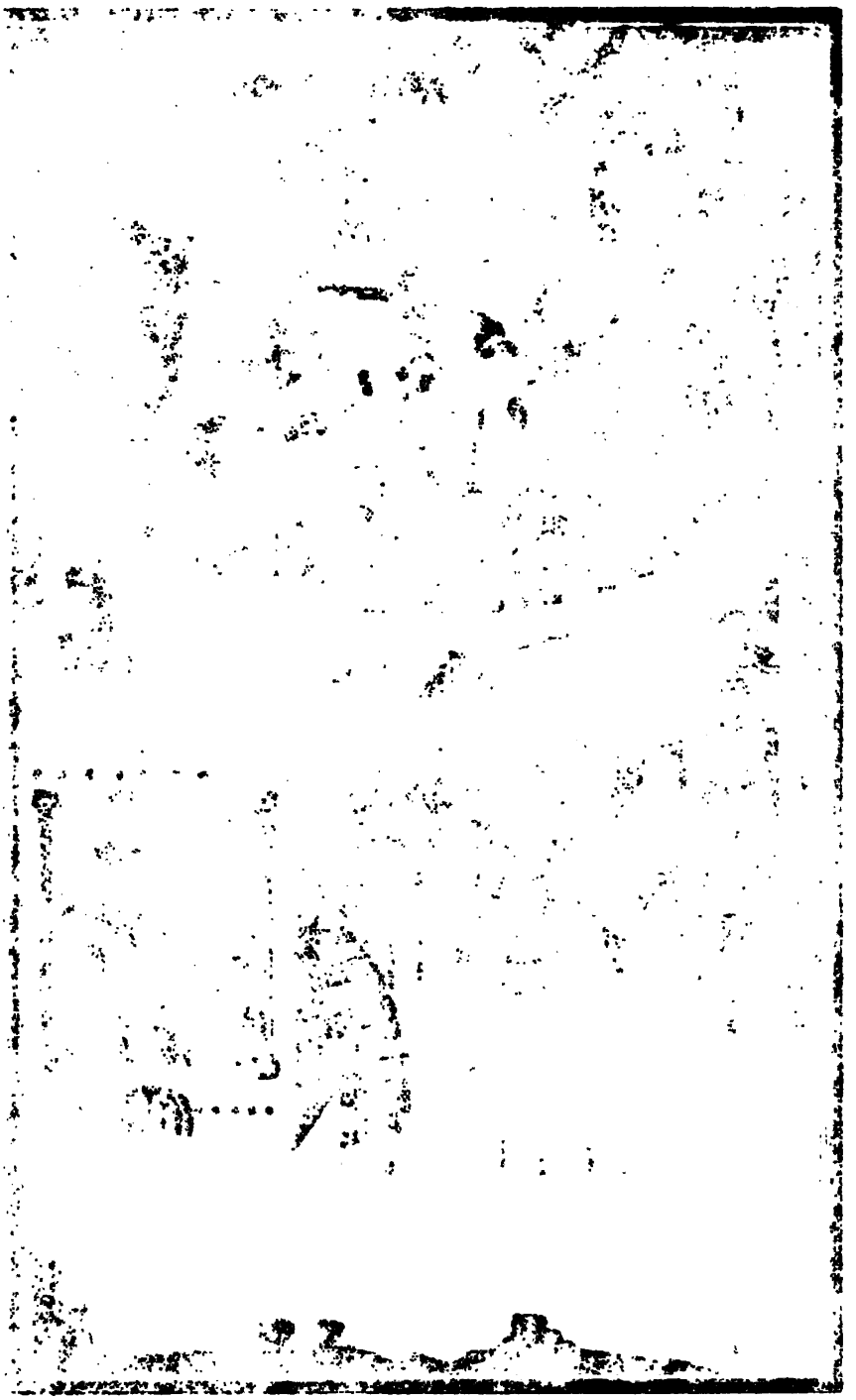

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

(From the Fifth Edition, 1894.)

[EDWARD FITZGERALD, English poet, was born in Suffolk in 1809, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830. He was a man of independent fortune, who spent his life mainly in studying such Oriental and South-European literature as attracted him, and in making versions of it and of the Greek classics, which are largely new work based on the nominal originals. The highest in quality is the world-famous rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám; next is the version of Æschylus' "Agamemnon," and perhaps next those of Calderon's "Vida es Sueño" and "El Magico Prodigioso"; and there is high merit in the translations of Attar's "Bird Parliament," Sophocles' "Œdipus," and others. He died in 1883.]

[OMAR KHAYYÁM (Omar the Tent Maker), whose full name was Ghias ud-dîn Abul Fath Omar Ibn Ibrahim, a Persian poet, was born some time not known, at Naishápúr, and died about 1123. He was not only a poet, but also a great mathematician and astronomer. He was regarded by many of his contemporaries as impious and a sensualist; but his references to wine are generally explained in a mystic sense, and what his real character was is not known. The word "Rubáiyát" means quatrains, and Omar wrote of these several hundred — the exact number is not known — disconnected and full of curious contradictions and often pessimistic thought. Edward Fitzgerald was the first to introduce him to modern readers.]

I.

WAKE! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
  Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
  "When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!" — the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

XVII.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIV.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

XXV.

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
  A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust
  Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
  And this was all the Harvest that I reaped —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy nilly flowing;
  And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
  Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
But not the Master Knot of Human Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmured — "While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answered, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kissed,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmured — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

"Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return"

From a painting by Elihu Vedder

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XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations rolled
  Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

XXXIX.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
  To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XL.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,
  Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

XLI.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
  Think then you are To-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were — To-MORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Feerásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True —
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clew —
Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all — but He remains;

LII.

A moment guessed — then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled
  Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,
  You gaze To-DAY, while You are You — how then
To-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
  Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
  Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

LVII.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? — Nay,
  'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute:
  The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
  Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
  A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

LXII.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
  Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies;
  One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
  Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
  Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:"

LXVII.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed:
  And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
  Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV.

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
  Of Heaven Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI.

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout;
  Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
  One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
  Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX.

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allayed —
  Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
  Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake:
  For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

* * * * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
  And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII.

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

LXXXIX.

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:
And then they jogged each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder knot a creaking!"

* * * * * * *

XCI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden Side.

XCII.

That even my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV.

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honor — Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,
To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII.

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Unregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX.

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

* * * * * * *

C.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one* in vain!

CI.

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errând reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

THE STORY OF ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY ROBBERS DESTROYED BY A SLAVE.

(From the "Arabian Nights.")

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises; so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labor, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on; and though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove so; and, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree, whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another, that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock,

which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy, that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted, and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and, by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion; for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighborhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous; and what confirmed him in this opinion was, every man unbridled his horse, and tied him to some shrub or other, and hung about his neck a bag of corn, which they brought behind them. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver by their weight. One, who was most personable amongst them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words so distinctly, *Open, Sesame*, that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened; and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, should come out and catch him, if he should endeavor to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down, and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words, *Shut, Sesame*. Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again; and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree: For, said he to himself, They may have forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and after that stayed a considerable time before he came down. Remembering the words

the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, *Open, Sesame.* The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; and, above all, gold and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, at several times, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, *Shut, Sesame*, the door closed after him, for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing, insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying, Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to— Be quiet, wife, interrupted Ali Baba; do not frighten yourself: I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me, when I shall tell you my good fortune. Then he emptied the bags, which raised such a

great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes: and when he had done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end; and, above all, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece. — Wife, replied Ali Baba, You do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost. — You are in the right of it, husband, replied the wife, but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighborhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole. — What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife, said Ali Baba; if you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please.

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home; and, addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done: and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. — While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. Sister, said she, giving it to her again, You see that I have not kept your measure long: I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks.

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy

immediately possessed her breast. What! said she, has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold? Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age; so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it. Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise. — Now Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. Ali Baba, said he, accosting him, you are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. — How, brother! replied Ali Baba; I do not know what you mean: explain yourself. — Do you pretend ignorance, replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. How many of these pieces, added he, have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was; and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret. — I expect as much, replied Cassim, haughtily; but I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information.

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother,

told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests, which he designed to fill; proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found; and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks his brother had given him. — When he came to the door, he pronounced these words, *Open, Sesame*, and it opened; and when he was in, shut again. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him, and loading his mules, had not hindered him. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry away at the door, and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of *Sesame*, said *Open, Barley*, and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, all but the right, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word *Sesame*, the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard to all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and at some distance from it saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this novelty they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and they strayed away through the forest so far, that they were soon out of sight. The robbers never gave themselves the trouble to pursue the

mules, they were more concerned to know who they belonged to. And while some of them searched about the rock, the captain and the rest went directly to the door, with their naked sabers in their hands, and pronouncing the words it opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet from the middle of the cave, never doubted of the coming of the robbers and his approaching death, but resolved to make one effort to escape from them. To this end he stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word *Sesame*, which he had forgotten, and saw the door open, but he jumped briskly out, and threw the captain down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabers soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to go into the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be more ready to load his mules with, and carried them all back again to their places, without perceiving what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this matter, they guessed that Cassim when he was in, could not get out again; but then could not imagine how he got in. It came into their heads that he might have got down by the top of the cave; but the opening by which it received light was so high, and the top of the rock so inaccessible without, besides that nothing showed that he had done so, that they believed it impracticable for them to find out. That he came in at the door they could not satisfy themselves, unless he had the secret of making it open. — In short, none of them could imagine which way he entered; for they were all persuaded that nobody knew their secret, little imagining that Ali Baba had watched them. But, however it happened, it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches. They agreed, therefore, to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave, to terrify any person that should attempt the same thing, determining not to return to the cave till the stench of the body was completely exhaled.

They had no sooner taken this resolution, but they executed it; and when they had nothing more to detain them, they left the place of their retreat well closed. They mounted their horses, and went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they should meet.

In the mean time Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night

came and her husband was not returned. She ran to Ali Baba in a terrible fright, and said, I believe, brother-in-law, that you know that Cassim, your brother, is gone to the forest, and upon what account: it is now night, and he is not returned: I am afraid some misfortune has come to him. — Ali Baba, who never disputed but that his brother, after what he had said to him, would go to the forest, declined going himself that day, for fear of giving him any umbrage; therefore told her, without any reflection upon her husband's unhandsome behavior, that she need not frighten herself, for that certainly Cassim did not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife, considering how much it concerned her husband to keep this thing secret, was the more easily persuaded to believe him. She went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled with grief the more sensible, because she durst not vent it, nor show it, but was forced to keep it secret from the neighborhood. Then, as if her fault had been irreparable, she repented of her foolish curiosity, and cursed her desire of penetrating into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. She spent all that night in weeping; and as soon as it was day, went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go and see what was become of Cassim, but went immediately with his three asses, begging of her at first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, and having seen neither his brother nor his mules on the way, he was very much surprised to see some blood spilt by the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door opened, he was much more startled at the dismal sight of his brother's quarters. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother, and without remembering the little brotherly friendship he had for him, went into the cave, to find something to wrap them in, and loaded one of his asses with them, and covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before; and then bidding the door shut, came away; but was so cautious as to stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and

left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a cunning, intelligent slave, fruitful in inventions to insure success in the most difficult undertakings: and Ali Baba knew her to be such. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass, and, taking Morgiana aside, said to her, The first thing I ask of you is an inviolable secrecy, which you will find is necessary both for your mistress' sake and mine. Your master's body is contained in these two bundles, and our business is to bury him as if he died a natural death. Go, tell your mistress I want to speak with her; and mind what I say to you.

Morgiana went to her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. Well, brother, said she, with great impatience, what news do you bring me of my husband? I perceive no comfort in your countenance. — Sister, answered Ali Baba, I cannot tell you anything before you hear my story from the beginning to the end, without speaking a word; for it is as of great importance to you as to me to keep what has happened secret. — Alas! said she, this preamble lets me know that my husband is dead: but at the same time I know the necessity of the secrecy you require of me, and I must constrain myself: say on; I will hear you.

Then Ali Baba told his sister the success of his journey, till he came to the finding of Cassim's body. Now, said he, sister, I have something to tell you, which will afflict you much the more, because it is what you so little expect; but it cannot now be remedied; and if anything can comfort you, I offer to put that little which God hath sent me, to what you have, and marry you; assuring you that my wife will not be jealous, and that we shall live happily together. If this proposal is agreeable to you, we must think of acting so as that my brother should appear to have died a natural death. I think you may leave the management of it to Morgiana, and I will contribute all that lies in my power.

What could Cassim's widow do better than accept of this proposal? For though her first husband had left behind him plentiful substance, this second was much richer, and by the discovery of this treasure might be much more so. Instead of rejecting the offer, she looked upon it as a reasonable motive to comfort her; and drying up her tears, which began to flow

abundantly, and suppressing the outcries usual with women who have lost their husbands, showed Ali Baba she approved of his proposal. — Ali Baba left the widow, and recommended to Morgiana to act her part well, and then returned home with his ass.

Morgiana went out at the same time to an apothecary, and asked him for a sort of lozenges, which he prepared, and were very efficacious in the most dangerous distempers. The apothecary asked her who was sick at her master's. She replied with a sigh, Her good master Cassim himself: that they knew not what his distemper was, but that he could neither eat nor speak. — After these words Morgiana carried the lozenges home with her, and the next morning went to the same apothecary's again, and, with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence which they used to give to sick people only when at the last extremity. Alas! said she, taking it from the apothecary, I am afraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the lozenges, and that I shall lose my good master.

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told it everywhere that her master was dead.

The next morning soon after day appeared, Morgiana, who knew a certain old cobbler that opened his stall early, before other people, went to him, and, bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold into his hand. — Well, said Baba Mustapha, which was his name, and who was a merry old fellow, looking on the gold, though it was hardly daylight, and seeing what it was, this is good hansel: what must I do for it? I am ready.

Baba Mustapha, said Morgiana, you must take with you your sewing tackle, and go with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when you come to such a place.

Baba Mustapha seemed to boggle a little at these words. Oh, oh! replied he, you would have me do something against my conscience, or against my honor. — God forbid! said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, that I should ask anything that is contrary to your honor; only come along with me and fear nothing.

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had

bound his eyes with a handkerchief, at the place she told him of, carried him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he came into the room where she had put the corpse together. — Baba Mustapha, said she, you must make haste, and sew these quarters together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold.

After Baba Mustapha had done, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold, as she promised, recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned to his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her, and then went home.

By the time Morgiana had warmed some water to wash the body, Ali Baba came with incense to embalm it, and bury it with the usual ceremonies. Not long after, the joiner, according to Ali Baba's orders, brought the coffin, which Morgiana, that he might find out nothing, received at the door, and helped Ali Baba to put the body into it; and as soon as he had nailed it up, she went to the mosque to tell the iman that they were ready. The people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, but she told them it was done already.

Morgiana had scarce got home before the iman and the other ministers of the mosque came. Four neighbors carried the corpse on their shoulders to the burying ground, following the iman, who recited some prayers. Morgiana, as a slave to the deceased, followed the corpse, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair; and Ali Baba came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying the corpse to the burying ground.

Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came according to custom during the funeral, and, joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed and hushed up between Ali Baba, his wife, Cassim's widow, and Morgiana, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of it.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods to his brother's widow's house; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night; and

soon after the marriage with his sister-in-law was published, and as these marriages are common in our religion, nobody was surprised.

As for Cassim's shop, Ali Baba gave it to his own eldest son, who had been some time out of his apprenticeship to a great merchant, promising him withal, that if he managed well, he would soon give him a fortune to marry very advantageously according to his situation.

Let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the beginning of his good fortune, and return to the forty robbers.

They came again at the appointed time to visit their retreat in the forest; but how great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and some of their bags of gold. We are certainly discovered, said the captain, and shall be undone, if we do not take care and speedily apply some remedy; otherwise we shall insensibly lose all the riches which our ancestors have been so many years amassing together with so much pains and danger. All that we can think of this loss which we have sustained is, that the thief whom we have surprised had the secret of opening the door, and we came luckily as he was coming out: but his body being removed, and with it some of our money, plainly shows that he has an accomplice; and as it is likely that there were but two who had got this secret, and one has been caught, we must look narrowly after the other. What say you to it, my lads!

All the robbers thought the captain's proposal so reasonable, that they unanimously approved of it, and agreed that they must lay all other enterprises aside, to follow this closely, and not give it up till they had succeeded.

I expected no less, said the captain, from your courage and bravery: but, first of all, one of you who is bold, artful, and enterprising must go into the town dressed like a traveler and stranger, and exert all his contrivance to try if he can hear any talk of the strange death of the man whom we have killed, as he deserved, and to endeavor to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance for us to know, that we may do nothing which we may have reason to repent of, by discovering ourselves in a country where we have lived so long unknown, and where we have so much reason to continue; but to warn that man who shall take upon himself this commission, and to prevent our being deceived by his giving us a false report, which may be the cause of our ruin, I ask

you all, if you do not think it fit that in that case he shall submit to suffer death?

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, I submit to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life, by taking such a commission upon me; but remember, at least, if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good will to serve the troop.

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down till he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops of the town.

Baba Mustapha was set on his seat with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was very old, he said, Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that any one of your age can see so well? I question, if it was somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch.

Certainly, replied Baba Mustapha, you must be a stranger, and do not know me; for, old as I am, I have extraordinarily good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.

The robber was overjoyed to think that he had addressed himself, at his first coming into the town, to a man who gave him the intelligence he wanted, without asking him. — A dead body! replied he with amazement, to make him explain himself. What could you sew up a dead body for? added he: you mean, you sewed up his winding sheet. — No, no, answered Baba Mustapha, I know what I say; you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more.

The robber wanted no greater insight to be persuaded that he had discovered what he came about. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, I do not want to know your secret, though I can assure you that I would not divulge it, if you trusted me with it. The only thing which I desire of you, is to do me the favor to show the house where you stitched up the dead body.

If I would do you that favor which you ask of me, replied Baba Mustapha, holding the money in his hand, ready to return it, I assure you I cannot; and you may believe me, on my word,

I was carried to a certain place, where they first blinded me, and then led me to the house, and brought me back again after the same manner; therefore you see the impossibility of doing what you desire.

Well, replied the robber, you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together by the same way and turnings; perhaps you may remember some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you: gratify me in what I ask you. So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, thinking with himself what he should do; but at last he pulled out his purse, and put them in. I cannot assure you, said he to the robber, that I remember the way exactly; but, since you desire it, I will try what I can do. At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great satisfaction of the robber, and without shutting up his shop, where he had nothing valuable to lose, he led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. — It was here, said Baba Mustapha, I was blindfolded; and I turned as you see me. The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped, partly leading him, and partly guided by him. I think, said Baba Mustapha, I went no farther, and he had now stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived then; upon which the thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand; and when he pulled it off, he asked him if he knew whose house that was: to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighborhood he could not tell.

The robber, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had given him, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house for something, and coming home again, seeing the mark the robber had made, she stopped to observe it. What is the meaning of this mark? said she to herself; somebody intends my master no good, or else some boy has been playing the rogue with it: with whatever inten-

tion it was done, added she, it is good to guard against the worse. Accordingly she went and fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time the thief rejoined his troop again in the forest, and told them the good success he had, — expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction, when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, Comrades, we have no time to lose: let us all set off well armed, without its appearing who we are; and that we may not give any suspicion, let one or two go privately into the town together, and appoint the rendezvous in the great square; and in the mean time our comrade, who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house, that we may consult what is best to be done.

This speech and plan were approved by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in small parcels of two or three, at the proper distance from each other; and all got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he that came in the morning as a spy, came in last of all. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's house, and when they came to one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But going a little farther, to prevent being taken notice of, the captain observed that the next door was chalked after the same manner, and in the same place: and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make; and much less, when he and the captain saw five or six houses besides marked after the same manner. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest so like to that which he marked, and owned, in that confusion, he could not distinguish it.

The captain, finding that their design proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told the first of his troop that he met, that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave the same way as they came. He himself set the example, and they all returned as they came.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was

declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and kneeled down to receive the stroke from him that was appointed to cut off his head.

But as it was the safety of the troop that an injury should not go unpunished, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it, in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing after the same manner with herself, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself very much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from his neighbors'; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town in the same manner as before; and when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty, at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; and the robber, as the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information about Ali Baba's house. He found, by their example, that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions, and therefore resolved to take upon himself this important commission.

Accordingly he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same piece of service he had done to the former. He never amused himself with setting any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, very well satisfied with his journey, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for

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him, he said, Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge; I am certain of the house, and in my way hither I have thought how to put it in execution, and if any one knows a better expedient, let him communicate it. Then he told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the towns and villages about, and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, one full, and the others all empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there, after supper, to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, and addressed himself to him, and said, I have brought some oil here, a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late, that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible for him to know him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, not only to put them into the stable, but to give them corn and hay; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good hot supper for his guest, and make him a good bed.

He did more. To make his guest as welcome as possible, when he saw the captain had unloaded his mules, and that they were put into the stable as he ordered, and he was looking for a place to pass the night in the air, he brought him into the hall where he received his company, telling him he would not

suffer him to be in the court. The captain excused himself, on pretense of not being troublesome, but really to have room to execute his design; and it was not till after the most pressing importunity that he yielded. Ali Baba, not content to keep company with the man who had a design on his life, till supper was ready, continued talking with him till it was ended, and repeating his offer of service.

The captain rose up at the same time, and went with him to the door; and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the yard, under pretense of looking at his mules. Ali Baba, after charging Morgiana afresh to take great care of his guest, said to her, To-morrow I design to go to the bath before day: take care my bathing linen be ready, and give them to Abdallah, — which was the slave's name, — and make me some good broth against I come back. After this he went to bed.

In the mean time, the captain of the robbers went from the stable to give his people orders what to do; and beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, said to each man, As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to cut the jar open with the knife you have about you, pointed and sharpened for the purpose, and come out, and I will be presently with you. — After this he returned into the kitchen, and Morgiana taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where, after she had asked him if he wanted anything, she left him; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise again.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdallah, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth; but while she skimmed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdallah seeing her very uneasy, said, Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars.

Morgiana thanked Abdallah for his advice; and while he went to bed, near Ali Baba's room, that he might be the better able to rise and follow Ali Baba to the bath, she took the oil pot, and went into the yard; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, Is it time?

Though the robber spoke low, Morgiana was struck with the

voice the more, because the captain, when he unloaded the mules, opened this and all the other jars, to give air to his men, who were ill enough at their ease, without wanting room to breathe.

Any other slave but Morgiana, so surprised as she was to find a man in a jar, instead of the oil she wanted, would have made such a noise, as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the importance of keeping the secret, and the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself, were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself without showing the least emotion, answered, Not yet, but presently. — She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means, Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house; looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned into her kitchen; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood fire to boil; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out also the lamp, and remained silent; resolving not to go to bed till she had observed what was to follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard, as far as the darkness of the night permitted.

She had not waited a quarter of an hour, before the captain of the robbers waked, got up, and opened the window; and finding no light, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring in the house, gave the signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. Then he listened, and neither hearing nor perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and threw stones again a second and third

time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer to his signal: cruelly alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, and asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was asleep, he smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar, and knew thereby that his plot to murder Ali Baba and plunder his house was discovered. Examining all the jars one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and by the oil he missed out of the last jar, he guessed at the means and manner of their deaths. Enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and, climbing over the walls of several gardens, at last made his escape.

When Morgiana heard no noise, and found, after waiting some time, that the captain did not return, she guessed that he chose rather to make his escape by the gardens than by the street door, which was double locked; satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well, and secured the house, she went to bed and fell asleep.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the amazing accident that had happened at home; for Morgiana did not think it right to wake him before for fear of losing her opportunity; and afterwards she thought it needless to disturb him.

When he returned from the baths, and the sun had risen, he was very much surprised to see the oil jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, and had let all things stand as they were, that he might see them, the reason of it. — My good master, answered she, God preserve you and all your family! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will give yourself the trouble to follow me.

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her; and when she brought him into the yard, she bade him look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back frightened, and cried out. Do not be afraid, said Morgiana; the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead. — Ah, Morgiana! said Ali Baba, what is it you show me? Explain the meaning of it to me. — I will, replied Morgiana; moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your

neighbors; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look in all the other jars.

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, he found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking on the jars, and sometimes on Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise: at last, when he had recovered himself, he said, And what is become of the merchant?

Merchant! answered she: he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing.

While Ali Baba went into his chamber, Morgiana went into the kitchen to fetch the broth, and carry it to him: but before he would drink it, he first bade her satisfy his impatience, and tell him the story with all its circumstances; and she obeyed him.

Last night, sir, said she, when you were gone to bed, I got your bathing linen ready, and gave them to Abdallah; afterwards I set on the pot for the broth, and as I was skimming the pot, the lamp, for want of oil, went out; and as there was not a drop more in the house, I looked for a candle, but could not find one. Abdallah, seeing me vexed, put me in mind of the jars of oil which stood in the yard. I took the oil pot, and went directly to the jar which stood nearest to me; and when I came to it, I heard a voice within it say, Is it time? Without being dismayed, and comprehending immediately the malicious intention of the pretended oil merchant, I answered, Not yet, but presently. Then I went to the next, and another voice asked me the same question, and I returned the same answer; and so on, till I came to the last, which I found full of oil; with which I filled my pot.

When I considered that there were thirty-seven robbers in the yard, who only waited for a signal to be given by the captain, whom you took to be an oil merchant, and entertained so handsomely, I thought there was no time to be lost: I carried my pot of oil into the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and afterwards took the biggest kettle I had, went and filled it full of oil, and set it on the fire to boil, and then went and poured as much into each jar as was sufficient to prevent them from executing the pernicious design they came about: after this I retired into the kitchen, and put out the lamp; but before I

went to bed, I waited at the window to know what measures the pretended merchant would take.

After I had watched some time for the signal, he threw some stones out of the window against the jars, and neither hearing nor perceiving anybody stirring, after throwing three times, he came down, and I saw him go to every jar, after which, through the darkness of the night, I lost sight of him. I waited some time longer, and finding that he did not return, I never doubted but that, seeing he had missed his aim, he had made his escape over the walls of the garden. Persuaded that the house was now safe, I went to bed.

This, said Morgiana, is the account you asked of me; and I am convinced it is the consequence of an observation which I had made for two or three days before, but did not think fit to acquaint you with; for when I came in one morning early, I found our street door marked with white chalk, and the next morning with red; and both times, without knowing what was the intention of those chalks, I marked two or three neighbors' doors on each hand after the same manner. If you reflect on this, and what has since happened, you will find it to be a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whose gang there are two wanting, and now they are reduced to three: all this shows that they had sworn your destruction, and it is proper you should stand upon your guard, while there is one of them alive: for my part I shall not neglect anything necessary to your preservation, as I am in duty bound.

When Morgiana had left off speaking, Ali Baba was so sensible of the great service she had done him, that he said to her, I will not die without rewarding you as you deserve: I owe my life to you, and for the first token of my acknowledgment I will give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend. I am persuaded with you that the forty robbers have laid all manner of snares for me: God, by your means, has delivered me from them, and I hope will continue to preserve me from their wicked designs, and by averting the danger which threatened me, will deliver the world from their persecution and their cursed race. All that we have to do is to bury the bodies of these pests of mankind immediately, and with all the secrecy imaginable, that nobody may suspect what has become of them. But that Abdallah and I will undertake.

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther

end by a great number of large trees. Under these trees he and the slave went and dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold all the robbers, and as the earth was light, they were not long doing it. Afterwards they lifted the bodies out of the jars, took away their weapons, carried them to the end of the garden, laid them in the trench, and leveled the ground again. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as for the mules, as he had no occasion for them, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent the public from knowing how he came by his riches in so short a time, the captain of the forty robbers returned to the forest in most inconceivable mortification; and in the agitation, or rather confusion, he was in at his success, so contrary to what he had promised himself, he entered the cave, not being able, all the way from the town, to come to any resolution what to do to Ali Baba.

The loneliness of the dark place seemed frightful to him. Where are you, my brave lads, cried he, old companions of my watchings, inroads, and labor? What can I do without you? Did I collect you to lose you by so base a fate, and so unworthy your courage? Had you died with your sabers in your hands, like brave men, my regret had been less! When shall I get so gallant a troop again? And if I could, can I undertake it without exposing so much gold and treasure to him, who hath already enriched himself out of it? I cannot, I ought not to think of it, before I have taken away his life. I will undertake that myself, which I could not accomplish with so powerful assistance; and when I have taken care to secure this treasure from being pillaged, I will provide for it new masters and successors after me, who shall preserve and augment it to all posterity. This resolution being taken, he was not at a loss how to execute it, but, easy in his mind, and full of hopes, he slept all that night very quietly.

When he awoke early next morning, as he had proposed, he dressed himself, agreeably to the project he had in his head, and went to the town, and took a lodging in a khan. And as he expected what had happened at Ali Baba's might make a great noise in the town, he asked his host, by way of discourse, what news there was in the city. Upon which the innkeeper told him a great many things, which did not concern him in the least. He judged by this that the reason why Ali Baba

kept this affair so secret was for fear people should know where the treasure lay, and the means of coming at it, and because he knew his life would be sought upon account of it. And this urged him the more to neglect nothing to rid himself of so dangerous a person.

The next thing that the captain had to do was to provide himself with a horse, to convey a great many sorts of rich stuffs and fine linen to his lodging, which he did by a great many journeys to the forest, but with all the necessary precautions imaginable to conceal the place whence he brought them. In order to dispose of the merchandises, when he had amassed them together, he took a furnished shop, which happened to be opposite to that which was Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had not long occupied.

He took upon him the name of Cogia Houssain, and as a newcomer, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaisant to all the merchants his neighbors. And as Ali Baba's son was young and handsome, and a man of good sense, and was often obliged to converse with Cogia Houssain, he soon made them acquainted with him. He strove to cultivate his friendship, more particularly when, two or three days after he was settled, he recognized Ali Baba, who came to see his son, and stopped to talk with him as he was accustomed to do; and when he was gone, he learnt from his son who he was. He increased his assiduities, caressed him after the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dine and sup with him; and treated him very handsomely.

Ali Baba's son did not care to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssian without making the like return; but was so much straitened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him so well as he wished; and therefore acquainted his father Ali Baba with his intention, and told him that it did not look well for him to receive such favors from Cogia Houssain without inviting him again.

Ali Baba, with great pleasure, took the treat upon himself. Son, said he, to-morrow (Friday), which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to take a walk with you after dinner, and as you come back, pass by my door, and call in. It will look better to have it happen accidentally, than if you gave him a formal invitation. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper.

The next day, after dinner, Ali Baba's son and Cogia Hous-

sain met by appointment, and took their walk, and as they returned, Ali Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived; and when they came to the house, he stopped and knocked at the door. This, sir, said he, is my father's house, who, upon the account I have given him of your friendship, charged me to procure him the honor of your acquaintance; and I desire you to add this pleasure to those I am already indebted to you for.

Though it was the sole aim of Cogia Houssain to introduce himself into Ali Baba's house, that he might kill him without hazarding his own life or making any noise; yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave. But a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and in a manner forced him in.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the favors he had done his son; adding withal, the obligation was the greater, as he was a young man not very well acquainted with the world, and that he might contribute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment by assuring Ali Baba that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave; when Ali Baba stopping him, said, Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honor to sup with me, though what I have to give you is not worth your acceptance; but such as it is, I hope you will accept it as heartily as I give it.—Sir, replied Cogia Houssain, I am thoroughly persuaded of your good will; and if I ask the favor of you not to take it ill that I do not accept of your obliging invitation, I beg of you to believe that it does not proceed from any slight or intention to affront, but from a certain reason, which you would approve of if you knew it.

And what may that reason be, sir, replied Ali Baba, if I may be so bold as to ask you?—It is, answered Cogia Houssain, that I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should look at your table.—If that is the only reason, said Ali Baba, it ought not to deprive me of the honor of your company at supper; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and for the meat we shall have to-night

I promise you there shall be none. I will go and take care of that. Therefore you must do me the favor to stay; I will come again immediately.

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but be sure to put no salt in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help, this time, seeming dissatisfied at his new order. Who is this difficult man, said she, who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long. — Do not be angry, Morgiana, replied Ali Baba, he is an honest man; therefore do as I bid you.

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curiosity to see this man who ate no salt. To this end, when she had done what she had to do in the kitchen, and Abdallah laid the cloth, she helped to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at the first sight to be the captain of the robbers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him very carefully, perceived that he had a dagger hid under his garment. — I am not in the least amazed, said she to herself, that this wicked wretch, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him.

When Morgiana had sent up the supper by Abdallah, while they were eating, she made the necessary preparations for executing one of the boldest acts which could be thought on, and had just done, when Abdallah came again for the dessert of fruit, which she carried up, and as soon as Abdallah had taken the meat away, set it upon the table: after that, she set a little table and three glasses by Ali Baba, and going out, took Abdallah along with her to go to supper together, and to give Ali Baba the more liberty of conversation with his guest.

Then the pretended Cogia Houssain, or rather captain of the robbers, thought he had a favorable opportunity to kill Ali Baba. I will, said he to himself, make the father and son both drunk; and then the son, whose life I intend to spare, will not be able to prevent my stabbing his father to the heart; and while the slaves are at supper, or asleep in the kitchen, I can make my escape over the gardens as before.

Instead of going to supper, Morgiana, who penetrated into the intentions of the counterfeit Cogia Houssain, would not

give him leave to put his villainous design in execution, but dressed herself neatly with a suitable headdress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a poniard with a hilt and guard of the same metal, and put a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdallah, Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son's guest, as we do sometimes when he is alone.

Abdallah took his tabor, and played before Morgiana all the way into the hall, who, when she came to the door, made a low courtesy, with a deliberate air, to make herself taken notice of, and by way of asking leave to show what she could do. Abdallah, seeing that his master had a mind to say something, left off playing. — Come in, Morgiana, said Ali Baba, and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of you. But, sir, said he, turning towards Cogia Houssain, do not think that I put myself to any expense to give you this diversion, since these are my slave and my cook and housekeeper; and I hope you will not find the entertainment they give us disagreeable.

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear that he should not have the opportunity that he thought he had found; but hoped, if he missed it now, to have it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have let it alone, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express a pleasure at what he saw pleased his host.

As soon as Abdallah saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air; to which Morgiana, who was an excellent dancer, danced after such a manner as would have created admiration in any other company but that before which she now exhibited, among whom, perhaps, none but the false Cogia Houssain was in the least attentive to her.

After she had danced several dances with the same propriety and strength, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, danced a dance in which she outdid herself by the many different figures and light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions, with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one's breast, and sometimes to another's, and oftentimes seeming to strike her own. At

"She drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, danced"

last, as if she was out of breath, she snatched the tabor from Abdallah, with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, presented the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain, seeing that she was coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, frightened at this action, cried out aloud. Unhappy wretch! exclaimed Ali Baba, what have you done to ruin me and my family?—It was to preserve you, not to ruin you, answered Morgiana; for see here, said she (opening Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger), what an enemy you had entertained! Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the pretended oil merchant, and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I saw him, and you now find that my suspicion was not groundless.

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time, embraced her: Morgiana, said he, I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon complete it. The time is come for me to give you a proof of it, by making you my daughter-in-law. Then addressing himself to his son, he said to him, I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life; and, if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but he would have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider, that by marrying Morgiana, you marry the support of my family and your own.

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobey his father, but that his inclination prompted him to it.

After this, they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with his comrades, and did it so privately that nobody

knew anything of it till a great many years after, when not any one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history.

A few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity and a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbors, whom he had invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of that marriage; but that those who were not unacquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart.

Ali Baba forbore, a long time after this marriage, from going again to the robbers' cave, from the time he brought away his brother Cassim, and some bags of gold on three asses, for fear of finding them there, and being surprised by them. He kept away after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, supposing the other two robbers, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

But at the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave, and saw no footsteps of men or horses, he looked upon it as a good sign. He alighted off his horse, and tied him to a tree; and presenting himself before the door, and pronouncing these words, *Open, Sesame*, the door opened. He went in, and by the condition he found things in, he judged that nobody had been there since the false Cogia Houssain, when he fetched the goods for his shop, and that the gang of forty robbers was completely destroyed, and never doubted he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was solely at his disposal; and having brought with him a wallet, into which he put as much gold as his horse would carry, he returned to town.

Afterward Ali Baba carried his son to the cave, taught him the secret, which they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor, serving the greatest offices of the city.

KING DATHY'S DEATH.

(Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan.)

[James Clarence Mangan, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. As a boy he was a copyist and attorney's clerk, and worked at the former trade intermittently all his life. Extreme poverty, overwork, bohemian irregularity and exposure, and opium, made him a physical wreck; and he died of cholera June 20, 1849. Several partial editions of his poems have been published. The bulk of them, and his best work, are translations.]

King Dathy assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them: "Druids and Sages!
What of King Dathy?
What is revealed in Destiny's pages
Of him or his? Hath he
Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?
Good to rejoice in, or evil to flee?
Is he a foe of the Gall—
Fitted to conquer or fated to fall?"

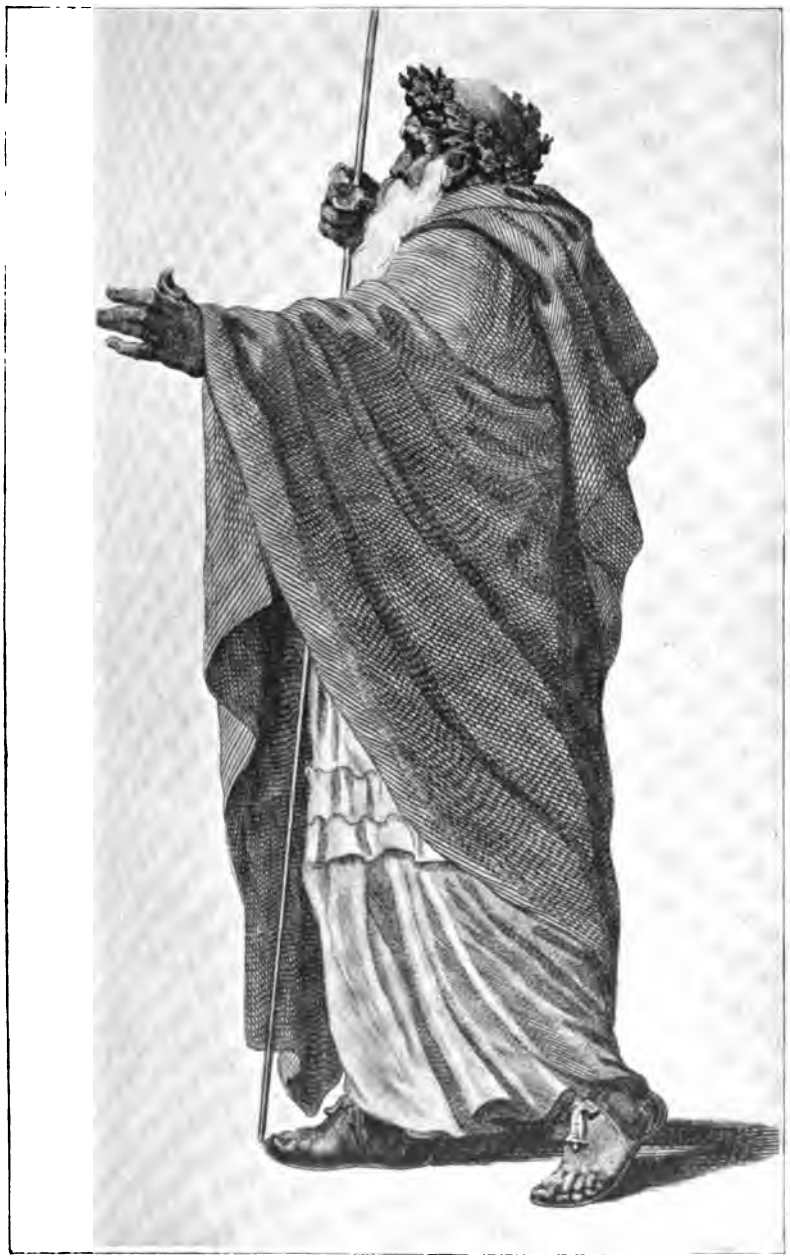
And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus,—
A priest of a hundred years was he:—
"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!
Hear it through me!—
Thou shalt work thine own will!
Thou shalt slay, thou shalt prey,
And be Conqueror still!
Thee the Earth shall not harm!
Thee we charter and charm
From all evil and ill!
Thee the laurel shall crown!
Thee the wave shall not drown!
Thee the chain shall not bind!
Thee the spear shall not find!
Thee the sword shall not slay!
Thee the shaft shall not pierce!
Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce!
And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea;

Sailed with his hosts in armor gray
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day;
And many an islet conquered he,
He and his hosts in armor gray.
And the billow drowned him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not:
Till, one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshaled face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.
Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there amongst those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
Came forth an agèd priestlike man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
Who, turning to Eirè's Ceann,
Spake him as thus: "King Dathy! hear!
Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
The invader's crime;
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
But Dathy replied: "False Nazarene!
Dost thou then menace Dathy? thou!
And dreamest thou that he will bow
To One unknown, to One so mean,
So powerless as a priest must be?
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men! to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eirè's King,
The Irish rush to meet the foe;
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
When, lo!
Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
Thunder crashes,
Lightning flashes,



"Came forth an agéd priestlike man"

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And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
The Irish warriors sailed away
Over the deep resounding sea,
Till wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's Bay. —
Thus the Seanachies and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

THE MAGUIRE.

WHERE is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night? mavrone!
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh!
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly as in a dream he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief — it cuts me to the heart —
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
O, woe is me! where is he? Wandering houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne; that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost;
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as One lorn and lost,
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;
The lawns and pasture grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none;
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side;
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide;
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now strays;
As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly brow,—
O! what a sword wound to that tender heart of his were now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his,—thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of MacNee,—
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever wore,—
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed:
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart!

PRECHRISTIAN IRISH LITERATURE.

The Death of the Children of Usnach.

(From the King Conor MacNessa Cycle. Time: first century B.C. Abridged by Lady Ferguson.)

[King Conor goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimid, his story-teller. During the festivity, Deirdré, the daughter of Feilimid, is born. Cathbad, the Druid, foretells her future beauty and the destruction it will bring on Ulster and on the king and nobles. Thereupon, the nobles demand the death of the infant; but the king orders her to be shut up in a strong tower until she grows old enough to become his wife.]

Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, Deirdré saw and loved Naisi, the son of Usnach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Usnach — great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase — they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing, he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, and would have passed in silence. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden, looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths." Then Naisi knew it was Deirdré, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is betrothed to thee, O damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied; "he is an aged man. I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, O damsel," answered Naisi; "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," said Deirdré, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a brier, she flung it towards him, and said, "Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel," said Naisi. "If thou dost not take me to be thy wife," said Deirdré, "thou art dishonored before all the men of Erin after what I have done." Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdré took the harp, and sat beside him, playing sweetly. But the other sons of Usnach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat, and Deirdré with him. "Alas!" they cried, "what hast thou done, O brother?

Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "I am disgraced before the men of Erin forever," replied Naisi, "if I take her not after that which she hath done." "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi. "I would rather be in misfortune than dishonor. We will fly with her to another country." So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdré to be his wife.

After wandering through various parts of Erin, from Easroe to Ben Edar, from Dundalgan to Almain, the fugitives at length took shelter in Alba,[1] where they found an asylum on the banks of Loch Etive. The loss of three warriors of such renown soon began to be felt by the nobles of Ulster, who no longer found themselves able to make head with their accustomed success against the southern provinces. They therefore urged Conor to abandon his resentment and recall the fugitives. Conor, with no other intention than that of repossessing himself of Deirdré, feigned compliance. But, to induce Clan Usnach to trust themselves again in the hands of him whom their leader had so outraged, it was necessary that the message of pardon should be borne by one on whose warranty of safe conduct the most implicit reliance could be placed. After sounding some of his chief nobles who were of sufficient authority to undertake the mission, and finding that any attempt to tamper with them would be unavailing, Conor fixes on Fergus, the son of Roy, as a more likely instrument, and commits the embassy to him. But though he does not much fear the consequences of compromising the safe conduct of Fergus, he yet does not venture to enlist him openly in the meditated treachery, but proceeds by a stratagem. Fergus was of the order of the Red Branch knights, and the brethren of the Red Branch were under vow never to refuse hospitality at one another's hands. Conor, therefore, arranged with Barach, one of his minions, and a brother of the order, to intercept Fergus on his return by the tender of a three days' banquet, well knowing that Clan Usnach must in that case proceed to Emania without the presence of their protector. Meanwhile, Fergus, arriving in the harbor of Loch Etive, where dwelt Clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore, "sends forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase." Deirdré and Naisi were sitting to-

[1] Scotland.

gether in their tent, and Conor's polished chessboard between them. And Naisi, hearing the cry, said, "I hear the call of a man of Erin." "That was not the call of a man of Erin," replied Deirdré, "but the call of a man of Alba." Then again Fergus shouted a second time. "Surely that was the call of a man of Erin," said Naisi. "Surely no," said Deirdré; "let us play on." Then again Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said: "If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the Loch. Go forth, Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome." "Alas!" cried Deirdré, "I knew the call of Fergus from the first." For she has a prophetic dread that foul play is intended them, and this feeling never subsides in her breast from that hour until the catastrophe. Quite different are the feelings of Naisi; he reposes the most unlimited confidence in the safe conduct vouched for by his brother in arms, and, in spite of the remonstrance of Deirdré, embarks with all his retainers for Ireland. Deirdré, on leaving the only secure or happy home she ever expects to enjoy, sings this farewell to Alba and her green sheeling on the shores of Glen Etive: —

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

Air, take the harp string's burthen on thy breast,
And, softly thrilling soulward through the sense,
Bring my love's heart again in tune with mine.

Blessed were the hours when, heart in tune with heart,
My love and I desired no happier home
Than Etive's airy glades and lonely shore.

Alba, farewell! Farewell, fair Etive bank!
Sun kiss thee; moon caress thee; dewy stars
Refresh thee long, dear scene of quiet days!

Barach meets them on their landing, near Dunseverick on the coast of Antrim, and detains Fergus, who reluctantly assigns his charge to his two sons, Red Buiné Borb and Illan Finn, to conduct them in safety to their journey's end. Deirdré's fears are more and more excited. "A blood-red cloud

floats before her and hovers above the palace of Emania." She has dreams and visions of disasters. She urges Naisi to go to Dunseverick or to Dundalgan and there await the coming of Fergus. Naisi is inflexible. It would injure the honor of his companion in arms to admit any apprehension of danger while under his safe conduct. The omens multiply. Deirdré's sense of danger becomes more and more acute. Still Naisi's reply is: "I fear not; let us proceed." At length they reach Emania, and are assigned the house of the Red Branch for their lodging. Calm, and to all appearance unconscious of any cause for apprehension, Naisi takes his place at the chess table, and Deirdré, full of fears, sits opposite. Meanwhile the king, knowing that Deirdré was again within his reach, could not rest at the banquet, but sends spies to bring him word "if her beauty yet lived upon her." The first messenger, friendly to Clan Usnach, reports that she is "quite bereft of her own aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." This allays Conor's passion for a time; but growing heated with wine, he shortly after sends another messenger, who brings back the intelligence that not only is Deirdré "the fairest woman on the ridge of the world," but that he himself has been wounded by Naisi, who had resented his gazing in at the window of the Red Branch by flinging a chessman at his head, and dashing out one of his eyes. This was all that Conor wanted; he starts up in pretended indignation at the violence done his servant, calls his bodyguard, and attacks the Red Branch. The defense now devolves on the sons of Fergus. Clan Usnach scorn to evince alarm, or interfere in any way with the duties of their protectors. But Deirdré cannot conceal her consciousness that they are betrayed. "Ah, me!" she cries, hearing the soldiery of Conor at the gates, "I knew that Fergus was a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," replied Red Buiné Borb, "yet will not I betray you." And he issues out and slays his "thrice fifty men of might." But when Conor offers him Slieve Fuad for a bribe, he holds back his hand from the slaughter, and goes his way. Then calls Deirdré, "Traitor father, traitor son!" "No," replied Illan Finn, "though Red Buiné Borb be a traitor, yet will not I be a traitor. While liveth this small straight sword in my hand, I will not forsake Clan Usnach." Then Illan Finn, encountering Fiachra, the son of Conor, who was armed with Ocean, Flight, and Victory, the shield, spear, and sword of his father, they fight "a fair fight, stout and manly,

bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement and terrible, until the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor's shield that it ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waters when he who bore it was in danger." Summoned by which signal, one of King Conor's nobles, coming behind Illan Finn, thrusts him through. "The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired." Clan Usnach at length designed to lay aside their chess tables and stand to their arms. Ardan first sallies out, and slays his "three hundred men of might," then Ainlé, who makes twice that havoc; and last Naisi himself; and "till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads and hands and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers on that plain." Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdré; and she encouraged him, and said, "We will yet escape; fight manfully, and fear not." Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdré, and bounding forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making great havoc of the people. But when Cathbad, the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his arts of magic and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster; for the spell was like a sea of thick gums about them, and their limbs were clogged in it, that they could not move. The sons of Usnach were then put to death, and Deirdré, standing over their grave, sang this funeral song: —

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping.
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright.
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow:
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever —
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of Ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep morn and even —
Lark, alone enchant the heaven! —
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain;
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain;
Heron, in the free air warm ye;
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war!
Nevermore 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Emain, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body!

So saying, she flung herself into the grave, and expired.

(Episodes from the TAIN BO CUAILGNÉ, or CATTLE SPOIL OF COOLNEY, the chief epic of ancient Ireland. Time: the first century B.C.)

THE PILLOW CONVERSATION OF KING AILILL AND QUEEN MAEV THAT CAUSED THE WAR.

TRANSLATION OF O'CURRY.

On one occasion that Ailill and Maev had arisen from their royal bed in Cruachan of Rath Conrach, a pillow conversation was carried on between them: —

"It is a true saying, O woman," said Ailill, "that a good man's wife is a happy creature."

"Why do you say so?" said Maev.

"The reason that I say so," said Ailill, "is because you are happier this day than the day I espoused you."

"I was happy before I knew you," said Maev.

"It was a happiness of which we never heard," said Ailill.

"We only heard of your being in the dependent position of a woman, while your nearest enemies stole and plundered, and carried off your property."

"Not so was I," said Maev, "but my father was arch king of Erin; that is, Eochy Fiedlech, son of Finn, son of Finnoman, son of Finneon, son of Finnlag, etc. He had six daughters of daughters; namely, Derbrin, Eithne, Ele, Clothra, Mugain, and Maev, myself, who was the most noble and illustrious of them, for I was the best for gifts and presents of them. I was the best for battle and fight and combat of them. It was I that had fifteen hundred noble mercenaries, soldiers — sons of foreign chiefs — and as many more of the sons of my own landholders; and there were ten men with every soldier of them; and eight with every soldier, and seven with every soldier, and six with every soldier, and five with every soldier, and three with every soldier, and two with every soldier, and a soldier with every soldier. These I had for my ordinary household, and for that it was that my father gave me a province of the provinces of Erin; namely, the province of Cruachan, where I am called Maev of Cruachan. And I was sought in marriage by Finn, son of Ross Ruadh, king of Laighin, and by Cairpri Nia Fear, son of the king of Flamair, and by Conor, son of Fachna Fathach. And I was sought by Eochy, son of Luchta; and I did not go, because it was I that demanded the extraordinary dowry, such as no woman ever sought before from the men of Erin; namely, a man without parsimoniousness, without jealousy, without fear. If the man who would have me were parsimonious, we were not fit to be united in one, because I am good at bestowing gifts and presents, and it would be a reproach to my husband that I were better in gifts than he; and it would be no reproach now, if we were equally good, provided that we were both good. If my husband were timid, we were not the more fit to unite, because I go in battle and fights and combats, by myself alone; and it would be a reproach to my husband that his wife were more active than himself; and it is no reproach if we are equally active. If the man who had me were jealous, we were not matched either, because I never was without having a man in the shadow of another. I have found that man; namely, you; namely, Ailill, the son of Ross Ruadh, of the men of Laighin. You were not parsimonious; you were not jealous; you were not timid. I gave you an engagement and a dowry,

the best that is desired of woman; namely, of clothes, the array of twelve men; a chariot, with thrice seven *cumhals* (steeds); the breadth of your face of red gold; the span of your left wrist of carved silver. Should any one work reproach or injury or incantation on you, you are not entitled to *Diré* (fine for bodily injury) or *Eneclann* (fine for satire and calumny) for it, but what comes to me. Because a man in attendance on a woman is what you are."

"Such was not my state," said Ailill, "but I had two brothers, one the king of Temar, and the other the king of Laighin. I left them the sovereignty because of their seniority. And you were not the better for gifts and presents than I was. I have not heard of a province of Erin in woman's keeping but this province alone. I came, then, and I assumed sovereignty here in succession to my mother; for Mata of Murisy, the daughter of Magach, was my mother, and what better queen need I desire to have than you, since you happen to be the daughter of the arch king of Erin."

"It happens, however," said Maev, "that my goodness is greater than yours."

"I wonder at that," said Ailill, "since there is no one that has more jewels, and wealth, and riches than I have — and I know there is not."

Ailill and Maev then commenced a comparison of their goods and effects — for women at this time did not lose by marriage their separate rights of property. Their jewels, garments, flocks, were compared, and found to be of equal value, with one exception. There was a particularly splendid bull of Ailill's cows. Now he was the calf of one of Maev's cows, and Finnbennach (White Horn) was his name; but he deemed it not honorable to be in a woman's dependence, and he passed over to the king's cows. And the queen was indignant, but hearing that Daré, son of Factna, of Cuailgné, was the possessor of a brown bull, a still finer animal than the white-horned deserter of her drove, she dispatched her courier, MacRoth, to Daré, requesting of him the loan of the Donn Cuailgné (the Brown One of Coolney) for a year, and promising to restore him with fifty heifers to boot, a chariot worth sixty-three cows, and other tokens of her friendship. On his refusal, she summoned her forces to join in a foray for the capture of the Donn Cuailgné.

How Setanta, the Hero of the *Tain*, received the Name of Cuchullin, the Hound of Cullan.

Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

[King Conor, going with a few guests to a feast at the Dun of Cullan, the Smith, meets his nephew, Setanta, who is playing with his companions on the plain of Emania.]

Conor —

Setanta, if bird nesting in the woods
And ball feats on the playgreen please thee not
More than discourse of warrior and sage,
And sight of warrior weapons in the forge,
I offer an indulgence. For we go —
Myself, my step-sire Fergus, and my Bard —
To visit Cullan, the illustrious smith
Of Coolney. Come thou also if thou wilt.

Setanta —

Ask me not, O good Conor, yet to leave
The playgreen; for the ball feats just begun
Are those which most delight my playmate youths,
And they entreat me to defend the goal:
But let me follow; for the chariot tracks
Are easy to discern; and much I long
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men,
The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow.

Conor —

Too late the hour; too difficult the way.
Set forward, drivers: give our steeds the goad.

Cullan —

Great King of Emain, welcome. Welcome, thou,
Fergus, illustrious step-sire of the King:
And, Seer and Poet, Cathbad, welcome too,
Behold the tables set, the feast prepared.
Sit. But before I cast my chain hound loose,
Give me assurance that ye be all in.
For night descends; and perilous the wild;
And other watchman none of house or herds,
Here, in this solitude remote from men,
Own I, but one hound only. Once his chain
Is loosened, and he makes three bounds at large
Before my doorposts, after fall of night,

There lives not man nor company of men,
Less than a cohort, shall within my close
Set foot of trespass, short of life or limb.

Conor —
Yea; all are in. Let loose, and sit secure.
Good are thy viands, Smith, and strong thine ale.
Hark, the hound growling! —

Cullan — Wild dogs are abroad.

Fergus —
Not ruddier the fire that laps a sword
Steeled for a king, oh Cullan, than thy wine. —
Hark, the hound baying! —

Cullan — Wolves, belike, are near.

Cathbad —
Not cheerfuller the ruddy forge's light
To wayfarer benighted, nor the glow
Of wine and viands to a hungry man
Than look of welcome passed from host to guest. —
Hark, the hound yelling! —

Cullan — Friends, arise and arm!
Some enemy intrudes! — Tush! 'tis a boy.

Setanta —
Setanta here, the son of Suailtam.

Conor —
Setanta, whom I deemed on Emain green,
Engaged at ball play, on our track, indeed!

Setanta —
Not difficult the track to find, oh King,
But difficult, indeed, to follow home.
Cullan, 'tis evil welcome for a guest
This unwarned onset of a savage beast,
Which, but that 'gainst the stone posts of thy gate
I three times threw him, leaping at my throat,
And, at the third throw, on the stone edge, slew,
Had brought on thee the shame indelible
Of bidden guest, at his host's threshold, torn.

Conor —
Yea, he was bidden: it was I myself
Said, as I passed him with the youths at play,
This morning: Come thou also if thou wilt.
But little thought I, — when he said the youths
Desired his presence still to hold the goal,
Yet asked to follow — for he said he longed
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men

The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow —
That such a playful, young, untutored boy
Would come on this adventure of a man.

Cullan —

I knew not he was bidden; and I asked,
Ere I cast loose, if all the train were in.
But, since thy word has made the boy my guest, —
Boy, for his sake who bade thee to my board,
I give thee welcome: for thine own sake, no.
For thou hast slain my servant and my friend,
The hound I loved, that fierce, intractable
To all men else, was ever mild to me.
He knew me; and he knew my uttered words,
All my commandments, as a man might know:
More than a man, he knew my looks and tones
And turns of gesture, and discerned my mind,
Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
He was my pride, my strength, my company,
For I am childless; and that hand of thine
Has left an old man lonely in the world.

Setanta —

Since, Cullan, by mischance, I've slain thy hound,
So much thy grief compassion stirs in me,
Hear me pronounce a sentence on myself.
If of his seed there liveth but a whelp
In Uladh, I will rear him till he grow
To such ability as had his sire
For knowing, honoring, and serving thee.
Meantime, but give a javelin in my hand,
And a good buckler, and there never went
About thy bounds, from daylight — gone till dawn,
Hound watchfuller, or of a keener fang
Against intruder, than myself shall be.

Cullan —

A sentence, a just sentence.

Conor — Not myself
Hath made award more righteous. Be it so.
Wherefore what hinders that we give him now
His hero name, no more Setanta called
But now Cuchullin, chain hound of the Smith?

Setanta —

Setanta I, the son of Suailtam,
Nor other name assume I, or desire.

Cathbad —

Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.

Setanta —
Setanta I, Setanta let me be.
Conor —
Mark Cathbad! —
Fergus — 'Tis his seer fit!
Cathbad — To my ears
There comes a clamor from the rising years,
The tumult of a passion torrent-swollen,
Rolled hitherward, and 'mid its mingling noises,
I hear perpetual voices
Proclaim to land and fame
The name,
CUCHULLIN!
Hound of the Smith, thy boyish vow
Devotes thy manhood even now
To vigilance, fidelity, and toil:
'Tis not alone the wolf, fang-bare to snatch,
Not the marauder from the lifted latch
Alone, thy coming footfall makes recoil,
The nobler service thine to chase afar
Seditious tumult and intestine war,
Envy and unfraternal hate,
From all the households of the state.

* * * * * * *

Great is the land and splendid:
The borders of the country are extended:
The extern tribes look up with wondering awe
And own the central law.
Fair show the fields, and fair the friendly faces
Of men in all their places.
With song and chosen story,
With game and dance, with revelries and races,
Life glides on joyous wing —
The tales they tell of love and war and glory,
Tales that the soft bright daughters of the land
Delight to understand,
The songs they sing,
To harps of double string,
To gitterns and new reeds,
Are of the glorious deeds
Of young Cuchullin in the Cuelgnian foray.

Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.
For at that name the mightiest of the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall turn pale:

And of that name the mouths of all the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall be full.

Setanta —

Yea, then if that be so — Cuchullin here!

Cuchullin's Wooing of Eimer.

Translation of STANDISH O'GRADY.

"Hers were the gift of beauty of person, the gift of voice, the gift of music, the gift of embroidery and of all needlework, the gift of wisdom, and the gift of virtuous chastity."

Cuchullin —

Come down, O daughter of Forgal Manah,
Sweet Eimer, come down without fear.
The moon has arisen to light us on our way,
Come down from thy grenan[1] without fear.

Eimer —

Who is that beneath my chamber window
Sends up to me his words through the dim night?
Who art thou, standing in the beechen shadows,
White-browed and tall, with thy golden hair?

Cuchullin —

It is I, Setanta, O gentle Eimer!
I, thy lover, come to seek thee from the north;
It is I who stand in the beechen shadows,
Sending up my heart in words through the dim night.

Eimer —

I fear my proud father, O Setanta,
My brothers, and my kinsmen, and the guards,
Ere I come unto thy hands, O my lover!
Through their well-lit feasting chamber I must pass.

Cuchullin —

Fear not the guards, O noble Eimer!
Fear not thy brothers or thy sire,
Dull with ale are they all, and pressed with slumber,
And the lights extinguished in the hall.

Eimer —

I fear the fierce watchdogs, O Setanta,
The deep water of the moat how shall I cross?
Not alone for myself, I fear, Setanta,
They will rend thee without ruth, Cuchullin.

[1] Women's apartments.

Cuchullin —

The dogs are my comrades and my namesakes;
Like my Luath they are friendly unto me.
O'er the foss I will bear thee in my arms —
I will leap across the foss, my love, with thee.

Eimer —

Forward wide, all the tribes and the nations
Over Bregia, northwards to Dun — Sir,
They are kin to my father and his subjects —
For thy life I fear, O noble Cuchullin.

Cuchullin —

On the lawn within the beechen shadows
Is my chariot light and strong, bright with gold;
And steeds like the March wind in their swiftness
Will bear thee to Dundalgan ere the dawn.

Eimer —

I grieve to leave my father, O Setanta,
Mild to me, though his nature be not mild;
I grieve to leave my native land, Setanta,
Frisk with its streams and fairy glades.

I grieve to leave my Dun, O Setanta,
And this lawn, and the trees I know so well,
And this, my tiny chamber looking eastward,
Where love found me unknowing of his power.

Well I know the great wrong I do my father,
But thus, even thus I fly with thee;
As the sea draws down the little Tolka
So thou, O Cuchullin, drawest me.

Like a god descending from the mountains,
So hast thou descended upon me;
I would die to save thy life, O Setanta,
I would die if thou caredst not for me.

The Fight of Cuchullin and Ferdiah at the Ford.

Translation of O'Curry.

[King Ailill and Queen Maev threaten Ferdiah with the bardic curse "which withers and dishonors heroes" if he refuses to meet his former friend and companion, Cuchullin, in combat.]

Maev and Ailill sent to the Bards to make a great outcry

and get up an excitement, and raise up a triple barrier of scandal and reproach against his name unless he came to them. Then came Ferdiah to them, for it was better for him to fall in chivalrous and martial exploit than to fall by the libels and outcries of the Bards. And when he came, a full and wondrous joy took possession of Ailill and Maev, and they promised him abundance of goods if he would go and encounter exalted Cuchullin, and that he should be free of imposition of exaction or tribute, and that nothing should ever be required of him during eternity. And that he should get for a wife Fionbar, the beauteous only daughter of Ailill and Maev, who excelled in beauty and in form all the women of the world, and that he should take the golden jewel that was in the cloak of Maev, a talisman of great virtue. . . . Ferdiah took his steeds and mounted his chariot at the rising of the sun. . . . And Ferdiah beheld the polished bounding chariot of Cuchullin coming rapidly and actively, with his people clad in green, and with a shaking of stout spears and dexterous bloodthirsty javelins held up aloft. And two fleet steeds under the chariot, bounding broad-chested, high-spirited, holding high their heads and arching their long necks. And they were as a hawk on a sharp blustering day, or as a whirlwind in a brisk spring day in March in its course over the lovely wide marshy plains. Or like a beauteous excellent deer at the first starting of the hounds — such were those two steeds under the chariot of Cuchullin.

And Ferdiah gave Cuchullin a manly and a truly mild welcome. And then said Cuchullin: "O Ferdiah, it was not meet of thee to come to do battle with me at the jealous instigation and complaint of Ailill and Maev, and for the sake of their false promises and deceitful gifts. O Ferdiah, and woe is it to thee to have abandoned my friendship for the friendship of any one woman. Fifty champions have hitherto fallen by me, and long is it ere I would forsake thee for the promises of any woman; for we were together gaining instruction in chivalry, and together went we to every battle and conflict, and together pursued we the chase, and together were we in every desolate place of darkness and sorcery."

"Dost thou bear in mind, great Cuchullin," said Ferdiah, "the generous exercise we used to go through with Uatha and Scatha and with Aifé?" "Well do I remember them," said Cuchullin. "And now let us joust with our trusty spears."

And they made ready their chariots and did so. And they began piercing and overthrowing one another from the dusky dawn of the morning until eventide. And after that they ceased. And they handed their arms to their attendants, and gave each other many a kiss. And their steeds rested at the same time; and their attendants were at the same fire for the night. And two lofty beds of rushes were made ready for these wounded heroes. The herbs that assuage pain were brought, and cures to alleviate their sufferings, and they tended them that night, and every remedy and every charm that was applied to Cuchullin was equally divided with Ferdiah.

Thus were they that night, and they arose early in the morning to go to the field of combat. — "Thou art looking badly to-day, O Ferdiah," said Cuchullin; "for thine hair has lost its gloss, and thine eyes are heavy, and thine upright form and sprightliness have deserted thee." "It is neither through fear or dread of thine encounter I am so," said Ferdiah; "for there is not in Erin a champion that I would not do battle with this day." "It is a pity, O Ferdiah, nor is it for thy good to confront thine own comrade and fellow-soldier at the instigation of any woman of the world." "Pity it is," said Ferdiah, "but were I to go hence without encountering thee, I shall be forever under the aspersion of cowardice with Maev and with Ailill and with all the men of Erin." . . .

And so Ferdiah fought for the sake of his honor, for he preferred to fall by the shafts of valor, gallantry, and bravery, rather than by the shafts of satire, censure, and reproach. . . . And at last Ferdiah fell down there, and a cloud, and a faint, and a weakness came on Cuchullin, and the hero, exhausted by his wounds and long-continued strife, and still more by the distress of mind caused by the death of his loved friend, lay long on his bed of sickness, and was unable to take part in the coming battle between the Ultonians and the forces of Ailill and Maev.

The Death of Cuchullin.

Translation of STANDISH O'GRADY.

As Cuchullin and Leagh, his charioteer, traveled, they saw a smoke on the edge of the wood that ascended not into the still air, but lay low, hovering around the leafless trees, and soon they saw where a party of wandering outcasts had made

their encampment beside the wood, and they sat around the fire cooking; for a brazen pot was suspended from a branch between forked supporters, and they were cooking their evening meal.

And Leagh said: —

"Methinks I never saw such miserable wanderers as these. There are three men and three women, all very old, and wretched, and meanly clad."

But when the outcasts saw Cuchullin, they lifted up their voices in a hard and dissonant chorus, and said: —

"Right well have we chosen our encampment, O mighty prince, for we said that this way thou wouldst go down to the battle, and we knew that no arts or persuasions would restrain thee that thou shouldst not come out, as of yore, to the assistance of thy people. Hail to thee, O Cuchullin, O flame of the heroes of Erin, and to thee, O illustrious son of Riangowra."

But as they spake they all stood up, and they were very hideous to look upon, marred, as Cuchullin and Leagh thought, by some evil destiny. They were clad in the skins of black he-goats, and on the breast of each, instead of pin or brooch, was the shank bone of a heron, or a swan, or such like bird; their arms and legs were lean and bony, but their hands and feet large, and they were all maimed in the right hand and the right foot.

But Cuchullin answered them as was his wont, for many such a greeting had he received from unwarlike people and outcasts, for such especially cherished his glory. Then, as Leagh was urging on the steeds, one limped forward and stood before the steeds and said: —

"O Cuchullin, partake with us of our poor repast, not meet for princes, but such as we outcasts can procure trapping wild animals; and we ourselves are like wild animals hunted to and fro. They say indeed that in many a poor man's cot thou hast eaten food, and sat beside many a humble fire, not knowing thine own greatness."

And Cuchullin said: —

"The night is already upon us, O Leagh, and we cannot travel further; let us not insult these unhappy people, maimed and outcast, by refusing what they offer."

Leagh reluctantly consented, and unharnessed the steeds from the great war car, and he returned to Cuchullin, who sat beside the fire among the outlaws, for he was chill from sitting all day in the war car. Nevertheless, he was not warmed by the fire.

But Cuchullin was glad when the charioteer drew nigh, for he was distressed at the conversation of these homeless people, and their countenances, and their forms; for their wretchedness sat lightly upon them, and they were very gay and mirthful, as they sat holding the flesh on skewers of the rowan over the embers, and they made obscene jests, and answered in a language which he could not comprehend, and it seemed to him that the women were worse than the men. Moreover, the sun set, and the darkness came down, and mysterious sounds came from the sacred hill, the noise of the trees, and of the falling water, and he saw naught but these unlovely faces around.

When the flesh was cooked they gave a portion to Cuchullin, and he ate thereof, but Leagh refused with an oath. Then these outcasts laughed and sprang to their feet, and they joined hands around them twain, and danced upon their misshapen feet, and sang: —

> "Sisters and brothers, join hands, he is ours;
> Let the charm work, he is ours.
> A rath in Murthemney holds twenty-eight skulls —
> Work on, little charm, he is ours!"

"Hast thou heard, O Cuchullin, of Clan Cailitin?"[1]

But Cuchullin drew his sword, crying: —

"O brood of hell, see now if your charms are proof against keen bronze."

But they bounded away nimbly like goats, and still encircled him, singing. Then one plunged into the wood, and all followed; and there was cracked, obscene laughter in the forest, and then silence. Cuchullin stood panting, and very pallid, with wide eyes; but Leagh crouched upon the ground.

And Cuchullin said: —

"They are gone, O Leagh. It was some horrible vision. Here was the fire where the grass is yet unburned, and there is no trace of the rowan-tree spits, or of the flesh."

But Leagh recovered himself with difficulty, and spake with a stammering tongue; and they found there no trace of the encampment of the outcasts save the skin of a wolf lately slain.

And Cuchullin said: —

"I marvel, O Leagh, how the mighty and righteous Loi, to whom this mountain is sacred, can suffer within his precincts

[1] A druidical clan, powerful in working evil enchantments, and implacable enemies of Cuchullin.

this horrid brood. O mountain dwelling, unseen king, shield us at least within thine own borders against these powers of darkness!"

Cuchullin and Leagh slept not that night. And when it was dawn Leagh harnessed the steeds and yoked the chariot. And about noon they beheld the first signs of the invasion, and saw afar the lurid smoke of conflagration, and heard the distant noise of battle. Then Leagh unfolded and closed the glittering scythes, to see if they would work freely, urging on the steeds, and Cuchullin stood erect in the chariot, looking southwards.

* * * * * * *

And as the Ultonians grew less in the dread conflict, the southern warriors precipitated themselves upon Cuchullin, and like a great rock over which rolls some mighty billow of the western sea, so was Cuchullin often submerged in the overflowing tide; and as with the down-sinking billow the same rock reappears in its invincible greatness, and the white brine runs down its stubborn ribs, so the son of Suailtam perpetually reappeared, scattering and destroying his foes. Then crashed his battle mace through opposing shields; then flew the foam flakes from his lips over his reddened garments; baleful shone his eyes beneath his brows, and his voice died away in his throat till it became a hoarse whisper. Often, too, Leagh charged with the war car, and extricated him surrounded, and the mighty steeds trampled down opposing squadrons, and many a southern hero was transfixed with the chariot spear, or divided by the brazen scythes.

And on the eighth day, two hours after noon, Cuchullin, raising his eyes, beheld where the last of the Red Branch were overwhelmed; and he and Leagh were abandoned and alone, and he heard Leagh shouting, for he was surrounded by a battalion, and Cuchullin hastened back to defend him, and sprang into the chariot, bounding over the rim. There he intercepted three javelins cast against the charioteer by a Lagenian band; but Erc, son of Cairbré Nia-Far, pursued him, and at the same time cast his spear from the right. Through Cuchullin it passed, breaking through the battle shirt and the waist piece, and it pierced his left side between the hip bone and the lowest rib, and transfixed Leagh in the stomach above the navel. Then fell the reins from the hands of Leagh.

"How is it with thee, O Leagh?" said then Cuchullin.

And Leagh answered: —

"I have had enough this time, O my dear master."

Then Cuchullin cut through the spear tree with his colg, and tore forth the tree out of himself; but meantime, Lewy Mac Conroi stabbed the steed, black Shanglan, with his red hands, driving the spear through his left side, behind the shoulder, and Shanglan fell, overturning the war car, and Cuchullin sprang forth, but as he sprang Lewy Mac Conroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael.

Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled, and a wail of agony from immortal mouths shrilled across the land, and a pale panic smote the vast host of Meav when, with a crash, fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valor of Erin was extinguished. Then, too, from his slain comrade brake the divine steed, the Liath Macha; for, like a housewife's thread, the divine steed brake the traces, and the brazen chains, and the yoke and bounded forth neighing, and three times he encircled the heroes, trampling down the hosts of Meav. Afar then retreated the host, and the Liath Macha, wearing still the broken collar, went back into the realms of the unseen.

But Cuchullin kissed Leagh, and Leagh, dying, said: —

"Farewell, O dear master and schoolfellow. Till the end of the world no servant will have a better master than thou hast been to me."

And Cuchullin said: —

"Farewell, O dear Leagh. The gods of Erin have deserted us, and the Clan Cailitin are now abroad, and what will happen to us henceforward I know not. But true and faithful thou hast ever been to me, and it is now seventeen years since we plighted friendship, and no angry word has ever passed between us since then."

Then the spirit went out of Leagh, and he died, and Cuchullin, raising his eyes, saw thence northwestward, about two hundred yards, a small lake called Loch-an-Tanaigté, and he tore forth from himself the bloody spear, and went staggering, and at times he fell; nevertheless, he reached the lake, and stooped down and drank a deep draught of the pure cold water, keen with frost, and the burning fever in his veins was allayed. After that he arose, and saw northward from the lake a tall pillar stone, the grave of a warrior slain there in some

ancient war, and its name was Carrig-an-Compan. With difficulty he reached it, and he leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered, and he knew nothing for a space.

After that he took off his brooch, and, removing the torn bratta, he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero ; so that he might not die in his sitting, or lying, but that he might die in his standing. But the host of Meav, when they beheld him, retired again, for they said that he was immortal, and that Lu Lamfada would once more come down from fairyland to his aid, and that they would wreak a terrible vengeance. So afar they retreated, when they beheld him standing with a drawn sword in his hand and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet.

Now, as Cuchullin stood dying, a stream of blood trickled from his wounds, and ran in a devious way down to the lake, and poured its tiny red current into the pure water; and as Cuchullin looked upon it, thinking many things in his deep mind, there came forth an otter out of the reeds of the lake and approached the pebbly strand, where the blood flowed into the water, having been attracted thither by the smell, and at the point where the blood flowed into the lake, he lapped up the lifeblood of the hero, looking up from time to time, after the manner of a dog feeding. Which seeing, Cuchullin gazed upon the otter, and he smiled for the last time, and said : —

"O thou greedy water dog, often in my boyhood have I pursued thy race in the rivers and lakes of Murthemney ; but now thou hast a full eric,[1] who drinkest the blood of me dying. Nor do I grudge thee this thy bloody meal. Drink on, thou happy beast. To thee, too, doubtless there will some time be an hour of woe."

Then a terrible loneliness and desolation came over his mind, and again he saw the faces of the wandering clan ; and they laughed around him, and taunted him, and said : —

"Thus shalt thou perish, O Hound, and thus shall all like thee be forsaken and deserted. An early death and desolation shall be their lot, for we are powerful over men and over

[1] The compensation exacted by a clan or family for the slaying of one of its members.

GENERAL VIEW OF VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

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gods, and the kingdom that is seen and the kingdom that is unseen belong to us;" and they ringed him round, and chanted obscene songs, and triumphed.

Nevertheless, they terrified him not, for a deep spring of stern valor was opened in his soul, and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him.

Then was Cuchullin aware that the Clan Caitilin retired, as though in fear; and after that the soul of the mild, handsome, invincible hero departed from him.

PLINY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

(From "Pliny's Letters": by Rev. Alfred Church and Rev. W. J. Brodribb.)

[PLINY THE YOUNGER, Roman writer, was born A.D. 62. In A.D. 79 he witnessed the great eruption of Vesuvius. In the following year he began practice as an advocate in Rome. He served as a military tribune in Syria; returning to Rome, was made questor, pretor, consul, etc. In A.D. 103 he went as propretor to the province of Pontus and Bithynia, an office which he held for about two years. We know nothing of him later than the year 107.]

WHEN my uncle had started, I spent such time as was left on my studies — it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. Then followed the bath, dinner, and sleep, — this last disturbed and brief. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which had caused, however, but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campania. But that night it was so violent, that one thought that everything was being not merely moved but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber; I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her should she have been asleep. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now — I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year — I called for a volume of Livy, read it, as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain; when he saw that we were sitting down — that I was even reading — he rebuked my mother for her

patience, and me for my blindness to the danger. Still I bent myself as industriously as ever over my book.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered, that in the place where we were, which though open was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own — in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence — and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the building, we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvelous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet lightning, though on a larger scale.

Then our friend from Spain addressed us more energetically and urgently than ever. "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle is alive, he wishes you to be saved; if he has perished, he certainly wished you to survive him. If so, why do you hesitate to escape?" We answered that we could not bear to think about our own safety while we were doubtful of his. He lingered no longer, but rushed off, making his way out of the danger at the top of his speed. It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could; "I might do so," she said, "for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die, if she did not bring death upon me." I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company; I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me.

Ashes now began to fall — still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden underfoot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us." We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us, — not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us; then came darkness again, and a thick heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me — a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I had spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to have in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could,

spent a night of anxiety in mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many frenzied persons, with their terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away till we could hear news of my uncle.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

(By Schiller: translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller, the second in general repute among German poets, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, in 1759. He was a regimental surgeon when at twenty-one he wrote "The Robbers," a play produced in 1782, which set him in the first rank among German dramatists. The Duke of Würtemberg taking offense at its revolutionary utterances, Schiller fled and lived in various German cities, — including Weimar, where he formed a close friendship with Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, and edited the *German Mercury*, — writing plays, poetry, history, philosophy, etc., and winning a great name; in 1789 was professor of history in Jena; in 1790 retired on a pension, settled in Weimar, and died in 1805. His most famous plays, besides "The Robbers," are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell"; his ballads are of the best in existence; and his "History of the Thirty Years' War" and "Revolt of the Netherlands" are classic.]

What strange wonder is this? Our prayer to thee was for water,
  Earth! What is this that thou now send'st from thy womb in reply?
In the abyss is there life? Or hidden under the lava
  Dwelleth some race now unknown? Does what hath fled e'er return?
Greeks and Romans, oh come! Oh, see the ancient Pompeii
  Here is discovered again, — Hercules' town is rebuilt!

Gable on gable arises, the roomy portico opens
  Wide its halls, so make haste, — haste ye to fill it with life!
Open, too, stands the spacious theater, let, then, the people,
  Like a resistless flood, pour through its sevenfold mouths!
Mimes, where are ye? Advance! Let Atrides finish the rites now
  He had begun, — let the dread chorus Orestes pursue!
Whither leads yon triumphal arch? Perceive ye the forum?
  What are those figures that sit on the Curulian chair?
Lictors! precede with your fasces, — and let the Pretor in judgment

Sit, — let the witness come forth! let the accuser appear!
Cleanly streets spread around, and with a loftier pavement
Does the contracted path wind close to the houses' long row;
While, to protect them, the roofs protrude, — and the handsome apartments
Round the now desolate court peacefully, fondly, are ranged.
Hasten to open the shops, and the gateways that long have been choked up,
And let the bright light of day fall on the desolate night!
See how around the edge extend the benches so graceful,
And how the floor rises up, glitt'ring with many-hued stone!
Freshly still shines the wall with colors burning and glowing!
Where is the artist? His brush he has but now laid aside.
Teeming with swelling fruits, and flowers disposed in fair order,
Chases the brilliant festoon ravishing images there.
Here, with a basket full-laden, a Cupid gayly is dancing,
Genie industrious *there* tread out the purple-dyed wine.
High there the Bacchanal dances and here she calmly is sleeping,
While the listening Faun has not yet sated his eyes;
Here she puts to flight the swift-footed Centaur, suspended
On *one* knee, and, the while, goads with the Thyrsus his steps.

Boys, why tarry ye? Quick! The beauteous vessels still stand there;
Hasten, ye maidens, and pour into the Etrurian jar!
Does not the tripod stand here, on sphinxes graceful and winged?
Stir up the fire, ye slaves! Haste to make ready the hearth!
Go and buy; here is money that's coined by Titus the Mighty;
Still are the scales lying here; not e'en one weight has been lost.
Place the burning lights in the branches so gracefully fashioned,
And with the bright-shining oil see that the lamp is supplied!
What does this casket contain? Oh, see what the bridegroom has sent thee!
Maiden! 'Tis buckles of gold; glittering gems for thy dress.
Lead the bride to the odorous bath, — here still are the unguents;
Paints, too, are still lying here, filling the hollow-shaped vase.

But where tarry the men? the elders? In noble museum
Still lies a heap of strange rolls, treasures of infinite worth!
Styles, too, are here, and tablets of wax, all ready for writing;
Nothing is lost, for, with faith, earth has protected the whole.
E'en the Penates are present, and all the glorious Immortals
Meet here again, and of all, none, save the priests, are not here.
Hermes, whose feet are graced with wings, his Caduceus is waving,
And from the grasp of his hand victory lightly escapes.
Still are the altars standing here, — oh come, then, and kindle —
Long hath the God been away, — kindle the incense to Him!

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

The Dream of Arbaces. — A Visitor and a Warning to the Egyptian.

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons, "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

The awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry — a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately Sarnus, whose ancient breadth of channel the traveler now vainly seeks to discover, there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian

groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily — fast — confusedly swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

Despite the vast size of the amphitheater, seemingly so disproportioned to the extent of the city, and formed to include nearly the whole population of Pompeii itself, so great, on extraordinary occasions, was the concourse of strangers from all parts of Campania, that the space before it was usually crowded for several hours previous to the commencement of the sports, by such persons as were not entitled by their rank to appointed and especial seats. And the intense curiosity which the trial and sentence of two criminals so remarkable had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented.

While the common people, with the lively vehemence of their Campanian blood, were thus pushing, scrambling, hurrying on, — yet, amid all their eagerness, preserving, as is now the wont with Italians in such meetings, a wonderful order and unquarrelsome good humor, — a strange visitor to Arbaces was threading her way to his sequestered mansion. At the sight of her quaint and primeval garb — of her wild gait and gestures — the passengers she encountered touched each other and smiled; but as they caught a glimpse of her countenance, the mirth was hushed at once, for the face was as the face of the dead; and, what with the ghastly features and obsolete robes of the stranger, it seemed as if one long entombed had risen once more among the living. In silence and awe each group gave way as she passed along, and she soon gained the broad porch of the Egyptian's palace.

The black porter, like the rest of the world, astir at an unusual hour, started as he opened the door to her summons.

The sleep of the Egyptian had been unusually profound during the night; but as the dawn approached, it was disturbed by strange and unquiet dreams. . . .

With a shriek of wrath, and woe, and despairing resistance, Arbaces awoke — his hair on end — his brow bathed in dew — his eyes glazed and staring — his mighty frame quivering as an infant's beneath the agony of that dream. He awoke — he collected himself — he blessed the gods whom he disbelieved, that he *was* in a dream; — he turned his eyes from side to side — he

saw the dawning light break through his small but lofty window — he was in the Precincts of Day — he rejoiced — he smiled; — his eyes fell, and opposite to him he beheld the ghastly features, the lifeless eye, the livid lip — of the Hag of Vesuvius!

"Ha!" he cried, placing his hands before his eyes, as to shut out the grisly vision, "do I dream still? — Am I with the dead?"

"Mighty Hermes — no! Thou art with one deathlike, but not dead. Recognize thy friend and slave."

There was a long silence. Slowly the shudders that passed over the limbs of the Egyptian chased each other away, faintlier and faintlier dying till he was himself again.

"It was a dream, then," said he. "Well — let me dream no more, or the day cannot compensate for the pangs of night. Woman, how camest thou here, and wherefore?"

"I came to warn thee," answered the sepulchral voice of the saga.

"Warn me! The dream lied not, then? Of what peril?"

"Listen to me. Some evil hangs over this fated city. Fly while it be time. Thou knowest that I hold my home on that mountain beneath which old tradition saith there yet burn the fires of the river of Phlegethon; and in my cavern is a vast abyss, and in that abyss I have of late marked a red and dull stream creep slowly, slowly on; and heard many and mighty sounds hissing and roaring through the gloom. But last night, as I looked thereon, behold the stream was no longer dull, but intensely and fiercely luminous; and while I gazed, the beast that liveth with me, and was cowering by my side, uttered a shrill howl, and fell down and died, and the slaver and froth were round his lips. I crept back to my lair; but I distinctly heard, all the night, the rock shake and tremble; and, though the air was heavy and still, there were the hissing of pent winds, and the grinding as of wheels, beneath the ground. So, when I rose this morning at the very birth of dawn, I looked again down the abyss, and I saw vast fragments of stone borne black and floatingly over the lurid stream; and the stream itself was broader, fiercer, redder than the night before. Then I went forth, and ascended to the summit of the rock; and in that summit there appeared a sudden and vast hollow, which I had never perceived before, from which curled a dim, faint smoke; and the vapor was deathly, and I gasped, and sickened, and

nearly died. I returned home, I took my gold and my drugs, and left the habitation of many years; for I remembered the dark Etruscan prophecy which saith, 'When the mountain opens, the city shall fall — when the smoke crowns the Hill of the Parched Fields, there shall be woe and weeping in the hearths of the Children of the Sea.' Dread master, ere I leave these walls for some more distant dwelling, I come to thee. As thou livest, know I in my heart that the earthquake that sixteen years ago shook this city to its solid base, was but the forerunner of more deadly doom. The walls of Pompeii are built above the fields of the Dead and the rivers of the sleepless Hell. Be warned and fly!"

"Witch, I thank thee for thy care of one not ungrateful. On yon table stands a cup of gold; take it, it is thine. I dreamed not that there lived one, out of the priesthood of Isis, who would have saved Arbaces from destruction. The signs thou hast seen in the bed of the extinct volcano," continued the Egyptian, musingly, "surely tell of some coming danger to the city; perhaps another earthquake fiercer than the last. Be that as it may, there is a new reason for my hastening from these walls. After this day I will prepare my departure. Daughter of Etruria, whither wendest thou?"

"I shall cross over to Herculaneum this day, and, wandering thence along the coast, shall seek out a new home."

The hag, who had placed the costly gift of Arbaces in the loose folds of her vest, now rose to depart. When she had gained the door she paused, turned back, and said, "This may be the last time we meet on earth; but whither flieth the flame when it leaves the ashes? — Wandering to and fro, up and down, as an exhalation on the morass, the flame may be seen in the marshes of the lake below; and the witch and the Magian, the pupil and the master, the great one and the accursed one, may meet again. Farewell!"

"Out, croaker!" muttered Arbaces, as the door closed on the hag's tattered robes; and, impatient of his own thoughts, not yet recovered from the past dream, he hastily summoned his slaves.

It was the custom to attend the ceremonials of the amphitheater in festive robes, and Arbaces arrayed himself that day with more than usual care. His tunic was of the most dazzling white; his many fibulæ were formed from the most precious stones: over his tunic flowed a loose eastern robe, half-gown,

half-mantle, glowing in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye; and the sandals, that reached halfway up the knee, were studded with gems, and inlaid with gold. In the quackeries that belonged to his priestly genius, Arbaces never neglected, on great occasions, the arts which dazzle and impose upon the vulgar; and on this day, that was forever to release him, by the sacrifice of Glaucus, from the fear of a rival and the chance of detection, he felt that he was arraying himself as for a triumph or a nuptial feast.

The Amphitheater Once More.

Glaucus and Olinthus had been placed together in that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena waited their last and fearful struggle. Their eyes, of late accustomed to the darkness, scanned the faces of each other in this awful hour, and by that dim light, the paleness which chased away the natural hues from either cheek assumed a yet more ashy and ghastly whiteness. Yet their brows were erect and dauntless — their limbs did not tremble — their lips were compressed and rigid. The religion of the one, the pride of the other, the conscious innocence of both, and it may be the support derived from their mutual companionship, elevated the victim into the hero.

"Hark! hearest thou that shout? They are growling over their human blood," said Olinthus.

"I hear; my heart grows sick; but the gods support me."

"The gods! O rash young man! in this hour recognize only the One God. Have I not taught thee in the dungeon, wept for thee, prayed for thee? — in my zeal and in my agony, have I not thought more of thy salvation than my own?"

"Brave friend!" answered Glaucus, solemnly, "I have listened to thee with awe, with wonder, and with a secret tendency toward conviction. Had our lives been spared, I might gradually have weaned myself from the tenets of my own faith, and inclined to thine; but, in this last hour, it were a craven thing and a base, to yield to hasty terror what should only be the result of lengthened meditation. Were I to embrace thy creed, and cast down my father's gods, should I not be bribed by thy promise of heaven, or awed by thy threats of hell? Olinthus, no! Think we of each other with equal charity — I honoring thy sincerity — thou pitying my blindness or my obdurate courage. As have been my deeds, such

will be my reward; and the Power or Powers above will not judge harshly of human error, when it is linked with honesty of purpose and truth of heart. Speak we no more of this. Hush! Dost thou hear them drag yon heavy body through the passage? Such as that clay will be ours soon."

"O Heaven! O Christ! already I behold ye!" cried the fervent Olinthus, lifting up his hands; "I tremble not — I rejoice that the prison house shall be soon broken."

Glaucus bowed his head in silence. He felt the distinction between his fortitude and that of his fellow-sufferer. The heathen did not tremble; but the Christian exulted.

The door swung gratingly back — the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Brother and co-mate, one last embrace! Bless me — and, farewell!"

The Christian opened his arms — he clasped the young heathen to his breast — he kissed his forehead and cheek — he sobbed aloud — his tears flowed fast and hot over the features of his new friend.

"Oh! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh! that I might say to thee, 'We two shall sup this night in Paradise!'"

"It may be so yet," answered the Greek, with a tremulous voice. "They whom death parts now, may yet meet beyond the grave: on the earth — on the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell forever! — Worthy officer, I attend you."

Glaucus tore himself away; and when he came forth into the air, its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught, shrank and trembled. The officers supported him.

"Courage!" said one; "thou art young, active, well knit. They give thee a weapon! despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer."

Glaucus did not reply; but, ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort, and regained the firmness of his nerves. They anointed his body, completely naked save by a cincture round the loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon!) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and

tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear — all fear itself — was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features — he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye, — he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land — of the divinity of its worship — at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion!

"By Venus, how warm it is!" said Fulvia; "yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning!"

"Oh, it is warm indeed. I turn sick — I faint!" said the wife of Pansa, even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head — snuffed the air through the bars — then lay down — started again — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around — hesitated — delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest — and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest

posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on falling, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper: —

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle — voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled — breathless — heated — half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste — he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian — HE is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the pretor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! — quick! or his blood be on your

head. Pretor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! — stand back! — give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces — there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, — Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! — Calenus!" cried the mob. "*Is* it he? No — it is a dead man!"

"It *is* the priest Calenus," said the pretor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me — it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine — that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian — *he* is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. — A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian — *Arbaces to the lion!*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale — from coast to sea — "*Arbaces to the lion!*"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus — remove, but guard him yet," said the pretor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

As the pretor gave the word of release, there was a cry of joy — a female voice — a child's voice — and it was of joy! It rang through the heart of the assembly with electric force — it was touching, it was holy, that child's voice! And the populace echoed it back with sympathizing congratulation!

"Silence!" said the grave pretor — "who is there?"

"The blind girl — Nydia," answered Sallust; "it is her hand that has raised Calenus from the grave, and delivered Glaucus from the lion."

"Of this hereafter," said the pretor. "Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do!"

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

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"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Pretor — with these eyes ——"

"Enough at present — the details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee — thou hast not yet spoken — what hast thou to say?"

The gaze of the crowd had been long riveted on Arbaces: but not until the confusion which he had betrayed at the first charge of Sallust and the entrance of Calenus had subsided. At the shout, "Arbaces to the lion!" he had indeed trembled, and the dark bronze of his cheek had taken a paler hue. But he had soon recovered his haughtiness and self-control. Proudly he returned the angry glare of the countless eyes around him; and replying now to the question of the pretor, he said, in that accent so peculiarly tranquil and commanding, which characterized his tones: —

"Pretor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust — the most intimate friend of Glaucus! my second is a priest; I revere his garb and calling — but, people of Pompeii! ye know somewhat of the character of Calenus — he is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb; the witness of such men is to be bought! Pretor, I am innocent!"

"Sallust," said the magistrate, "where found you Calenus?"

"In the dungeons of Arbaces."

"Egyptian," said the pretor, frowning, "thou didst, then, dare to imprison a priest of the gods — and wherefore?"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune: I remonstrated — in vain. Peace there — let not the priest interrupt me! Noble pretor — and ye, O people! I was a stranger in the land — I knew myself innocent of crime — but the witness of a priest against me might yet destroy me. In my perplexity I decoyed him to the cell whence he has been released, on pretense that it was the coffer house of my gold. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats could avail no longer; but I meant no worse. I may have erred — but who among ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial? — *then* I had not

detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I proclaimed that of Glaucus? Pretor, this needs an answer. For the rest, I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. I will willingly meet, and cheerfully abide by, the decision of the legitimate tribunal. This is no place for further parley."

"He says right," said the pretor. "Ho! guards — remove Arbaces — guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed."

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! — I feel the god rush to my lips! *To the lion — to the lion with Arbaces!*"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest; he sank on the ground in strong convulsions — the foam gathered to his mouth — he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw, and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! — *To the lion with the Egyptian.*"

With that cry up sprang — on moved — thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights — they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command — in vain did the pretor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood — they thirsted for more — their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused — inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and half servile, and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the pretor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier — the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd — when, right above them,

through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition — he beheld — and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness, — the branches, fire! — a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence — through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, — over the desolate streets, — over the amphitheater itself, — far and wide, — with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, — fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly — each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen — amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their most costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers

of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds — shelter of any kind — for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

THE CELL OF THE PRISONER AND THE DEN OF THE DEAD. — GRIEF UNCONSCIOUS OF HORROR.

Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was awake, Glaucus had been led by the officers of the arena into a small cell within the walls of the theater. They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded round in congratulation and wonder. There was an impatient and fretful cry without the cell; the throng gave way, and the blind girl, led by some gentler hand, flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

"It is *I* who have saved thee," she sobbed; "now let me die!"

"Nydia, my child! — my preserver!"

"Oh, let me feel thy touch — thy breath! Yes, yes, thou livest! We are not too late! That dread door, methought it would never yield! and Calenus — oh! his voice was as the dying wind among tombs: — we had to wait, — gods! it seemed hours ere food and wine restored to him something of strength. But thou livest! thou livest yet! And I — *I* have saved thee!"

This affecting scene was soon interrupted by the event just described.

"The mountain! the earthquake!" resounded from side to side. The officers fled with the rest; they left Glaucus and Nydia to save themselves as they might.

As the sense of the dangers around them flashed on the Athenian, his generous heart recurred to Olinthus. He, too, was reprieved from the tiger by the hand of the gods; should he be left to a no less fatal death in the neighboring cell? Taking Nydia by the hand, Glaucus hurried across the passages; he gained the den of the Christian. He found Olinthus kneeling and in prayer.

"Arise! arise! my friend," he cried. "Save thyself, and fly! See; Nature is thy dread deliverer!" He led forth the bewildered Christian, and pointed to a cloud which advanced

darker and darker, disgorging forth showers of ashes and pumice stones; — and bade him hearken to the cries and trampling rush of the scattered crowd.

"This is the hand of God — God be praised!" said Olinthus, devoutly.

"Fly! seek thy brethren! Concert with them thy escape. Farewell!"

Olinthus did not answer, neither did he mark the retreating form of his friend. High thoughts and solemn absorbed his soul; and in the enthusiasm of his kindling heart, he exulted in the mercy of God rather than trembled at the evidence of His power.

At length he roused himself, and hurried on, he scarce knew whither.

The open doors of a dark, desolate cell suddenly appeared on his path; through the gloom within there flared and flickered a single lamp; and by its light he saw three grim and naked forms stretched on the earth in death. His feet were suddenly arrested; for, amid the terrors of that drear recess — the spoliarium of the arena — he heard a low voice calling on the name of Christ!

He could not resist lingering at that appeal; he entered the den, and his feet were dabbled in the slow streams of blood that gushed from the corpses over the sand.

"Who," said the Nazarene, "calls upon the Son of God?"

No answer came forth; and turning round, Olinthus beheld, by the light of the lamp, an old gray-headed man sitting on the floor, and supporting in his lap the head of one of the dead. The features of the dead man were firmly and rigidly locked in the last sleep; but over the lip there played a fierce smile — not the Christian's smile of hope, but the dark sneer of hatred and defiance.

Yet on the face still lingered the beautiful roundness of early youth. The hair curled thick and glossy over the unwrinkled brow; and the down of manhood but slightly shaded the marble of the hueless cheek. And over this face bent one of such unutterable sadness — of such yearning tenderness — of such fond, and such deep despair! The tears of the old man fell fast and hot, but he did not feel them; and when his lips moved, and he mechanically uttered the prayer of his benign and hopeful faith, neither his heart nor his sense responded to the words: it was but the involuntary emotion that broke from the lethargy

of his mind. His boy was dead, and had died for him! — and the old man's heart was broken!

"Medon!" said Olinthus, pityingly, "arise, and fly! God is forth upon the wings of the elements! The New Gomorrah is doomed! — Fly, ere the fires consume thee!"

"He was ever so full of life! — he *cannot* be dead! Come hither! — place your hand on his heart! — sure it beats yet?"

"Brother, the soul has fled! — we will remember it in our prayers! Thou canst not reanimate the dumb clay! Come, come, — hark! while I speak, yon crashing walls! — hark! yon agonizing cries! Not a moment is to be lost! — Come!"

"I hear nothing!" said Medon, shaking his gray hair. "The poor boy, his love murdered him!"

"Come! come! forgive this friendly force."

"What! Who would sever the father from the son?" And Medon clasped the body tightly in his embrace, and covered it with passionate kisses. "Go!" said he, lifting up his face for one moment. "Go! — we must be alone!"

"Alas!" said the compassionate Nazarene. "Death hath severed ye already!"

The old man smiled very calmly. "No, no, no!" he muttered, his voice growing lower with each word, — "Death has been more kind!"

With that his head drooped on his son's breast — his arms relaxed their grasp. Olinthus caught him by the hand — the pulse had ceased to beat! The last words of the father were the words of truth, — *Death had been more kind!*

Meanwhile, Glaucus and Nydia were pacing swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets. The Athenian had learned from his preserver that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled, to release — to save her! The few slaves whom the Egyptian had left at his mansion when he had repaired in long procession to the amphitheater, had been able to offer no resistance to the armed band of Sallust; and when afterward the volcano broke forth they had huddled together, stunned and frightened, in the inmost recesses of the house. Even the tall Ethiopian had forsaken his post at the door; and Glaucus (who left Nydia without — the poor Nydia, jealous once more, even in such an hour!) passed on through the vast hall without meeting one from whom to learn the chamber of Ione. Even as he passed, however, the darkness that covered the heavens increased so rapidly, that it was with difficulty he could guide his

steps. The flower-wreathed columns seemed to reel and tremble; and with every instant he heard the ashes fall craunchingly into the roofless peristyle. He ascended to the upper rooms — breathless he paced along, shouting out aloud the name of Ione; and at length he heard, at the end of the gallery, a voice — *her* voice, in wondering reply! To rush forward — to shatter the door — to seize Ione in his arms — to hurry from the mansion — seemed to him the work of an instant! Scarce had he gained the spot where Nydia was, than he heard steps advancing toward the house, and recognized the voice of Arbaces, who had returned to seek his wealth and Ione ere he fled from the doomed Pompeii. But so dense was already the reeking atmosphere, that the foes saw not each other, though so near, — save that, dimly in the gloom, Glaucus caught the moving outline of the snowy robes of the Egyptian.

They hastened onward — those three! Alas! — whither? They now saw not a step before them — the blackness became utter. They were encompassed with doubt and horror! — and the death he had escaped seemed to Glaucus only to have changed its form and augmented its victims.

Calenus and Burbo. — Diomed and Clodius. — The Girl of the Amphitheater and Julia.

The sudden catastrophe which had, as it were, riven the very bonds of society, and left prisoner and jailer alike free, had soon rid Calenus of the guards to whose care the pretor had consigned him. And when the darkness and the crowd separated the priest from his attendants, he hastened with trembling steps toward the temple of his goddess. As he crept along, and ere the darkness was complete, he felt himself suddenly caught by the robe, and a voice muttered in his ear —

"Hist! — Calenus! — an awful hour!"

"Ay! by my father's head! Who art thou? — thy face is dim, and thy voice is strange!"

"Not know thy Burbo? — fie!"

"Gods! — how the darkness gathers! Ho, ho; — by yon terrific mountain, what sudden blazes of lightning! — How they dart and quiver! Hades is loosed on earth!"

"Tush! — thou believest not these things, Calenus! Now is the time to make our fortune!"

"Ha!"

"Listen! Thy temple is full of gold and precious mummeries! — let us load ourselves with them, and then hasten to the sea and embark! None will ever ask an account of the doings of this day."

"Burbo, thou art right! Hush! and follow me into the temple. Who cares now — who sees now — whether thou art a priest or not? Follow, and we will share."

In the precincts of the temple were many priests gathered around the altars, praying, weeping, groveling in the dust. Impostors in safety, they were not the less superstitious in danger! Calenus passed them, and entered the chamber yet to be seen in the south side of the court. Burbo followed him — the priest struck a light. Wine and viands strewed the table; the remains of a sacrificial feast.

"A man who has hungered forty-eight hours," muttered Calenus, "has an appetite even in such a time." He seized on the food, and devoured it greedily. Nothing could, perhaps, be more unnaturally horrid than the selfish baseness of these villains; for there is nothing more loathsome than the valor of avarice. Plunder and sacrilege while the pillars of the world tottered to and fro! What an increase to the terrors of nature can be made by the vices of man!

"Wilt thou never have done?" said Burbo, impatiently; "thy face purples and thine eyes start already."

"It is not every day one has such a right to be hungry. Oh, Jupiter! what sound is that? — the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame! Ha! — what! shrieks? And, Burbo, how silent all is now! Look forth!"

Amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed: that cry had been of death — that silence had been of eternity! The ashes — the pitchy stream — sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

"They are dead," said Burbo, terrified for the first time,

and hurrying back into the cell. "I thought not the danger was so near and fatal."

The two wretches stood staring at each other — you might have heard their hearts beat! Calenus, the less bold by nature, but the more griping, recovered first.

"We must to our task, and away!" he said in a low whisper, frightened at his own voice. He stepped to the threshold, paused, crossed over the heated floor and his dead brethren to the sacred chapel, and called to Burbo to follow. But the gladiator quaked, and drew back.

"So much the better," thought Calenus; "the more will be *my* booty." Hastily he loaded himself with the more portable treasures of the temple, and thinking no more of his comrade, hurried from the sacred place. A sudden flash of lightning from the mount showed to Burbo, who stood motionless at the threshold, the flying and laden form of the priest. He took heart; he stepped forth to join him, when a tremendous shower of ashes fell right before his feet. The gladiator shrank back once more. Darkness closed him in. But the shower continued fast — fast; its heaps rose high and suffocatingly — deathly vapors steamed from them. The wretch gasped for breath — he sought in despair again to fly — the ashes had blocked up the threshold — he shrieked as his feet shrank from the boiling fluid. How could he escape? — he could not climb to the open space; nay, were he able, he could not brave its horrors. It were best to remain in the cell, protected, at least, from the fatal air. He sat down and clenched his teeth. By degrees, the atmosphere from without — stifling and venomous — crept into the chamber. He could endure it no longer. His eyes, glaring round, rested on a sacrificial ax, which some priest had left in the chamber: he seized it. With the desperate strength of his gigantic arm, he attempted to hew his way through the walls.

Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives craunching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

In the street that leads to the gate of Herculaneum, Clodius now bent his perplexed and doubtful way. "If I can gain the open country," thought he, "doubtless there will be various vehicles beyond the gate, and Herculaneum is not far distant. Thank Mercury! I have little to lose, and that little is about me!"

"Holla! — help there — help!" cried a querulous and frightened voice. "I have fallen down — my torch has gone out — my slaves have deserted me. I am Diomed — the rich Diomed; — ten thousand sesterces to him who helps me!"

At the same moment, Clodius felt himself caught by the feet. "Ill fortune to thee, — let me go, fool!" said the gambler.

"Oh, help me up! — give me thy hand!"

"There — rise!"

"Is this Clodius? I know the voice! Whither flyest thou?"

"Toward Herculaneum."

"Blessed be the gods! our way is the same, then, as far as the gate. Why not take refuge in my villa? Thou knowest the long range of subterranean cellars beneath the basement, — that shelter, what shower can penetrate?"

"You speak well," said Clodius, musingly. "And by storing the cellar with food, we can remain there even some days, should these wondrous storms endure so long."

"Oh, blessed be he who invented gates to a city!" cried Diomed. "See! — they have placed a light within yon arch: by that let us guide our steps."

The air was now still for a few minutes: the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on — they gained the gate — they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amid the crashing elements: he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

Diomed and his companion hurried on, when suddenly a female form rushed athwart their way. It was the girl whose ominous voice had been raised so often and so gladly in anticipation of "the merry show!"

"Oh, Diomed!" she cried, "shelter! shelter! See," —

pointing to an infant clasped to her breast — "see this little one! — it is mine! — the child of shame! I have never owned it till this hour. But *now* I remember I am a mother! I have plucked it from the cradle of its nurse: *she* had fled! Who could think of the babe in such an hour but she who bore it? Save it! save it!"

"Curses on thy shrill voice! Away, harlot!" muttered Clodius between his ground teeth.

"Nay, girl," said the more humane Diomed; "follow if thou wilt. This way — this way — to the vaults!"

They hurried on — they arrived at the house of Diomed — they laughed aloud as they crossed the threshold, for they deemed the danger over.

Diomed ordered his slaves to carry down into the subterranean gallery, before described, a profusion of food and oil for lights; and there Julia, Clodius, the mother and her babe, the greater part of the slaves, and some frightened visitors and clients of the neighborhood, sought their shelter.

The Progress of the Destruction.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to

assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames, and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently,

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

From a painting by Leroux. Original in Luxembourg

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though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with and fearfully chuckling over the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps — in vain: they could not discover her — it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clew. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no further; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither — oh! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already, it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"O gods! yon rock — see, it hath riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione — see! the portico of the

Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. "Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus: and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes — the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple — and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed crouched beneath the pillars; — and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. "Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men! Woe! woe! ye strong and mighty! Woe to ye of the fasces and the purple! Woe to the idolator and the worshiper of the beast! Woe to ye who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death pangs of the sons of God! Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

And with a loud and deep chorus, the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air, — "Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning, till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged Ione once more to proceed. Just as they stood, hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man, with a bag in his right hand and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognized the two as father and son — miser and prodigal.

"Father," said the youth, "if you cannot move more swiftly, I must leave you, or we *both* perish!"

"Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire!"

"But I cannot fly to starve; give me thy bag of gold!" And the youth snatched at it.

"Wretch! wouldst thou rob thy father?"

"Ay! who can tell the tale in this hour? Miser, perish!"

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

"Ye gods!" cried Glaucus: "are ye blind, then, even in the dark? Such crimes may well confound the guiltless with the guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on! — on!"

Arbaces encounters Glaucus and Ione.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild

shrieks of women's terror — now near, now distant — which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fiber of the frame.

"Oh, Glaucus! my beloved! my own! — take me to thy arms! One embrace! let me feel thy arms around me — and in that embrace let me die — I can no more!"

"For my sake — for my life — courage, yet, sweet Ione — my life is linked with thine; and see — torches — this way! Lo! how they brave the wind! Ha! they live through the storm — doubtless, fugitives to the sea! — we will join them."

As if to aid and reanimate the lovers, the winds and showers came to a sudden pause; the atmosphere was profoundly still — the mountain seemed at rest, gathering, perhaps, fresh fury for its next burst: the torchbearers moved quickly on. "We are nearing the sea," said, in a calm voice, the person at their head. "Liberty and wealth to each slave who survives this day. Courage! — I tell you that the gods themselves have assured me of deliverance — On!"

Redly and steadily the torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden; in front of them, — a drawn sword in his hand, — towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

"By my fathers!" cried the Egyptian, "Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amid the dreaded aspects of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love. Away, Greek! I claim my ward, Ione!"

"Traitor and murderer!" cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, "Nemesis hath guided thee to my revenge! — a just sacrifice to the shades of Hades, that now seem loosed on earth. Approach — touch but the hand of Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed — I will tear thee limb from limb!"

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone — a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts — darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jeweled robes. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire!

With his left hand circled round the form of Ione — with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which was to have been his weapon in the arena, and which he still fortunately bore about him, with his brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested, as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus fronted the Egyptian!

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain — they rested on the form of Glaucus! He paused a moment: "Why," he muttered, "should I hesitate? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected? — Is not that peril past?"

"The soul," cried he aloud, "can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods! By that soul will I conquer to the last! Advance, slaves! — Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus, then, I regain Ione!"

He advanced one step — it was his last on earth! The

ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar! — the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue, then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed! —The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

The sound, the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene — the earth still slid and trembled beneath! — Ione lay senseless on the ground; but he saw her not yet — his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column — a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair! The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled; the lips quivered and grinned, — then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten!

So perished the wise Magician — the great Arbaces — the Hermes of the Burning Belt — the last of the royalty of Egypt!

The Despair of the Lovers. — The Condition of the Multitude.

Glaucus turned in gratitude but in awe, caught Ione once more in his arms, and fled along the street, that was yet intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke — rolling on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart — a bride on that couch of ruin — resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile, Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In

vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amid a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided — to find her companions gone, to seize every fugitive — to inquire of Glaucus — to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror, nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender. At length it occurred to Nydia that as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path — to thread the streets and unerringly (so blessed now was that accustomed darkness, so afflicting in ordinary life!) to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

Poor girl! her courage was beautiful to behold! — and Fate seemed to favor one so helpless! The boiling torrents touched her not, save by the general rain which accompanied them; the huge fragments of scoria shivered the pavement before and beside her, but spared that frail form: and when the lesser ashes fell over her, she shook them away with a slight tremor, and dauntlessly resumed her course.

Weak, exposed, yet fearless, supported but by one wish, she was a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings; of Hope walking through the Valley of the Shadow; of the Soul itself — lone but undaunted, amid the dangers and the snares of life!

Her path was, however, constantly impeded by the crowds that now groped amid the gloom, now fled in the temporary glare of the lightnings across the scene; and, at length, a group of torchbearers rushing full against her, she was thrown down with some violence.

"What?" said the voice of one of the party, "is this the brave blind girl! By Bacchus, she must not be left here to die! Up! my Thessalian! So — so. Are you hurt? That's well! Come along with us! we are for the shore!"

"O Sallust! it is thy voice! The gods be thanked! Glaucus! Glaucus! have ye seen him?"

"Not I. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The gods who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain."

As the kindly epicure thus encouraged Nydia, he drew her along with him toward the sea, heeding not her passionate entreaties that he would linger yet awhile to search for Glaucus, and still, in the accent of despair, she continued to shriek out that beloved name, which, amid all the roar of the convulsed elements, kept alive a music at her heart.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the floods of lava, and the earthquake, which we have already described, chanced when Sallust and his party had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here they were arrested by an immense crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the field without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other *from* the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers; arrested in despair and doubt.

"The world is to be destroyed by fire," said an old man in long loose robes, a philosopher of the Stoic school: "Stoic and Epicurean wisdom have alike agreed in this prediction; and the hour is come!"

"Yea; the hour is come!" cried a loud voice, solemn but not fearful.

Those around turned in dismay. The voice came from above them. It was the voice of Olinthus, who, surrounded by his Christian friends, stood upon an abrupt eminence on which the old Greek colonists had raised a temple to Apollo, now time-worn and half in ruin.

As he spoke, there came that sudden illumination which had heralded the death of Arbaces, and glowing over the mighty multitude, awed, crouching, breathless — never on earth had the faces of men seemed so haggard! — never had meeting of mortal beings been so stamped with the horror and sublimity of dread! — never till the last trumpet sounds, shall such meeting be seen again! And above those the form of Olinthus, with outstretched arm and prophet brow, girt with the living fires. And the crowd knew the face of him they had doomed

to the fangs of the beast — *then* their victim — *now* their warner; and through the stillness again came his ominous voice —

"The hour is come!"

The Christians repeated the cry. It was caught up — it was echoed from side to side — woman and man, childhood and old age repeated, not aloud, but in a smothered and dreary murmur —

"THE HOUR IS COME!"

At that moment, a wild yell burst through the air; — and, thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the desert leaped among the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, — and so darkness once more fell over the earth!

And now new fugitives arrived. Grasping the treasures no longer destined for their lord, the slaves of Arbaces joined the throng. One only of their torches yet flickered on. It was borne by Sosia; and its light falling on the face of Nydia, he recognized the Thessalian.

"What avails thy liberty now, blind girl?" said the slave.

"Who art thou? canst thou tell me of Glaucus?"

"Ay; I saw him but a few minutes since."

"Blessed be thy head! where?"

"Couched beneath the arch of the forum — dead or dying! — gone to rejoin Arbaces, who is no more!"

Nydia uttered not a word, she slid from the side of Sallust; silently she glided through those behind her, and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum — the arch; she stooped down — she felt around — she called on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answered — "Who calls on me? Is it the voice of the Shades? Lo! I am prepared!"

"Arise! follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose — "Nydia still? Ah! thou, then, art safe!"

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. With admirable discretion, she avoided the path which led to the crowd she had just quitted, and, by another route, sought the shore.

After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained

the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave, and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

The Next Morning. — The Fate of Nydia.

And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! — the winds were sinking into rest — the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not — moaning round the sepulchers of the Lost!

There was no *shout* from the marines at the dawning light — it had come too gradually, and they were too wearied for such sudden bursts of joy — but there was a low deep *murmur* of thankfulness amid those watchers of the long night. They looked at each other and smiled — they took heart — they felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them! And in the feeling that the worst was passed, the overwearied ones turned round, and fell placidly to sleep. In the growing light of the skies there came the silence which night had wanted: and the bark drifted calmly onward to its port. A few other vessels, bearing similar fugitives, might be seen

NYDIA

From a painting by C. von Bodenhausen

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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in the expanse, apparently motionless, yet gliding also on. There was a sense of security, or companionship, and of hope, in the sight of their slender masts and white sails. What beloved friends, lost and missed in the gloom, might they not bear to safety and to shelter!

In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face of Glaucus — she inhaled the deep breath of his heavy slumber, — timidly and sadly she kissed his brow — his lips; she felt for his hand — it was locked in that of Ione; she sighed deeply, and her face darkened. Again she kissed his brow, and with her hair wiped from it the damps of night. "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured: "may you be happy with your beloved one! — may you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! she is of no further use on earth!"

With these words, she turned away. Slowly she crept along by the *fori*, or platforms, to the further side of the vessel, and, pausing, bent low over the deep; the cool spray dashed upward on her feverish brow. "It is the kiss of death," she said — "it is welcome." The balmy air played through her waving tresses — she put them from her face, and raised those eyes — so tender, though so lightless — to the sky, whose soft face she had never seen!

"No, no!" she said, half aloud, and in a musing and thoughtful tone, "I cannot endure it; this jealous, exacting love — it shatters my whole soul in madness! I might harm him again — wretch that I was! I have saved him — twice saved him — happy, happy thought: — why not *die* happy? — it is the last glad thought I can ever know. Oh! sacred Sea! I hear thy voice invitingly — it hath a freshening and joyous call. They say that in thy embrace is dishonor — that thy victims cross not the fatal Styx — be it so! — I would not meet him in the Shades, for I should meet him still with *her!* Rest — rest — rest! — there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine!"

A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and behind, as the vessel merrily bounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves; but it vanished in an instant. He turned round again, and dreamed of his home and children.

When the lovers awoke their first thought was of each other — their next of Nydia! She was not to be found — none had seen her since the night. Every crevice of the vessel was

searched — there was no trace of her. Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished forever from the living world! They guessed her fate in silence: and Glaucus and Ione, while they drew nearer to each other (feeling each other the world itself) forgot their deliverance, and wept as for a departed sister.

THE UNDERWORLD AS DESCRIBED BY ÆNEAS.

BY VIRGIL.

(Translated by Sir Charles Bowen.)

[PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, the great Roman epic poet, was born near Mantua, B.C. 70, and finely educated. Stripped of his estate in Augustus' confiscations, he regained it, like Horace, through Mæcenas' influence; became the friend of both, and also of Augustus, with whom he was traveling when he died, B.C. 19. His works are the "Eclogues" or "Bucolics," modeled on Theocritus' idyls, but only part of them pastorals; the "Georgics," a poetical treatise on practical agriculture which made farming the fashionable "fad" for a time; and the "Æneid," an epic on the adventures of Æneas, the mythical founder of Rome, — imitative of Homer's form and style.]

[SIR CHARLES SYNGE CHRISTOPHER BOWEN: An English judge and translator; born at Gloucestershire, England, in 1835; died April 9, 1894. He was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took three of the great university prizes. Called to the bar in 1861, he became judge of the Queen's Bench in 1879, and lord justice in the Court of Appeal in 1882. His literary reputation rests upon a translation into English verse of Virgil's "Eclogues" and the first six books of the "Æneid."]

WEEPING he spake, then gave to his flying vessels the rein
Gliding at last on the wind to Eubœan Cumæ's plain.
Seaward the bows are pointed; an anchor's hook to the land
Fastens the ships, and the sterns in a long line border the strand.
Troy's young warriors leap with exultant hearts from the bark
Forth upon Italy's soil. Some look for the fiery spark
Hid in the secret veins of the flint; some scour the profound
Forest, and wild beast's cover, and show where waters abound.
While the devout Æneas a temple seeks on the height,
Phœbus's mountain throne, and a cavern vast as the night,
Where in mysterious darkness the terrible Sibyl lies,
Maiden upon whose spirit the Delian seer of the skies
Breathes his immortal thought, and the knowledge of doom untold.
Soon they arrive at Diana's grove and her palace of gold.

Flying, as legends tell, from the thraldom of Minos the king,
Dædalus, trusting the heavens, set forth on adventurous wing,
Sailed for the ice-bound north by a way unimagined and strange;
Airily poising at last upon this Chalcidian range,
Here first touching the land, to Apollo hallowed his light
Oarage of wings; and a temple colossal built on the site.
Graved on the doors is the death of Androgeos; yonder in turn
Attica's land, condemned each year in atonement to yield
Seven of her children; the lots are drawn, still standing the urn;
Rising from midmost ocean beyond them, Crete is revealed.
Here is the gloomy romance of the bull, and Pasiphae's blind
Fantasy. Here the twiformed Minotaur, two bodies combined,
Record of lawless love; there, marvelous labor, were shaped
Palace and winding mazes, from whence no feet had escaped,
Had not Dædalus pitied the lorn princess and her love,
And of himself unentangled the woven trick of the grove,
Guiding her savior's steps with a thread. Thee, too, he had wrought,
Icarus, into the picture, had grief not baffled the thought.
Twice he essayed upon gold to engrave thine agony, twice
Faltered the hands of the father, and fell. Each noble device
Long their eyes had perused, but Achates now is in sight;
With him the priestess comes, dread servant of Phœbus and Night,
Daughter of Glaucus the seer. To the Trojan monarch she cries:
"'Tis not an hour, Æneas, for feasting yonder thine eyes.
Better to slaughter from herds unyoked seven oxen and seven
Ewes of the yester year, as a choice oblation to Heaven."
Then, as the ministers hasten the rites ordained to prepare,
Into the depth of the temple she bids Troy's children repair.

There is a cavern hewn in the mountain's enormous side,
Reached by a hundred gates, and a hundred passages wide.
Thence roll voices a hundred, the seer's revelations divine.
When by the doors they stood: "'Tis the hour to inquire of the shrine,"
Cried the illumined maiden: "The God! lo, here is the God!"
Even as she spake, while still on the threshold only she trod,
Sudden her countenance altered, her cheek grew pale as in death,
Loose and disordered her fair hair flew, heart panted for breath,
Bosom with madness heaved. More lofty than woman's her frame,
More than mortal her voice, as the presence of Deity came
Nearer upon her. "And art thou slow to petition the shrine,
Troy's Æneas a laggard at prayer? — naught else will incline
This charmed temple," she cries, "its colossal doors to unclose."
Then stands silent. The veteran bones of the Teucrians froze,
Chilled with terror, and prayer from the heart of the monarch arose:
"Phœbus! compassionate ever to Troy in the hour of her woe,

Who against haughty Achilles of old didst prosper the bow
Bent by the Dardan Paris, beneath thine auspices led
Many a sea I have traveled around great continents spread,
Far as Massylian tribes and the quicksands lining their plain.
Italy's vanishing regions, behold, thy people attain!
Here may the evil fate of the Trojans leave us at last!
Spare, for 'tis mercy's hour, this remnant of Pergama's race,
Gods and goddesses all, whose jealous eyes in the past
Looked upon Ilion's glories! From thee I implore one grace,
Prophet of Heaven, dark seer of the future. Grant us the debt,
Long by the destinies owed us — a kingdom promised of yore —
Foot upon Latium's borders at length may Teucrians set,
Bearing their household gods by the tempests tossed evermore!
I, their votary grateful, in Phœbus' and Trivia's praise
Hewn from the solid marble a glorious fane will raise,
Call by Apollo's name his festival. Also for thee
Shall in our future kingdom a shrine imperial be.
There shall thine own dark sayings, the mystic fates of our line,
Gracious seer, be installed, and a priesthood chosen be thine.
Only intrust not to leaves thy prophecy, maiden divine,
Lest in disorder, the light winds' sport, they be driven on the air;
Chant thyself the prediction." His lips here ended from prayer.

Still untamed of Apollo, to stature terrible grown,
Raves the prophetic maid in her cavern, fain to dethrone
This great God who inspires her — the more with bit doth he school
Fiery mouth and rebellious bosom and mold her to rule.
Wide on a sudden the hundred enormous mouths of her lair
Fly, of themselves unclosing, and answer floats on the air:
"Thou who hast ended at last with the dangers dread of the sea,
Greater on land still wait thee. Lavinium's kingdom afar
Teucria's children shall find — of that ancient terror be free —
Yet shall repent to have found it. I see grim visions of war,
Tiber foaming with blood. Once more shall a Simois flow,
Xanthus be there once more, and the tents of a Dorian foe.
Yonder in Latium rises a second Achilles, and born,
Even as the first, of a goddess; and neither at night nor at morn
Ever shall Juno leave thee, the Trojans' enemy sworn,
While thou pleadest for succor, besieging in misery sore
Each far people and city around Ausonia's shore!
So shall a bride from the stranger again thy nation destroy,
Once more foreign espousals a great woe bring upon Troy.
Yield not thou to disasters, confront them boldly, and more
Boldly — as destiny lets thee — and first from a town of the Greek,
Marvel to say, shall be shown thee the way salvation to seek."

So from her awful shrine the Cumæan Sibyl intones
Fate's revelation dread, till the cavern echoes her groans,
Robing her truths in gloom. So shakes, as she fumes in unrest,
Phœbus his bridle reins, while plunging the spur in her breast.
After her madness ceased and her lips of frenzy were still,
Thus Æneas replied: "No vision, lady, of ill
Comes unimagined now to the exile here at thy door;
Each has he counted and traversed already in spirit before.
One sole grace I entreat — since these be the gates, it is said,
Sacred to Death and the twilight lake by the Acheron fed —
Leave to revisit the face of the sire I have loved so well;
Teach me the way thyself, and unlock yon portals of hell.
This was the sire I bore on my shoulders forth from the flame,
Brought through a thousand arrows, that vexed our flight as we came,
Safe from the ranks of the foeman. He shared my journey with me;
Weak as he was, braved ocean, the threats of sky and of sea;
More than the common strength or the common fate of the old.
'Tis at his bidding, his earnest prayer long since, I am fain
Thus in petition to seek thy gate. With compassion behold
Father and son, blest maid, for untold thy power, nor in vain
Over the groves of Avernus hath Hecate set thee to reign.
Grace was to Orpheus granted, his bride from the shadows to bring,
Strong in the power of his lyre and its sounding Thracian string.
Still in his turn dies Pollux, a brother's life to redeem,
Travels and ever retravels the journey. Why of the great
Theseus tell thee, or why of Alcides mighty relate?
My race, even as theirs, is descended from Jove the supreme."
So evermore he repeated, and still to the altar he clung.
She in reply: "Great Hero, of heaven's high lineage sprung,
Son of Anchises of Troy, the descent to Avernus is light;
Death's dark gates stand open, alike through the day and the night.
But to retrace thy steps and emerge to the sunlight above,
This is the toil and the trouble. A few, whom Jupiter's love
Favors, or whose bright valor has raised them thence to the skies,
Born of the gods, have succeeded. On this side wilderness lies,
Black Cocytus around it his twilight waters entwines.
Still, if such thy desire, and if thus thy spirit inclines
Twice to adventure the Stygian lake, twice look on the dark
Tartarus, and it delights thee on quest so wild to embark,
Learn what first to perform. On a tree no sun that receives
Hides one branch all golden — its yielding stem and its leaves —
Sacred esteemed to the queen of the shadows. Forests of night
Cover it, sloping valleys inclose it around from the light.
Subterranean gloom and its mysteries only may be
Reached by the mortal who gathers the golden growth of the tree.

This for her tribute chosen the lovely Proserpina needs
Aye to be brought her. The one bough broken, another succeeds,
Also of gold, and the spray bears leaf of a metal as bright.
Deep in the forest explore, and if once thou find it aright,
Pluck it; the branch will follow, of its own grace and design,
Should thy destiny call thee; or else no labor of thine
Ever will move it, nor ever thy hatchet conquer its might.
Yea, and the corpse of a friend, although thou know'st not," she saith,
"Lies upon shore unburied, and taints thy vessels with death,
While thou tarriest here at the gate thy future to know.
Carry him home to his rest, in the grave his body bestow;
Death's black cattle provide for the altar; give to the shades
This first lustral oblation, and so on the Stygian glades,
Even on realms where never the feet of the living come,
Thou shalt finally look." Then, closing her lips, she was dumb.

Sadly, with downcast eyes, Æneas turns to depart,
Leaving the cave; on the issues dark foretold by her words
Pondering much in his bosom. Achates, trusty of heart,
Paces beside him, plunged in a musing deep as his lord's.
Many the troubled thoughts that in ranging talk they pursue —
Who is the dead companion the priestess spake of, and who
Yonder unburied lies? And advancing thither, they find
High on the beach Misenus, to death untimely consigned,
Æolus-born Misenus, than whom no trumpeter bright
Blew more bravely for battle, or fired with music the fight;
Comrade of Hector great, who at Hector's side to the war
Marched, by his soldier's spear and his trumpet known from afar.
After triumphant Achilles his master slew with the sword,
Troy's Æneas he followed, a no less glorious lord.
Now while over the deep he was sounding his clarion sweet,
In wild folly defying the Ocean Gods to compete,
Envious Triton, lo! — if the legend merit belief —
Drowned him, before he was ware, in the foaming waves of a reef.
All now, gathered around him, uplift their voices in grief,
Foremost the faithful chieftain. Anon to their tasks they hie;
Speed, though weeping sorely, the Sibyl's mission, and vie
Building the funeral altar with giant trees to the sky.

Into the forest primeval, the beasts' dark cover, they go;
Pine trees fall with a crash and the holm oaks ring to the blow.
Ash-hewn timbers and fissile oaks with the wedges are rent;
Massive ash trees roll from the mountains down the descent.
Foremost strides Æneas, as ever, guiding the way,
Cheering his men, and equipped with a forester's ax as they.

Long in his own sad thoughts he is plunged — then raising his eyes
Over the measureless forest, uplifts his prayer to the skies.
"O that in this great thicket the golden branch of the tree
Might be revealed! For in all she related yonder of thee
Ever, alas! Misenus, the prophetess spake too true."
Lo! at the words twain doves came down through the heavenly blue,
And at his side on the green turf lighted. The hero of Troy
Knows the celestial birds of his mother, and cries with joy:
"Guide us, if ever a way be, and cleaving swiftly the skies,
Wing for the grove where in shadow a golden branch overlies
One all-favored spot. Nor do thou in an hour that is dark,
Mother, desert thy son!" So saying, he pauses to mark
What be the omens, and whither the birds go. They in their flight,
Soaring, and lighting to feed, keep still in the Teucrians' sight.
When they have come to the valley of baleful Avernus, the pair,
Shooting aloft, float up through a bright and radiant air;
Both on a tree they have chosen at length their pinions fold
Through whose branches of green is a wavering glimmer of gold.
As in the winter forest a mistletoe often ye see
Bearing a foliage young, no growth of its own oak tree,
Circling the rounded boles with a leafage of yellowing bloom;
Such was the branching gold, as it shone through the holm oak's gloom,
So in the light wind rustled the foil. Æneas with bold
Ardor assails it, breaks from the tree the reluctant gold;
Then to the Sibyl's palace in triumph carries it home.

Weeping for dead Misenus the Trojan host on the shore
Now to his thankless ashes the funeral offerings bore.
Rich with the resinous pine and in oak-hewn timbers cased
Rises a giant pyre, in its sides dark foliage laced;
Planted in front stand branches of cypress, gifts to the grave;
Over it hang for adornment the gleaming arms of the brave.
Some heat fountain water, the bubbling caldron prepare;
Clay-cold limbs then wash and anoint. Wails sound on the air.
Dirge at an end, the departed is placed on the funeral bed;
O'er him they fling bright raiment, the wonted attire of the dead.
Others shoulder the ponderous bier, sad service of death;
Some in ancestral fashion the lighted torches beneath
Hold with averted eyes. High blaze on the burning pyre
Incense, funeral viands, and oil outpoured on the fire.
After the ashes have fallen and flames are leaping no more,
Wine on the smouldering relics and cinders thirsty they pour.
Next in a vessel of brass Corynæus gathers the bones,
Thrice bears pure spring water around Troy's sorrowing sons,

Sprinkles it o'er them in dew, from the bough of an olive in bloom,
Gives lustration to all, then bids farewell to the tomb.
But the devout Æneas a vast grave builds on the shore,
Places upon it the warrior's arms, his trumpet and oar,
Close to the sky-capped hill that from hence Misenus is hight,
Keeping through endless ages his glorious memory bright.

Finished the task, to accomplish the Sibyl's behest they sped.
There was a cavern deep, — with a yawning throat and a dread, —
Shingly and rough, by a somber lake and a forest of night
Sheltered from all approach. No bird wings safely her flight
Over its face, — from the gorges exhales such poisonous breath,
Rising aloft to the skies in a vapor laden with death.
Here four sable oxen the priestess ranges in line;
Empties on every forehead a brimming beaker of wine;
Casts on the altar fire, as the first fruits due to the dead,
Hair from between both horns of the victim, plucked from its head;
Loudly on Hecate calls, o'er heaven and the shadows supreme.
Others handle the knife, and receive, as it trickles, the stream
Warm from the throat in a bowl. Æneas with falchion bright
Slays himself one lamb of a sable fleece to the fell
Mother and queen of the Furies, and great Earth, sister of Night,
Killing a barren heifer to thee, thou mistress of Hell.
Next for the Stygian monarch a twilight altar he lays;
Flings on the flames whole bodies of bulls unquartered to blaze,
Pours rich oil from above upon entrails burning and bright.
When, at the earliest beam of the sun, and the dawn of the light,
Under his feet earth mutters, the mountain forests around
Seem to be trembling, and hell dogs bay from the shadow profound,
Night's dark goddess approaching.
"Avaunt, ye unhallowed, avaunt!"
Thunders the priestess. "Away from a grove that is Hecate's haunt.
Make for the pathway, thou, and unsheath thy sword; thou hast need,
Now, Æneas, of all thy spirit and valor indeed!"
When she had spoken, she plunged in her madness into the cave;
Not less swiftly he follows, with feet unswerving and brave.

Gods! whose realm is the spirit world, mute shadows of might,
Chaos, and Phlegethon thou, broad kingdoms of silence and night,
Leave vouchsafe me to tell the tradition, grace to exhume
Things in the deep earth hidden and drowned in the hollows of gloom.

So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road
Down the unpeopled kingdom of Death, and his ghostly abode,

As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed
Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,
When from the world by somber Night Day's colors are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and Hideous Want at her side,
Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labor is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs: false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud
Clouded, forever seething with wild, insatiate flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death pile carried before their fathers were dead.

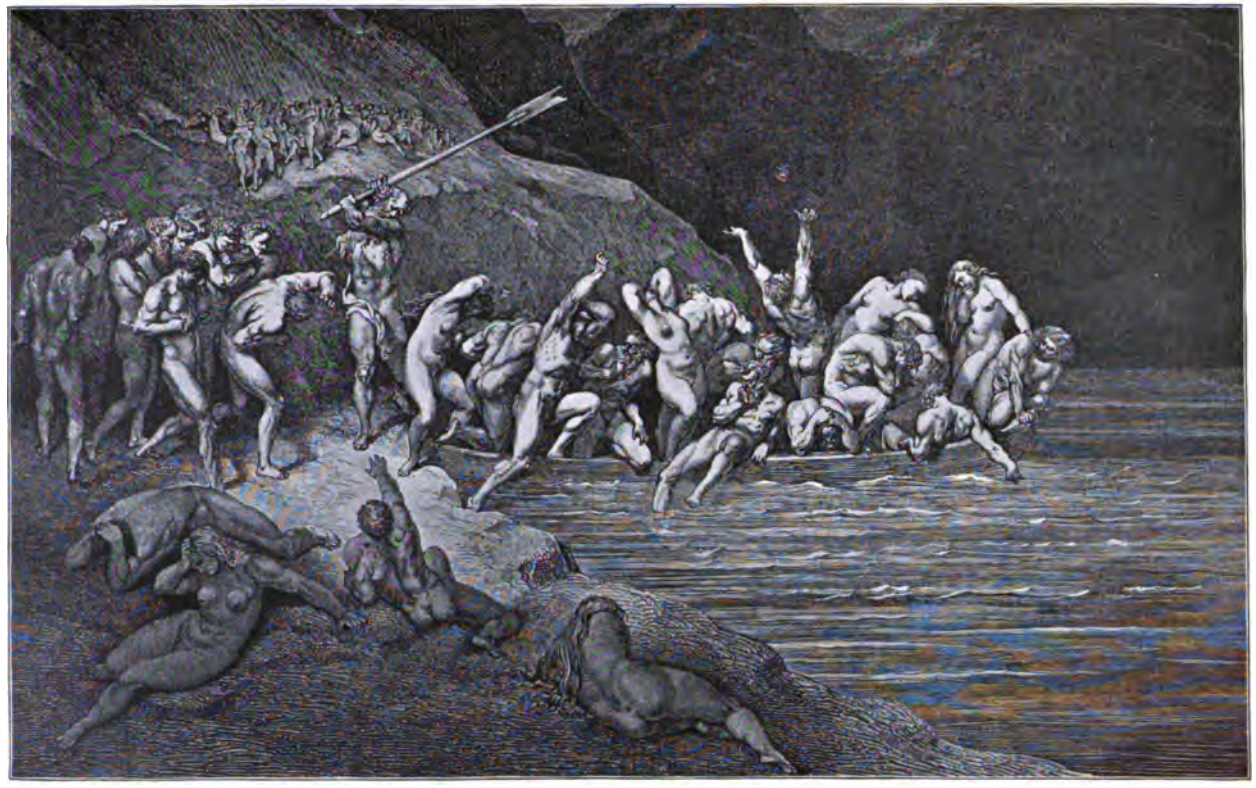
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more."

Silent the hero gazed and his footstep halted, his mind
Filled with his own sad thoughts and compassion of doom unkind.
Yonder he notes, in affliction, deprived of the dues of the dead,
Near Leucaspis, Orontes who Lycia's vessels had led.
Over the wind-tossed waters from Troy as together they drave,
One wild storm overtook them, engulfing vessels and brave.
Yonder, behold, Palinurus the pilot gloomily went,
Who, while sailing from Libya's shores, on the planets intent,
Fell but of late from the stern, and was lost in a watery waste.
Hardly he knows him at first, as in shadow sadly he paced;
Then at the last breaks silence and cries: "What God can it be
Robbed us of thee, Palinurus, and drowned thee deep in the sea?
Answer me thou! For Apollo I ne'er found false till to-day;
Only in this one thing hath his prophecy led us astray.
Safe with life from the deep to Italian shores, we were told,
Thou shouldst come at the last! Is it thus that his promises hold?"

"Son of Anchises," he answers, "Apollo's tripod and shrine
Have not lied; no god overwhelmed me thus in the brine.
True to my trust I was holding the helm, stood ruling the course,



"Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

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When by sad misadventure I wrenched it loose, and perforce
Trailed it behind in my fall. By the cruel waters I swear
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not, felt but a care
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tossed.
Three long nights of the winter, across great waters and wide,
Violent south winds swept me; at fourth day's dawn I descried
Italy's coast, as I rose on the crest of a wave of the sea.
Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore, seemed nearly to be
Safe from the billows; and weighted by dripping garments I clave,
Clutching my hands, to the face of a cliff that towered on the wave,
When wild people assailed me, a treasure-trove to their mind.
Now are the waves my masters; I toss on the beach in the wind.
O! by the pleasant sun, by the joyous light of the skies,
By thy sire, and Iulus, the rising hope of thine eyes,
Save me from these great sorrows, my hero! Over me pour
Earth, as in truth thou canst, and return to the Velian shore.
Else, if a heavenly mother hath shown thee yonder a way, —
Since some god's own presence, methinks, doth guide thee, who here
Seekest to cross these streams and the Stygian marshes drear, —
Give thy hand to thy servant, and take him with thee to-day,
So that in quiet places his wearied head he may lay!"
Thus, sad phantom, he cried; thus answered the seer of the shrine:
"Whence, Palinurus, comes this ill-omened longing of thine?
Thou cast eyes, unburied, on Stygian waves, the severe
Stream of the Furies, approach unbidden the banks of the mere!
Cease thy dream that the Fates by prayer may be ever appeased,
Yet keep this in remembrance, that so thy lot may be eased: —
Many a neighboring people from cities far and unknown,
Taught by prodigies dire of the skies, thy bones shall atone,
Building thy tomb, and remitting their gifts each year to thy ghost;
So Palinurus' name shall forever cleave to the coast."

Thus his affliction she soothes. For a little season his sad
Spirit has comfort; he thinks on his namesake land and is glad.
Thence they advance on the journey and now draw near to the flood.
Soon as the boatman saw them, from where on the water he stood,
Move through the silent forest and bend their steps to the beach,
Ere they arrive he accosts them, and first breaks silence in speech:
"Stranger, approaching in arms our river, whoever thou art,
Speak on the spot thine errand, and hold thee further apart.
This is the kingdom of shadows, of sleep and the slumberous dark;
Bodies of living men are forbidden the Stygian bark.
Not of mine own good will was Alcides over the wave
Yonder, or Theseus taken, nor yet Pirithous brave,

Though from gods they descended, and matchless warriors were;
One from the monarch's presence to chains sought boldly to bear
Hell's unslumbering warder, and trailed him trembling away.
Two from her bridal chamber conspired Death's queen to convey."

Briefly again makes answer the great Amphrysian seer:
"Here no cunning awaits thee as theirs was, far be the fear.
Violence none our weapons prepare; Hell's warder may still
Bay in his cavern forever, affrighting the phantoms chill;
Hell's chaste mistress keep to her kinsman's halls if she will.
Troy's Æneas, a son most loving, a warrior brave,
Goes in the quest of his sire to the deepest gloom of the grave.
If thou art all unmoved at the sight of a love so true"—
Here she displays him the bough in her garment hidden from view—
"Know this branch." In his bosom the tempest of anger abates.
Further he saith not. Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are passed,
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveler crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the
sands,

Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them below.

Further faring, they see that beyond and about them are spread
Fields of the Mourners, for so they are called in worlds of the dead.
Here dwell those whom Love, with his cruel sickness, hath slain.
Lost in secluded walks, amid myrtle groves overhead,
Hiding they go, nor in death itself are they eased of the pain.
Phædra, and Procris, here, Eriphyle here they behold,
Sadly displaying the wounds that her wild son wrought her of old.

Yonder Pasiphae stood and Evadne; close to them clung
Laodamia, and Cænis, a man once, woman at last,
Now by the wheel of the Fates in her former figure recast.
Fresh from her death wound still, here Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon.

Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old:
"True, then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told
Thy said death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand!
Was it, alas! to a grave that I did thee? Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the Night,
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals — the same which bids me to go
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness below —
Drove me imperiously thence, nor possessed I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus bitter to grieve.
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell;
'Tis thy lover thou fliest, and this is our last farewell!"

So, with a burning heart and with glowering eyes as she went,
Melting vainly in tears, he essayed her wrath to relent;
She with averted gaze upon earth her countenance cast,
Nothing touched in her look by her lover's words to the last,
Set as a marble rock of Marpessus, cold as a stone.
After a little she fled, in the forest hurried to hide,
Ever his foe; Sychæus, her first lord, there at her side,
Answers sorrow with sorrow, and love not less than her own.

Thence on the path appointed they go, and the uttermost plain
Reach erelong, where rest in seclusion the glorious slain.
Tydeus here he discerns, here Parthenopæus of old,
Famous in arms, and the ghost of Adrastus, pallid and cold.
Wailed in the world of the sunlight long, laid low in the fray,
Here dwell Ilion's chiefs. As his eyes on the gallant array
Lighted, he groaned. Three sons of Antenor yonder they see,
Glaucus and Medon and young Thersilochus, brethren three;
Here Polyphætes, servant of Heaven from his earliest breath;
There Idæus, the shield and the reins still holding in death.
Thickly about him gather the spectral children of Troy:
'Tis not enough to have seen him, to linger round him is joy,
Pace at his side, and inquire why thus he descends to the dead.
But the Achæan chiefs, Agamemnon's legions arrayed,
When on the hero they looked, and his armor gleaming in shade,
Shook with an infinite terror; and some turned from him and fled,
As to the Danaan vessels in days gone by they had sped.
Some on the air raise thinnest of voices; the shout of the fray
Seems, upon lips wide parted, begun, then passing away.

Noble Deiphobus here he beholds, all mangled and marred,
Son of the royal Priam; — his visage cruelly scarred,
Visage and hands; from his ravaged temples bloodily shorn
Each of his ears, and his nostrils with wounds inglorious torn.
Hardly he knew him in sooth, for he trembled, seeking to hide
These great wrongs; but at last, in a voice most loving, he cried:
"Gallant Deiphobus, born of the Teucrian lineage bright,
Who had the heart to revenge him in this dire fashion and dread?
Who dared thus to abuse thee? On Troy's last funeral night,
Weary of endless slaughter and Danaan blood, it was said
Thou hadst laid thee to die on a heap of the nameless dead.
Yea! and a vacant mound upon far Rhœtæum's coast
I there built thee, and thrice bade loud farewell to thy ghost.
Hallowed the spot by thine armor and name. Ere crossing the wave,
Never, friend, could I find thee, nor give thee an Ilian grave."

"Nothing was left undone, O friend!" he replies. "Thou hast paid
All that Deiphobus claims, all debt that was due to his shade.
'Twas my destiny sad, and the crime accursed of the Greek
Woman, in woe that plunged me, and wrote this tale on my cheek.
Well thou knowest — for ah! too long will the memory last —
How Troy's funeral night amid treacherous pleasures we passed;
When Fate's terrible steed overcame our walls at a leap,
Carrying mailclad men in its womb towards Pergama's steep;
How, a procession feigning, the Phrygian mothers she led

Round our city in orgy, with lighted torch at their head
Waving herself the Achæans to Ilion's citadel keep.
I, that night, overburdened with troubles, buried in sleep,
Lay in the fatal chamber, delicious slumber and deep
Folding mine eyelids, like the unbroken rest of the slain.
She, meanwhile, my glorious spouse, from the palace has ta'en
Every weapon, and drawn from the pillow the falchion I bore,
Then Menelaus summons, and straightway loosens the door,
Hoping in sooth that her lover with this great boon might be won,
Deeming the fame of her guilt in the past might so be undone.
Why on the memory linger? The foe streamed in at the gate
Led by Ulysses, the plotter. May judgment, Immortals, wait
Yet on the Greeks, if of vengeance a reverent heart may be fain!
Tell me in turn what sorrow has brought thee alive and unslain
Hither?" he cries; "art come as a mariner lost on the main,
Or by the counsel of Heaven? What fortune drives thee in quest,
Hither, of sunless places and sad, the abodes of unrest?"
Morn already with roseate steeds, while talk they exchange,
Now in her journey has traversed the half of the heavenly range,
And peradventure thus the allotted time had been passed,
Had not the faithful Sibyl rebuked him briefly at last.
"Night draws nigh, Æneas. In tears we are spending the hours.
Here is the place where the path is divided. This to the right,
Under the walls of the terrible Dis — to Elysium — ours.
Yonder, the left, brings doom to the guilty, and drives them in flight
Down to the sinful region where awful Tartarus lowers."

"Terrible priestess, frown not," Deiphobus cries; "I depart,
Join our shadowy legion, restore me to darkness anon.
Go, thou joy of the race; may the Fates vouchsafe thee a part
Brighter than mine!" And behold, as he uttered the word, he was gone.

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart incased;
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens' own warrior bands,
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore
Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.
"What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!" he cries.
"What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?"
She in return: "Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet
Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.
Hecate's self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade,
Taught me of Heaven's great torments, and all their terrors displayed.
Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,
Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose
Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,
Proud of his idle cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.
Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,
Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce lash arming her hands;
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents grim, and from far
Summons the awful troop of her sisters gathered for war!
Then at the last with a grating of hideous hinges unclose
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what warders are those
Crouched in the porch? What presence is yonder keeping the gate?
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still fiercer in hate,
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats. See! Tartarus great
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening into the night,
Twice as profound as the space of the starry Olympian height.

"Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giants of might,
Brethren bold who endeavored to pluck down heaven from its height,
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light.
Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.
Borne on his four-horse chariot, and waving torches that glowed,
Over the Danaan land, through the city of Elis, he rode,
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honors due to a god.
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove!
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss
Launched — no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this —
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.
Tityos also, the nursling of Earth, great mother of all,
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain;
One huge vulture with hooked beak evermore at his side
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel fruitful of pain,

Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath his breast doth abide,
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever renew them again.

"Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion, Lapithæ tall,
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark crag, ready to fall,
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches raised upon bright
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in sight
Laden with royal splendor. The Furies' Queen on her throne
Sits at the banquet by — forbids them to taste it — has flown
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted, and thundering tone.

"All who have hated a brother in lifetime, all who have laid
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a client betrayed;
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;
Those in adultery slain, all those who have raised in the land
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

"Ask me not, what their doom, — what form of requital or ill
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.
Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain;
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes:
'Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods!'
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe unmade them again.
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with eyes unholy to look.
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's gains partook.
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lips, and a speech
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I hardly could teach,
Could not read thee the roll of the torments suffered of each!"

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story had done,
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and complete thy mission begun.
Hasten the march! I behold in the distance battlements great,
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the vaulted dome at the gate
Where the divine revelation ordains our gifts to be laid."
Side by side at her bidding they traverse the region of shade,
Over the distance hasten, and now draw nigh to the doors.
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed,
Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne;

Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,
Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.
Some are training their limbs on the wrestling green, and compete
Gayly in sport on the yellow arenas, some with their feet
Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god;
While some Thracian priest, in a sacred garment that trails,
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical scales,
Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.
Here are the ancient children of Teucer, fair to behold,
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old, —
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, founder of Troy.
Far in the distance yonder are visible armor and car
Unsubstantial, in earth their lances are planted, and far
Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay,
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Braves for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then, as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus, — for round him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng, —
"Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom?"
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero: "None has a home
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know."
Forward he marches, leading the way; from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train —

Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again;—
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across these flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy,
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

"Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!
Ah! how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!"

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.
"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father, withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice clasped vainly, the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits promised by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from my loins shall arise,
So that our joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?

Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay ?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they ? "

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright
Feed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the feathered creature that flies,
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath.
Each elemental seed has a fiery force from the skies,
Each, its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence, their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys; for their sight,
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Nor when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering within them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So, due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin
Searched by the breezes; from others, the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.
Each in his own sad ghost we endure; then, chastened aright,
Into Elysium pass. Few reach to the fields of delight,
Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of the heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again."

When he had ended, his son and the Sibyl maiden he drew
Into the vast assembly — the crowd with its endless hum;
There on a hillock plants them, that hence they better may view
All the procession advancing, and learn their looks as they come.

"What bright fame hereafter the Trojan line shall adorn,
What far children be theirs, from the blood of Italians born,
Splendid souls, that inherit the name and the glory of Troy,
Now will I tell thee, and teach thee the fates thy race shall enjoy.

Yon fair hero who leans on a lance unpointed and bright,
Granted the earliest place in the world of the day and the light,
Half of Italian birth, from the shadows first shall ascend,
Silvius, Alban of name, thy child though born at the end,
Son of thy later years by Lavinia, consort of thine,
Reared in the woods as a monarch and sire of a royal line.
Next to him Procas, the pride of the race; then Capys, and far
Numitor; after him one who again thy name shall revive,
Silvius, hight Æneas, in pious service and war
Noble alike, if to Alba's throne he shall ever arrive.
Heroes fair! how grandly, behold! their manhood is shown,
While their brows are shaded by leaves of the citizen crown!
These on the mountain ranges shall set Nomentum the steep,
Gabii's towers, Fidenæ's town, Collatia's keep;
Here plant Inuus' camp, there Cora and Bola enthrone,
Glorious names erelong, now a nameless land and unknown.
Romulus, scion of Mars, at the side of his grandsire see —
Ilia fair his mother, the blood of Assaracus he!
See on his helmet the doubled crest, how his sire has begun
Marking the boy with his own bright plumes for the world of the sun.
Under his auspices Rome, our glorious Rome, shall arise,
Earth with her empire ruling, her great soul touching the skies.
Lo! seven mountains enwalling, a single city, she lies,
Blest in her warrior brood! So crowned with towers ye have seen
Ride through Phrygia's cities the great Berecynthian queen,
Proud of the gods her children, a hundred sons at her knee,
All of them mighty immortals, and lords of a heavenly fee!
Turn thy glance now hither, behold this glorious clan,
Romans of thine. See Cæsar, and each generation of man
Yet to be born of Iulus beneath heaven's infinite dome.
Yonder behold thy hero, the promised prince, upon whom
Often thy hopes have dwelt, Augustus Cæsar, by birth
Kin to the godlike dead, who a golden age upon earth
Yet shall restore where Saturn in Latium's plains was lord,
Ruling remote Garamantes and India's tribes with his sword.
Far beyond all our planets the land lies, far beyond high
Heaven, and the sun's own orbit, where Atlas, lifting the sky,
Whirls on his shoulders the sphere, inwrought with its fiery suns!
Ere his arrival, lo! through shivering Caspia runs
Fear, at her oracle's answers. The vast Mæotian plain,
Sevenfold Nile and his mouths, are fluttered and tremble again;
Ranges of earth more wide than Alcides ever surveyed,
Though he pursued deer brazen of limb, tamed Erymanth's glade,
Lerna with arrows scared, or the Vine God, when from the war
Homeward with ivied reins he conducts his conquering car,

Driving his team of tigers from Nysa's summits afar. —
Art thou loath any longer with deeds our sway to expand?
Can it be fear forbids thee to hold Ausonia's land?

"Who comes yonder the while with the olive branch on his brow,
Bearing the sacred vessels? I know yon tresses, I know
Yon gray beard, Rome's monarch, the first with law to sustain
Rome yet young; from the lordship of Cures' little domain
Sent to an empire's throne. At his side goes one who shall break
Slumberous peace, to the battle her easeful warriors wake,
Rouse once more her battalions disused to the triumph so long,
Tullus the king! Next, Ancus the boastful marches along,
See, overjoyed already by praises breathed from a crowd!
Yonder the royal Tarquins are visible; yonder the proud
Soul of avenging Brutus, with Rome's great fasces again
Made Rome's own; who first to her consul's throne shall attain,
Hold her terrible axes; his sons, the rebellious pair,
Doom to a rebel's death for the sake of Liberty fair.
Ill-starred sire! let the ages relate as please them the tale,
Yet shall his patriot passion and thirst of glory prevail.
Look on the Decii there, and the Drusi; hatchet in hand
See Torquatus the stern, and Camillus home to his land
Marching with rescued banners. But yonder spirits who stand
Dressed in the shining armor alike, harmonious now
While in the world of shadows with dark night over their brow —
Ah! what battles the twain must wage, what legions array,
What fell carnage kindle, if e'er they reach to the day!
Father descending from Alpine snows and Monœcus's height,
Husband ranging against him an Eastern host for the fight!
Teach not your hearts, my children, to learn these lessons of strife;
Turn not a country's valor against her veriest life.
Thou be the first to forgive, great child of a heavenly birth,
Fling down, son of my loins, thy weapons and sword to the earth!

"See, who rides from a vanquished Corinth in conqueror's car
Home to the Capitol, decked with Achæan spoils from the war!
Argos and proud Mycenæ a second comes to dethrone,
Ay, and the Æacus-born, whose race of Achilles is sown,
Venging his Trojan sires and Minerva's outraged fane!
Who would leave thee, Cato, untold? thee, Cossus, unknown?
Gracchus' clan, or the Scipio pair, war's thunderbolts twain,
Libya's ruin; — forget Fabricius, prince in his need;
Pass unsung Serranus, his furrows sowing with seed?
Give me but breath, ye Fabians, to follow! Yonder the great
Fabius thou, whose timely delays gave strength to the state.

Others will mold their bronzes to breathe with a tenderer grace,
Draw, I doubt not, from marble a vivid life to the face,
Plead at the bar more deftly, with sapient wands of the wise
Trace heaven's courses and changes, predict us stars to arise.
Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign over every race!
These be thine arts, thy glories, the ways of peace to proclaim,
Mercy to show to the fallen, the proud with battle to tame!"

Thus Anchises, and then — as they marveled — further anon:
"Lo, where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war steed's saddle, his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus' fane."

Then Æneas, — for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armor of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief —
"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!
Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face!"

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear:
"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War God's city be rolled!
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of the lineage of Troy
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what foeman had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy's ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser's flanks!
Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,

Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service."
He ceased.
So from region to region they roam with curious eyes,
Traverse the spacious plains where shadowy darkness lies.
One by one Anchises unfolds each scene to his son,
Kindling his soul with a passion for glories yet to be won.
Speaks of the wars that await him beneath the Italian skies,
Rude Laurentian clans and the haughty Latinus' walls,
How to avoid each peril, or bear its brunt, as befalls.

Sleep has his portals twain; one fashioned of horn, it is said,
Whence come true apparitions by exit smooth from the dead;
One with the polished splendor of shining ivory bright.
False are the only visions that issue thence from the night.
Thither Anchises leads them, exchanging talk by the way,
There speeds Sibyl and son by the ivory gate to the day.
Straight to his vessels and mates Æneas journeyed, and bore
Thence for Caieta's harbor along the Italian shore.

DANTE AND VIRGIL IN THE SHADES.

(From the "Inferno": translated by John Carlyle.)

[DANTE ALIGHIERI: The greatest of Italian poets; born at Florence, May, 1265. In 1300 he was elected one of the six priors of Florence; January 27, 1302, he was fined and banished for offenses in office, by his political enemies, the Neri. The rest of his life he was an exile; his last years were passed in Ravenna, where he died September 14, 1321. His works are the "Vita Nuova" or "New Life," written about 1295; the "Convito" or "Banquet," probably 1307 to 1310; "The Divine Comedy," his masterpiece.]

WHILST I was rushing downwards, there appeared before my eyes one who seemed hoarse from long silence. When I saw him in the great desert, I cried: "Have pity on me, whate'er thou be, whether shade or veritable man!"

He answered me: "Not man, — a man I once was; and my parents were Lombards, and both of Mantua by country. I was born *sub Julio*, though it was late, and lived at Rome under the good Augustus, in the time of the false and lying gods. A Poet I was; and sang of that just son of Anchises, who came from Troy after proud Ilium was burnt. But thou, why returnest thou to such disquiet? why ascendest not the

delectable mountain, which is the beginning and the cause of all gladness?"

"Art thou then that Virgil, and that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech?" I answered him, with bashful front. "O glory, and light of other poets! May the long zeal avail me, and the great love, that made me search thy volume. Thou art my master and my author. Thou alone art he from whom I took the good style that hath done me honor. See the beast from which I turned back. Help me from her, thou famous sage; for she makes my veins and pulses tremble."

"Thou must take another road," he answered, when he saw me weeping, "if thou desirest to escape from this wild place; because this beast, for which thou criest, lets not men pass her way, but so entangles that she slays them; and has a nature so perverse and vicious, that she never satiates her craving appetite; and after feeding, she is hungrier than before. The animals to which she weds herself are many; and will yet be more, until the Greyhound comes, that will make her die with pain. He will not feed on land or pelf, but on wisdom, and love, and manfulness; and his nation shall be between Feltro and Feltro. He shall be the salvation of that low Italy, for which Camilla the virgin, Euryalus, and Turnus, and Nisus, died of wounds. He shall chase her through every city, till he have put her into Hell again; from which envy first set her loose. Wherefore I think and discern *this* for thy best, that thou follow me. And I will be thy guide, and lead thee hence through an eternal place, where thou shalt hear the hopeless shrieks, shalt see the ancient spirits in pain; so that each calls for second death. And thou shalt see those who are contented in the fire; for they hope to come, whensoever it be, amongst the blessed. Then to these, if thou desirest to ascend, there shall be a Spirit worthier than I to guide thee. With her will I leave thee at my parting. For that Emperor who reigns above, because I was rebellious to his law, wills not that I come into his city. In all parts he rules, and there he dwells. There is his city, and his high seat. O happy whom he chooses for it!"

And I to him: "Poet, I beseech thee by that God whom thou knewest not: in order that I may escape this ill and worse, lead me where thou now hast said, so that I may see the Gate of St. Peter, and those whom thou makest so sad."

Then he moved; and I kept on behind him. . . .

Through me is the way into this doleful city;
Through me the way into the eternal pain;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice moved my High Maker:
Divine Power made me,
Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love.
Before me were no things created,
But eternal; and eternal I endure.
Leave all hope, ye that enter.

These words, of color obscure, saw I written above a gate. Whereat I: "Master, their meaning to me is hard."

And he to me, as one experienced: "Here must all distrust be left; all cowardice must here be dead. We are come to the place where I told thee thou shouldst see the wretched people, who have lost the good of the intellect."

And placing his hand on mine, with a cheerful countenance that comforted me, he led me into the secret things. Here sighs, plaints, and deep wailings resounded through the starless air: it made me weep at first. Strange tongues, horrible outcries, words of pain, tones of anger, voices deep and hoarse, and sounds of hands amongst them, made a tumult, which turns itself unceasing in that air forever dyed, as sand when the whirlwind breathes.

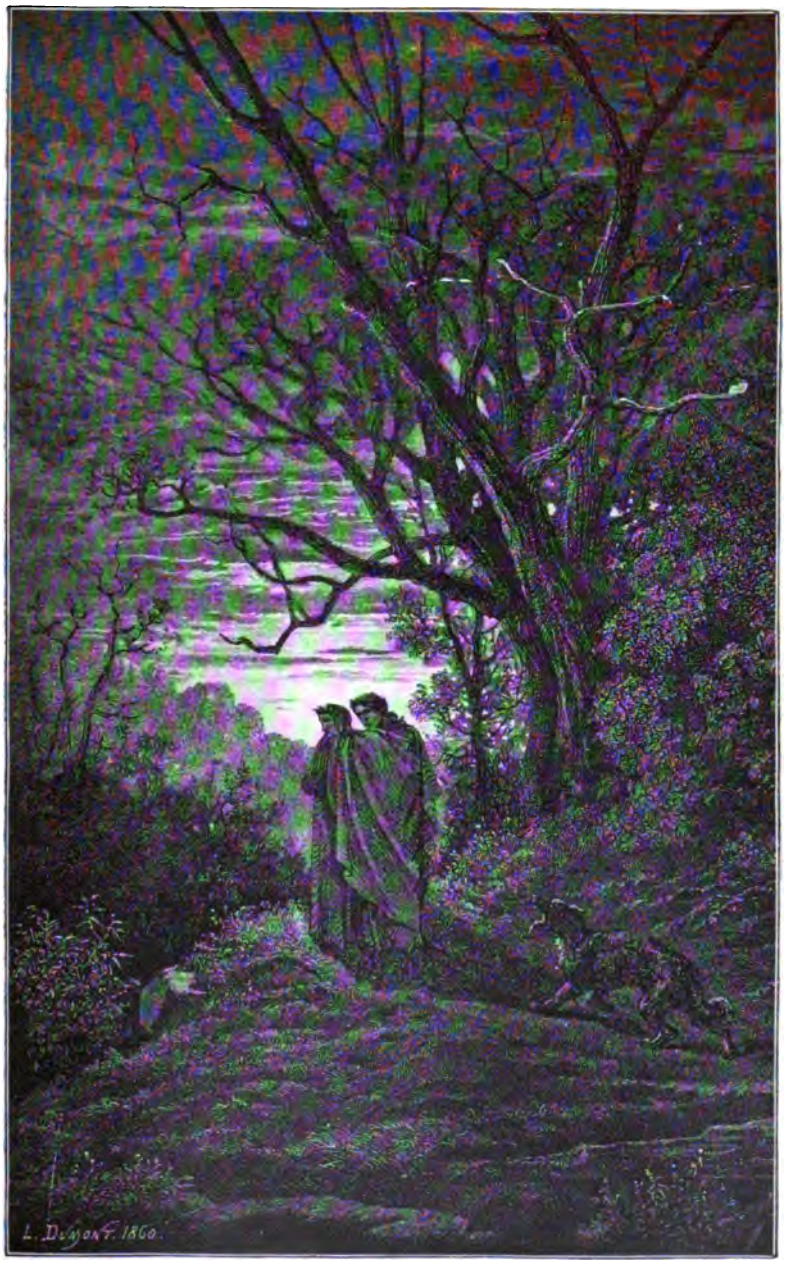
And I, my head begirt with error, said: "Master, what is this that I hear? and who are these that seem so overcome with pain?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode the dreary souls of those sustain, who lived without blame, and without praise. They are mixed with that caitiff choir of the angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God, but were for themselves. Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair; and the deep Hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them."

And I: "Master, what is so grievous to them, that makes them lament thus bitterly?"

He answered: "I will tell it to thee very briefly. These have no hope of death; and their blind life is so mean, that they are envious of every other lot. Report of them the world permits not to exist. Mercy and Judgment disdains them. Let us not speak of them; but look, and pass."

And I, who looked, saw an ensign, which whirling ran so quickly that it seemed to scorn all pause. And behind it came



DANTE AND VIRGIL

From a painting by Gustave Doré

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so long a train of people, that I should never have believed death had undone so many.

After I had recognized some amongst them, I looked and saw the shadow of him who from cowardice made the great refusal. Forthwith I understood and felt assured that this was the crew of caitiffs, hateful to God and to His enemies. These unfortunate, who never were alive, were naked, and sorely goaded by hornets and by wasps that were there: these made their faces stream with blood, which mixed with tears was gathered at their feet by loathsome worms.

And then, as I looked onwards, I saw people on the Shore of a great River. Whereat I said: "Master, now grant that I may know who these are; and what usage makes them seem so ready to pass over, as I discern by the faint light."

And he: "The things shall be told thee, when we stay our steps upon the joyless strand of Acheron."

Then, with eyes ashamed and downcast, fearing my words might have offended him, I kept myself from speaking till we reached the stream. And lo! an old man, white with ancient hair, comes towards us in a bark, shouting: "Woe to you, depraved spirits! Hope not ever to see Heaven. I come to lead you to the other shore; into the eternal darkness; into fire and into ice. And thou, who art there alive, depart thee from these who are dead."

But when he saw that I departed not, he said: "By other ways, by other ferries; not here shalt thou pass over. A lighter boat must carry thee."

And my guide to him: "Charon, vex not thyself. Thus it is willed there, where what is willed can be done: and ask no more." Then the woolly cheeks were quiet of the steersman on the livid marsh, who round his eyes had wheels of flame. But those spirits, who were foreworn and naked, changed color and chattered with their teeth, soon as they heard the bitter words. They blasphemed God and their parents; the human kind; the place, the time, and origin of their seed, and of their birth. Then all of them together, sorely weeping, drew to the accursed shore, which awaits every man that fears not God.

Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning them, collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers. As the leaves of autumn fall off one after the other, till the branch sees all its spoils upon the ground, so one by one the

evil seed of Adam cast themselves from that shore at signals, as the bird at its call. Thus they depart on the brown water; and ere they have landed on the other shore, again a fresh crowd collects on this.

"My son," said the courteous Master, "those who die under God's wrath, all assemble here from every country. And they are prompt to pass the river, for Divine Justice spurs them so, that fear is changed into desire. By this way no good spirit ever passes; and hence, if Charon complains of thee, thou easily now mayest know the import of his words."

When he had ended, the dusky champaign trembled so violently that the remembrance of my terror bathes me still with sweat. The tearful ground gave out wind, and flashed with a crimson light, which conquered all my senses: and I fell, like one who is seized with sleep.

A heavy thunder broke the deep sleep in my head; so that I started like one who is awaked by force. And, having risen erect, I moved my rested eyes around, and looked steadfastly to know the place in which I was. True is it, that I found myself upon the brink of the dolorous Valley of the Abyss, which gathers thunder of endless wailings. It was so dark, profound, and cloudy, that, with fixing my look upon the bottom, I there discerned nothing.

"Now let us descend into the blind world here below," began the Poet, all pale: "I will be first, and thou shalt be second."

And I, who had remarked his color, said: "How shall I come, when thou fearest, who art wont to be my strength in doubt?"

And he to me: "The anguish of the people who are here below, on my face depaints that pity, which thou takest for fear. Let us go; for the length of way impels us." Thus he entered, and made me enter, into the first circle that girds the abyss. Here there was no plaint, that could be heard, except of sighs, which caused the eternal air to tremble. And this arose from the sadness, without torment, of the crowds, that were many and great, both of children, and of women and men.

The good Master to me: "Thou askest not what spirits are these thou seest? I wish thee to know, before thou goest farther, that they sinned not. And though they have merit, it suffices not; for they had not Baptism, which is the portal

of the Faith that thou believest. And seeing they were before Christianity, they worshiped not God aright. And of these am I myself. For such defects, and for no other fault, are we lost; and only in so far afflicted, that without hope we live in desire."

Great sadness took me at the heart on hearing this; because I knew men of much worth, who in that Limbo were suspense. "Tell me, Master; tell me, Sir," I began, desiring to be assured of that Faith which conquers every error; "did ever any, by his own merit, or by others', go out from hence, that afterwards was blessed?"

And he, understanding my covert speech, replied: "I was new in this condition, when I saw a Mighty One come to us, crowned with sign of victory. He took away from us the shade of our First Parent, of Abel his son, and that of Noah; of Moses the Legislator, and obedient Abraham the Patriarch; David the King; Israel with his father and his children, and Rachel, for whom he did so much; and many others, and made them blessed. And I wish thee to know, that, before these, no human souls were saved."

We ceased not to go, though he was speaking; but passed the wood meanwhile, the wood, I say, of crowded spirits. Our way was not yet far within the topmost part, when I saw a fire, which conquered a hemisphere of the darkness. We were still a little distant from it; yet not so distant, that I did not in part discern what honorable people occupied that place.

"O thou, that honorest every science and art; who are these, who have such honor, that it separates them from the manner of the rest?"

And he to me: "The honored name, which sounds of them, up in that life of thine, gains favor in heaven which thus advances them."

Meanwhile a voice was heard by me: "Honor the great Poet! His shade returns that was departed."

After the voice had paused, and was silent, I saw four great shadows come to us. They had an aspect neither sad nor joyful. The good Master began to speak: "Mark him with that sword in hand, who comes before the three as their lord. That is Homer, the sovereign Poet. The next who comes is Horace the satirist. Ovid is the third; and the last is Lucan. Because each agrees with me in the name, which the one voice sounded, they do me honor; and therein they do well."

Thus I saw assembled the goodly school of that lord of highest song, who, like an eagle, soars above the rest. After they had talked a space together, they turned to me with sign of salutation; and my Master smiled thereat. And greatly more besides they honored me; for they made me of their number, so that I was a sixth amid such intelligences.

Thus we went onwards to the light, speaking things which it is well to pass in silence, as it was well to speak there where I was. We came to the foot of a Noble Castle, seven times circled with lofty Walls, defended round by a fair Rivulet. This we passed as solid land. Through seven gates I entered with those sages. We reached a meadow of fresh verdure. On it were people with eyes slow and grave, of great authority in their appearance.

They spoke seldom, with mild voices. Thus we retired on one of the sides: into a place open, luminous, and high, so that they could all be seen. There direct, upon the green enamel, were shown to me the great spirits whom I glory within myself in having seen. I saw Electra with many companions: amongst whom I knew both Hector and Æneas; Cæsar armed, with the falcon eyes. I saw Camilla and Penthesilea. On the other hand I saw the Latian king, sitting with Lavinia his daughter. I saw that Brutus who expelled the Tarquin; Lucretia, Julia, Martia, and Cornelia. And by himself apart, I saw the Saladin.

When I raised my eyelids a little higher, I saw the Master of those that know, sitting amid a philosophic family. All regard him; all do him honor. Here I saw Socrates and Plato, who before the rest stand nearest to him; Democritus, who ascribes the world to chance; Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales; Empedocles, Heraclitus, and Zeno. And I saw the good collector of the qualities, Dioscorides I mean; and saw Orpheus, Tully, Livy, and Seneca the moralist; Euclid the geometer, and Ptolemæus; Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Galen; Averrhoës, who made the great comment. I may not paint them all in full; for the long theme so chases me, that many times the word comes short of the reality.

The company of six diminishes to two. By another road the sage guide leads me, out of the quiet, into the trembling air; and I come to a part where there is naught that shines.

OF CHRIST, WHO, BY HIS PASSION, DELIVERED US FROM HELL.

(From the "Gesta Romanorum.")

In the middle of Rome there was once an immense chasm, which no human efforts could fill up. The gods being questioned relative to this extraordinary circumstance, made answer that, unless a man could be found who would voluntarily commit himself to the gulf, it would remain unclosed forever. Proclamations were sent forth, signifying that he who was willing to offer himself a sacrifice for the good of his country should appear — but not a man ventured to declare himself. At length Marcus Aurelius said, "If ye will permit me to live as I please during the space of one whole year, I will cheerfully surrender myself, at the end of it, to the yawning chasm." The Romans assented with joy, and Aurelius indulged for that year in every wish of his heart. Then, mounting a noble steed, he rode furiously into the abyss, which immediately closed over him.

Application.

My beloved, Rome is the world, in the center of which, before the nativity of Christ, was the gulf of hell, yawning for our immortal souls. Christ plunged into it, and by so doing ransomed the human race.

THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

(The Messianic Eclogue.)

By VIRGIL.

(Translated by Sir Charles Bowen.)

[For biographical sketches, see page 1076.]

Come is the last of the ages, in song Cumæan foretold.
Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.
Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again;
Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.
Thou to the boy in his birth, — upon whose first opening eyes
The iron age shall close, and a race that is golden arise, —

Chaste Lucina be kindly! He reigns — thy Phœbus — to-day!
Thine to be Consul, thine, at a world's bright ushering in,
Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin;
Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy's sin,
Fading to naught, shall free us from fear's perpetual sway.
Life of the gods shall be his, to behold with the gods in their might
Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,
Rule with his Father's virtues a world at peace from the sword.
Boy, for thine infant presents the earth unlabored shall bring
Ivies wild with foxglove around thee wreathing, and fling
Mixed with the laughing acanthus the lotus leaf on the sward;
Homeward at eve untended the goat shall come from the mead
Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of monstrous lions shall feed;
Even thy cradle blossom with tender flowers, and be gay.
Every snake shall perish; the treacherous poison weed
Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes' glories, the bright
Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is manhood's valor and might,
Plains will be turning golden, and wave with ripening corn;
Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled wilderness thorn;
Honey from hard-grained oaks be distilling pure as the dew;
Though of our ancient folly as yet shall linger a few
Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with walls to surround
Cities, and, restless ever, to cleave with furrows the ground.
Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo to sea
Sail, with her heroes chosen; again great battles shall be;
Once more the mighty Achilles be sent to a second Troy.
Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy,
Trader himself shall abandon the deep; no trafficking hull
Barter her wares; all regions of all things fair shall be full.
Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear;
Soon will the stalwart plowman release unneeded the steer.
Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume.
Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,
Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need;
Crimsoning grasses color the lambs themselves as they feed.

"Ages blest, roll onward!" the Sisters of Destiny cried
Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.
Come to thy godlike honors; the time well-nigh is begun;
Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son!
Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,
Land and the wide waste waters, the depths of the firmament great!
Lo, all nature rejoices to see this glorious day!

Ah, may the closing years of my life enduring be found,—
Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of valor to sound;—
Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever surpass my lay;
One with mother immortal, and one with sire, at his side,
To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo allied.
Pan, were he here competing, did all Arcadia see,
Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow him vanquished of me.

Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to meet with a smile;
Ten long moons she has waited, and borne her burden the while.
Smile, my babe; to his feast no god has admitted the child,
Goddess none to his kisses, on whom no parent has smiled.

A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S "POLLIO."

ALEXANDER POPE.

[ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718–1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the World her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son

Shall finish what his short-lived Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE SAVAGERY OF CLASSIC TIMES.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THAT which will most strike the ordinary English reader in the narrative of Cæsar is the cruelty of the Romans, — cruelty of which Cæsar himself is guilty to a frightful extent, and of which he never expresses horror. And yet among his contemporaries he achieved a character for clemency which he has retained to the present day. In describing the character of Cæsar, without reference to that of his contemporaries, it is impossible not to declare him to have been terribly cruel. From bloodthirstiness he slaughtered none; but neither from tenderness did he spare any. All was done from policy; and when policy seemed to him to demand blood, he could, without a scruple, — as far as we can judge, without a pang, — order the destruction of human beings, having no regard to number, sex, age, innocence, or helplessness. Our only excuse for him is that he was a Roman, and that Romans were indifferent to blood. Suicide was with them the common mode of avoiding otherwise inevitable misfortune, and it was natural that men who made light of their own lives should also make light of the lives of others.

Of all those with whose names the reader will become acquainted in the following pages, hardly one or two died in their beds. Cæsar and Pompey, the two great ones, were murdered. Dumnorix, the Æduan, was killed by Cæsar's orders. Vercingetorix, the gallantest of the Gauls, was kept alive for years that his death might grace Cæsar's Triumph. Ariovistus, the German, escaped from Cæsar, but we hear soon after of his death, and that the Germans resented it. He doubtless was killed by a Roman weapon. What became of the hunted Ambiorix we do not know, but his brother king Cativolcus poisoned himself with the juice of a yew tree. Crassus, the partner of Cæsar and Pompey in the first triumvirate, was killed by the Parthians. Young Crassus, the son, Cæsar's officer in Gaul, had himself killed by his own men that he might not fall into the hands of the Parthians, and his head was cut off and sent to his father. Labienus fell at Munda, in the last civil war with Spain. Quintus Cicero, Cæsar's lieutenant, and his greater brother, the orator, and his son, perished in the proscriptions of the second triumvirate. Titurius and Cotta

were slaughtered with all their army by Ambiorix. Afranius was killed by Cæsar's soldiers after the last battle in Africa. Petreius was hacked to pieces in amicable contest by King Juba. Varro indeed lived to be an old man, and to write many books. Domitius, who defended Marseilles for Pompey, was killed in the flight after Pharsalia. Trebonius, who attacked Marseilles by land, was killed by a son-in-law of Cicero at Smyrna. Of Decimus Brutus, who attacked Marseilles by sea, one Camillus cut off the head and sent it as a present to Antony. Curio, who attempted to master the province of Africa on behalf of Cæsar, rushed amidst his enemies' swords and was slaughtered. King Juba, who conquered him, failing to kill himself, had himself killed by a slave. Attius Varus, who had held the province for Pompey, fell afterwards at Munda. Marc Antony, Cæsar's great lieutenant in the Pharsalian wars, stabbed himself. Cassius Longinus, another lieutenant under Cæsar, was drowned. Scipio, Pompey's partner in greatness at Pharsalia, destroyed himself in Africa. Bibulus, his chief admiral, pined to death. Young Ptolemy, to whom Pompey fled, was drowned in the Nile. The fate of his sister Cleopatra is known to all the world. Pharnaces, Cæsar's enemy in Asia, fell in battle. Cato destroyed himself at Utica. Pompey's eldest son, Cnæus, was caught wounded in Spain and slaughtered. Sextus the younger was killed some years afterward by one of Antony's soldiers. Brutus and Cassius, the two great conspirators, both committed suicide. But of these two we hear little or nothing in the "Commentaries"; nor of Augustus Cæsar, who did contrive to live in spite of all the bloodshed through which he had waded to the throne. Among the whole number there are not above three, if so many, who died fairly fighting in battle.

The above is a list of the names of men of mark, — of warriors chiefly, of men who, with their eyes open, knowing what was before them, went out to encounter danger for certain purposes. The bloody catalogue is so complete, so nearly comprises all whose names are mentioned, that it strikes the reader with almost a comic horror. But when we come to the slaughter of whole towns, the devastation of a country effected purposely that men and women might starve, to the abandonment of the old, the young, and the tender, that they might perish on the hillsides, to the mutilation of crowds of men, to the burning of cities told us in a passing word, to the drown-

ing of many thousands, — mentioned as we should mention the destruction of a brood of rats, — the comedy is all over, and the heart becomes sick. Then it is that we remember that the coming of Christ has changed all things, and that men now — though terrible things have been done since Christ came to us — are not as men were in the days of Cæsar.

TIBERIUS AND THE SENATE.

By TACITUS.

(From the "Annals.")

[Caius Cornelius Tacitus, the greatest of Roman historians, was born about A.D. 54. He was a lawyer by profession, and stood high in public life, becoming consul under Nerva, A.D. 97; and in Trajan's time was the foremost man of letters in the empire. He wrote a history of Rome from the death of Nero to that of Domitian, part of which is lost; the "Annals," from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero; the life of his father-in-law Agricola; "The Manners of the Germans," and a "Dialogue on Oratory."]

About this time, Libo Drusus, of the Scribonian family, was charged with attempts against the state; and, because then first were devised those arts which for so many years preyed upon the commonweal, I will lay open with the more exactness, the beginning, progress, and issue of this affair. Firmius Catus, the senator, availing himself of an intimate friendship with Libo, induced that youth, unwary as he was, and open to impositions, to try the predictions of the Chaldæans, the mysteries of magicians, and even the interpreters of dreams; perpetually suggesting to him that "Pompey was his great-grandfather, Scribonia, once the wife of Augustus, his aunt, the Cæsars his kinsmen, and his house crowded with images:" tempting him to luxury and debt; sharing in his excesses and his obligations, in order to insure his conviction by multiplying the evidences of his guilt.

When he found he had witnesses enough, and some slaves, who were also privy to Libo's conduct, he sought access to the emperor, having first by Flaccus Vescularius, a Roman knight, more intimate with Tiberius, represented to him the person he accused and the charge. Tiberius slighted not his information, but denied him access, "For that communications," he said,

TIBERIUS

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"might be still interchanged through the medium of Flaccus." In the mean time he preferred Libo to the pretorship, entertained him at his table, showed no signs of aversion in his countenance, no resentment in his words (so deeply had he smothered his vengeance), and when he might have restrained all the speeches and practices of Libo, he preferred to know them; till one Junius, who was solicited to raise ghosts, gave information to Fulcinius Trio, who was distinguished for his talents as an accuser above others of that fraternity, and had an appetite for infamous notoriety. Instantly Trio seized upon the accused, went before the consuls, and demanded that the senate should take cognizance of the charge; and the fathers were summoned, with special intimation that "they were to deliberate on an affair of magnitude and the most serious importance."

Libo meanwhile putting on mourning, went from house to house, accompanied by ladies of the highest rank, supplicated his kindred, and solicited their voices to avert the dangers which threatened him. But every one of them declined his suit, each upon a different pretense, but, in reality, all from the same fear. The day the senate sat, worn out with fear and disease, or, as some relate, feigning it, he was borne in a litter to the doors of the court, and, leaning upon his brother, with suppliant hands and words he addressed himself to Tiberius, who received him with unmoved countenance. The emperor next recited the articles against him, and named the accusers, so restraining himself as to appear neither to extenuate nor aggravate the force of the charges.

To Trio and Catus, two other accusers, Fonteius Agrippa and Caius Vibius joined themselves, and strove who should have the right to implead the accused; at last, when no one would yield to the other, and Libo was come unprovided with a pleader, Vibius undertook to state the several heads of the charge, and produced articles so extravagant that they represented Libo as having consulted the fortune tellers, "Whether he should ever have wealth enough to cover the Appian road with money as far as Brundusium." There were others of the same kind, foolish, chimerical, or (to apply a milder term to them) pitiful; but in one document the accuser urged that to the names of the Cæsars or senators were appended characters of deadly or mysterious import, written in the hand of Libo. Libo denied it, and hence it was resolved to examine by torture

his conscious slaves; but seeing it was prohibited by an ancient decree of the senate, to put servants to the question in a trial touching the life of their master, the crafty Tiberius invented a new law to elude the old, and ordered these slaves to be severally sold to the public steward, that by this expedient evidence against Libo might be obtained from his servants, without violating the decree. Upon this, Libo prayed an adjournment till the next day, and returning to his own house, transmitted, by his kinsman, Publius Quirinius, his prayers to the emperor, his last resort; but he replied, that "he must make his request to the senate."

His house was in the mean time encompassed with a band of soldiers. They made a rout even in the vestibule on purpose to be seen and heard; when Libo, thus tortured at the very banquet which he had prepared as the last gratification of his life, called for a minister of death, grasped the hands of his slaves and put a sword into them; but they in their confusion and efforts to shun the task, overturned the lamp set on the table; and in this darkness, now to him the shades of death, he gave himself two stabs in the bowels; as he groaned and fell, his freedmen sprang in, and the soldiers, seeing that he was slain, retired. The charge against him, however, was gone through with in the senate, with the same formality; and Tiberius vowed "that he would have interceded for his life, though convicted, if he had not thus hastily died by his own hands."

His estate was divided among his accusers; and those of them who bore the rank of senators were, without the ceremony of an election, preferred to pretorships. Then Cotta Messalinus moved, "That the image of Libo might not accompany the funerals of his posterity;" Cneius Lentulus, "That none of the Scribonii should assume the surname of Drusus." On the motion of Pomponius Flaccus, days of thanksgiving were appointed: "That gifts should be presented to Jupiter, to Mars, and to the goddess Concord; and that the thirteenth of September, the day on which Libo slew himself, should be an established festival," were the votes of L. Publius and Asinius Gallus, of Papius Mutilus, and of Lucius Apronius. I have related the suggestions and sycophancy of these men, to show that this is an inveterate evil in the state. Decrees of the senate were likewise made for expelling astrologers and magicians out of Italy; and one of them, Lucius Pituanius, was precipitated from the

Tarpeian rock: on Publius Marcius, the consuls, at the sound of trumpet, inflicted punishment without the Esquiline gate, according to the ancient form.

Next time the senate sat, much was said against the luxury of the city by Quintus Haterius, a man of consular rank, and by Octavius Fronto, formerly pretor; and a law was passed, "Against using vessels of solid gold in serving up repasts, and against men disgracing themselves with silken garments." Fronto went beyond this proposition, and submitted "That the quantities of silver plate, the expense of furniture, and the number of domestics might be limited." For it was yet common for senators, instead of speaking to the question, to offer whatever they judged conducive to the interest of the commonweal. Against him it was argued by Asinius Gallus, "That with the growth of the empire private riches had also increased, and that it was no new thing, but agreeable to the most primitive usage; that the measure of private wealth in the time of the Fabricii was different from that in the time of the Scipios, but both proportioned to the condition of the state. If the state was poor, the establishments of citizens were on a small scale; but when the state rose to such a height of magnificence, individuals advanced in splendor; that neither in domestics, plate, or necessary expense, was there any standard of excess or frugality, but from the means of the owner. A distinction was made between the fortunes of senators and of knights, not for any natural difference between them, but that they who excelled in place, rank, and honors might excel, too, in other things, such as conduced to the health of the body, or to the relaxation of the mind; unless it were expected that the most illustrious citizens should sustain more than their share of cares, and expose themselves to greater dangers than others, but continue destitute of every solace of fatigue and danger." His veiling a confession of vices under spurious appellations, and the kindred spirit of his hearers, gained for Gallus a ready assent. Tiberius closed the discussion with the remark, "That that was not the time for correcting these matters; but if there were any corruption of manners, there would not be wanting one to advise a reformation."

During these transactions, Lucius Piso, after inveighing against "the intrigues of the forum, the corruption of the tribunals, and the brutal proceedings of informers, who filled the city with alarm by threats of impeachment," declared "he

would retire and abandon Rome, and live in some secluded and remote part of the country." With these words he left the senate. Tiberius was stung by these remarks; and, though he had soothed him with gentle words, he also urged Piso's relations, by their authority or entreaties, to prevent his departure. The same Piso gave, soon after, no less remarkable a proof of earnest independence, by prosecuting a suit against Urgulania — a lady whom the partial friendship of Livia had set above the laws. Urgulania was conveyed for shelter to the palace, and in defiance of Piso disobeyed the summons; but Piso persisted, although Augusta complained that she was herself insulted and degraded by this proceeding. Tiberius, who thought he might humor his mother thus far, without violating the laws of civil equality, promised to attend the trial, and assist Urgulania; and thus left the palace, ordering his guards to follow at a distance. As the people flocked about him, he appeared perfectly composed, walking leisurely along, and prolonging the time by conversations on incidental topics; till, at length, Piso's friends failing in their efforts to restrain him, the empress ordered the payment of the money claimed by him. This was the issue of the affair; by which Piso lost no renown, and the credit of Tiberius was increased. The power, however, of Urgulania was so much too great for a state of civil equality, that she disdained to appear a witness in a certain cause which depended before the senate, and a pretor was sent to examine her at her own house; whereas it had been always usual even for the vestal virgins to attend the forum and courts of justice, as oft as their evidence was required.

The postponement of public affairs which happened this year, I should not mention, but that the different opinions of Cneius Piso and Asinius Gallus about it are worth knowing. Piso declared his opinion, that although Tiberius had said "that he should be absent," "for that very reason the prosecution of public business was the rather to be continued; and that for the senate and equestrian order to be able to discharge their functions in the absence of the prince, would redound to the honor of the commonwealth." As Piso had anticipated him in this display of liberal principles, Gallus said, "That nothing truly great, nor suiting the dignity of the Roman people, could be transacted except under the immediate eye of the emperor; and therefore the mass of business which came to Rome from all parts of Italy, and the influx of affairs from

the provinces, should be reserved for his presence." Tiberius heard and was silent, while the debate was managed on both sides with great vehemence; but the postponement was carried.

A debate, too, arose between Gallus and the emperor; for Gallus moved, "That the magistrates should be henceforth elected but once every five years; that the lieutenant generals of legions, who served in that capacity before they had been pretors, should be pretors elect; and that the prince should nominate twelve candidates every year." It was not doubted but this motion had a deeper aim; and that by it the secret resources of imperial power were invaded. But Tiberius, as if his power would be augmented by it, argued, "That it would be inconsistent with his moderation to choose and to postpone so many; that disgusts could scarcely be avoided even in yearly elections, where the hope of success on a speedily occurring occasion formed a solace for disappointment: how great must be the resentment of those whose pretensions were put off for five years! and whence could it be foreseen that, in so long a tract of time, the same men would continue to have the same sentiments, the same connections and fortune? Even an annual designation to power made men imperious; how much more so if they bore the honor for five years! The influence of magistrates would at once be multiplied fivefold; the laws which had prescribed a proper space for exercising the diligence of candidates, and for soliciting as well as enjoying honors, would be subverted."

By this speech, in appearance popular, he prevented encroachments on the imperial power. He likewise sustained by gratuities the dignity of certain senators; hence it was the more wondered, that he received somewhat superciliously the petition of Marcus Hortalus, a young man of high family and unquestionable poverty. He was the grandson of Hortensius the orator, and had been induced by the deified Augustus, who presented him with a thousand great sesterces, to marry and have children, to prevent the extinction of a family of the highest renown. The senate were sitting in the palace, and Hortalus, having set his four children before the door, fixed his eyes, now upon the statue of Hortensius, placed amongst the orators, then upon that of Augustus; and, instead of speaking to the question, began on this wise: "Conscript fathers, I have not incurred the expense of bringing up these children, whose number and tender years you perceive, by my own choice,

but in compliance with the advice of the prince. At the same time, the achievements of my ancestors demanded that their line should be perpetuated. As for myself, since by the revolution of the times I could not raise wealth, nor engage popular favor, nor cultivate the hereditary fortune of our house, — the fortune of eloquence, — I deemed it sufficient if, in my slender circumstances, I lived no disgrace to myself, no burden to others. Commanded by the emperor, I took a wife : behold the offspring of so many consuls — behold the descendants of so many dictators ! Nor is this recital made invidiously, but to excite commiseration. If you, Cæsar, continue to flourish, they shall attain to such honors as you may bestow; meanwhile, protect from want the great-grandsons of Hortensius, the foster children of Augustus."

The inclination of the senate was favorable ; an incitement this to Tiberius the more eagerly to thwart Hortalus. These were in effect his words — " If all that are poor come hither and ask for provision for their children, while it will be impossible to satisfy the cravings of individuals, the public funds must fail. Our ancestors did not permit an occasional departure from the question, and the proposal of something more important to the state, instead of speaking to the subject, that we might here transact domestic matters, and augment our private resources ; thus bringing odium both on the senate and the prince, whether they grant or deny the bounties petitioned. In truth it is not a petition, but an unreasonable and monstrous importunity, thus while you are assembled upon other affairs, to rise up and seek to move the senate from their propriety by the number and infancy of his children, to transfer the violent attack to me, and as it were break open the treasury, which, if we shall exhaust by largess, we must replenish by crime. The deified Augustus gave you money, Hortalus, but without solicitation, and on no condition that it should always be given ; otherwise diligence will languish, sloth will prevail, if men have nothing to hope or fear for themselves ; and all will look securely for the assistance of others, useless to themselves, and a burden to us." These and similar reflections of Tiberius, though they were heard with approbation by those whose practice it is to extol whatever proceeds from princes, worthy or unworthy, were received by the majority in silence, or with low murmurs. Tiberius perceived it; and having paused a little, said — " His answer was directed particularly to Hor-

talus; but if the senate thought fit, he would give his sons two hundred great sesterces each." The others returned thanks; but Hortalus said nothing, either from perturbation, or that amidst the embarrassments of adversity he remembered the dignity of his noble ancestry: nor did Tiberius ever after show pity, though the house of Hortensius was fallen into shameful distress.

The same year, the boldness of a single slave had, but for early prevention, torn the state with discord and intestine war. A slave of Posthumus Agrippa, named Clemens, with a spirit that soared high above his condition, having learnt the death of Augustus, conceived a design of sailing to Phanasia, and seizing Agrippa, by art or force, to carry him to the armies in Germany; but the slowness of the laden vessel defeated his bold purpose, for Agrippa was already murdered. Hence he formed a purpose still more daring and perilous; he stole the funeral ashes, and sailing to Cosa, a promontory of Etruria, hid himself in secluded places till his hair and beard were grown long; for in age and person he was not unlike his master. Then a report, originated by chosen emissaries and the associates of his plot, "that Agrippa lived," began to spread; at first by secret communications, as usual in matters of a dangerous nature; but becoming soon a prevailing rumor, it filled the greedy ears of all the most credulous, or was encouraged by persons of a turbulent disposition, and therefore desirous of political convulsions. He himself, when he entered the neighboring towns, did it at shut of day; never to be seen publicly, nor long in the same place; but as truth is strengthened by observation and time, pretenses by haste and uncertainty, he either departed as soon as his arrival began to be rumored, or arrived before it.

It flew through Italy in the mean time, — "That by the bounty of the gods, Agrippa was preserved." It was already believed at Rome. On his arrival at Ostia he was greeted by an immense concourse, and in the city by clandestine meetings. Tiberius was bewildered with perplexing doubts, whether he should repress his slave by the power of the sword, or suffer the unfounded persuasion of the public to vanish by the unaided operation of time; now he thought that nothing was to be slighted; now, that not everything was to be dreaded; wavering between shame and fear: at last he committed the affair to Sallustius Crispus. Crispus chose two of his clients (some say

two soldiers) and directed them to go directly to him, to feign conviction of his identity, to present him with money, to promise to be faithful to him and hazard everything for him. They executed these orders, and afterwards discovering that at night he was without guards, they took a band of men chosen for the purpose, and carried him to the palace, gagged and bound. To Tiberius, when he asked him — "How he was become Agrippa?" he is said to have answered — "Just as you became Cæsar." He could not be induced to discover his accomplices; neither dared Tiberius venture to execute him publicly, but ordered him to be dispatched in a secret part of the palace, and his body to be carried away privately; and, though many of the prince's household, many knights and senators, were said to have supported him with money, and assisted him with their counsels, no inquiry followed.

FROM JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN.

[DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS, the most powerful satirical poet of the world, was born about A.D. 40, and died at above eighty. He was a rhetorician and lawyer, and poured out in his later years, when he could do so in safety after Domitian's death in A.D. 96, the fury which the shameless social corruption and political profligacy and barbarity of his time excited in him.]

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruined, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crowned;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drowned.
The brawny fool, who did his vigor boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppresst,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest;

Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshaled figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cutthroat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commissioned by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charged with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a redcoat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl;
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemned, the woeful times;
One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ache:
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear,
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our pretor seated in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroidered coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more opprest
His shoulders than that long, laborious vest;
A heavy gewgaw (called a crown) that spread
About his temples drowned his narrow head,

And would have crushed it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustained the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, raised on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white;
In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at humankind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state,
And make the neighboring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,
At their vain triumphs and their vainer tears;
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flattered him and when she frowned.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crowned
Is by base hands in the next river drowned.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lunged bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Formed in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and jordans, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragged along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence
(The savior of the nation and the prince)?

Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemned to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favor blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age opprest.
But long, long since, the times have changed their face,
The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffered now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves disposed;
Raised whom they pleased, and whom they pleased deposed.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet show.
There was a damned design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight.
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defense!
Come, let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar's foe;
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honors of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch, whom the mastered world obey?

While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Cooped in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree:
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good?
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasped the world's exhausted store
Yet never had enough, but wished for more,
Raised a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, moldering, crushed him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruined him, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke,
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declined a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renowned,
In their own depths of eloquence were drowned;
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel or who punned in prose.
"Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome,
Till I, thy consul sole, consoled thy doom:"
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic fatally divine,

Which is inscribed the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theaters, and swayed the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-eyed Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honor, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armor hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chapfall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honor fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchers themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay,
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.

Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles overrun,
Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid,
And Punic flags on Roman towers displayed.
Ask what a face belonged to his high fane:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame;
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-eyed hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banished from his native home;
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repulsed by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous sort of death has heaven designed,
Distinguished from the herd of humankind,
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doomed t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Cooped up, he seemed in earth and seas confined;
And, struggling, stretched his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, entered in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sailed about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore;
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;

With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison underground;)
What God so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how returned he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he passed the bloody main,
Choked with the slaughtered bodies of his train.
For fame he prayed, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.

* * * * * * *

What then remains? Are we deprived of will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move:
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want;
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel:
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well! . . .
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain, —
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confined
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, hardened to sustain
The load of life, and exercised in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is Virtue: what I show
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshiped by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, Roman emperor 161–180, was born at Rome, A.D. 121. He was the most nearly perfect character in history, his active ability and moral nobility being both of the first order. He was a brave, skillful, and successful general, a laborious and sagacious administrator and reformer, a generous, humane, and self-denying man. His "Meditations," which have comforted and strengthened thousands of the best minds for seventeen hundred years, were notes set down for his own guidance and spiritual comfort at odd times, in camp or court.]

IN the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present, — I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? — But this is more pleasant. — Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature? — But it is necessary to take rest also. — It is necessary. However, nature has fixed bounds to this too: she has fixed bounds to eating and drinking, and yet thou goest beyond these bounds, beyond what is sufficient; yet in thy acts it is not so, but thou stoppest short of what thou canst do. So thou lovest not thyself, for if thou didst, thou wouldst love thy nature and her will. But those who love their several arts exhaust themselves in working at them unwashed and without food; but thou valuest thy own nature less than the turner values the turning art, or the dancer the dancing art, or the lover of money values his money, or the vainglorious man his little glory. And such men, when they have a violent affection to a thing, choose neither to eat nor to sleep rather than to perfect the thing which they care for. But are the acts which concern society more vile in thy eyes and less worthy of thy labor?

Thou sayest, Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. — Be it so: but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities then which are altogether in thy power, — sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to pleasure, contentment

with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be so restless in thy mind? No, by the gods; but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it nor yet taking pleasure in thy dullness.

One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. — Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner act thus without observing it? — Yes. — But this very thing is necessary, the observation of what a man is doing: for, it may be said, it is characteristic of the social animal to perceive that he is working in a social manner, and indeed to wish that his social partner also should perceive it. — It is true what thou sayest, but thou dost not rightly understand what is now said: and for this reason thou wilt become one of those of whom I spoke before, for even they are misled by a certain show of reason. But if thou wilt choose to understand the meaning of what is said, do not fear that for this reason thou wilt omit any social act.

Accept everything which happens, even if it seem disagreeable, because it leads to this, to the health of the universe and to the prosperity and felicity of Zeus [the universe]. For he would not have brought on any man what he has brought, if it were not useful for the whole. Neither does the nature

of anything, whatever it may be, cause anything which is not suitable to that which is directed by it. For two reasons then it is right to be content with that which happens to thee; the one, because it was done for thee and prescribed for thee, and in a manner had reference to thee, originally from the most ancient causes spun with thy destiny; and the other, because even that which comes severally to every man is the power which administers the universe a cause of felicity and perfection, nay even of its very continuance. For the integrity of the whole is mutilated, if thou cuttest off anything whatever from the conjunction and the continuity either of the parts or of the causes. And thou dost cut off, as far as it is in thy power, when thou art dissatisfied, and in a manner triest to put anything out of the way.

Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied, if thou dost not succeed in doing everything according to right principles, but when thou hast failed, return back again, and be content if the greater part of what thou doest is consistent with man's nature, and love this to which thou returnest; and do not return to philosophy as if she were a master, but act like those who have sore eyes and apply a bit of sponge and egg, or as another applies a plaster, or drenching with water. For thus thou wilt not fail to obey reason, and thou wilt repose in it. And remember that philosophy requires only the things which thy nature requires; but thou wouldst have something else which is not according to nature. — It may be objected, Why, what is more agreeable than this [which I am doing]? — But is not this the very reason why pleasure deceives us? And consider if magnanimity, freedom, simplicity, equanimity, piety, are not more agreeable. For what is more agreeable than wisdom itself, when thou thinkest of the security and the happy course of all things which depend on the faculty of understanding and knowledge?

Things are in such a kind of envelopment that they have seemed to philosophers, not a few nor those common philosophers, altogether unintelligible; nay even to the Stoics themselves they seem difficult to understand. And all our assent is changeable; for where is the man who never changes? Carry thy thoughts then to the objects themselves, and consider how short-lived they are and worthless, and that they may be in the possession of a filthy wretch or a whore or a robber. Then turn to the morals of those who live with thee, and it is hardly pos-

sible to endure even the most agreeable of them, to say nothing of a man being hardly able to endure himself. In such darkness then and dirt, and in so constant a flux both of substance and of time, and of motion and of things moved, what there is worth being highly prized, or even an object of serious pursuit, I cannot imagine. But on the contrary it is a man's duty to comfort himself, and to wait for the natural dissolution, and not to be vexed at the delay, but to rest in these principles only: the one, that nothing will happen to me which is not conformable to the nature of the universe; and the other, that it is in my power never to act contrary to my god and demon: for there is no man who will compel me to this.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? — and whose soul have I now, — that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?

What kind of things those are which appear good to the many, we may learn even from this. For if any man should conceive certain things as being really good, such as prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, he would not after having first conceived these endure to listen to anything which should not be in harmony with what is really good. But if a man has first conceived as good the things which appear to the many to be good, he will listen and readily receive as very applicable that which was said by the comic writer. Thus even the many perceive the difference. For were it not so, this saying would not offend and would not be rejected [in the first case], while we receive it when it is said of wealth, and of the means which further luxury and fame, as said fitly and wittily. Go on then and ask if we should value and think those things to be good, to which after their first conception in the mind the words of the comic writer might be aptly applied, — that he who has them, through pure abundance has not a place to ease himself in.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well then, he can also live well in a palace. And again, consider that for whatever purpose

each thing has been constituted, for this it has been constituted, and towards this it is carried; and its end is in that towards which it is carried; and where the end is, there also is the advantage and the good of each thing. Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. Is it not plain that the inferior exist for the sake of the superior? But the things which have life are superior to those which have not life, and of those which have life the superior are those which have reason.

To seek what is impossible is madness: and it is impossible that the bad should not do something of this kind.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that. For in thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou

angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits: it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things; but the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listens, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger.

The intelligence of the universe is social. Accordingly it has made the inferior things for the sake of the superior, and it has fitted the superior to one another. Thou seest how it has subordinated, coördinated, and assigned to everything its proper portion, and has brought together into concord with one another the things which are the best.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee, —

Never has wronged a man in deed or word.

And call to recollection both how many things thou hast passed through, and how many things thou hast been able to endure and that the history of thy life is now complete and thy service is ended; and how many beautiful things thou hast seen; and how many pleasures and pains thou hast despised; and how many things called honorable thou hast spurned; and to how many ill-minded folks thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Why do unskilled and ignorant souls disturb him who has skill and knowledge? What soul then has skill and knowledge? That which knows beginning and end, and knows the reason which pervades all substance, and through all time by fixed periods [revolutions] administers the universe.

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarreling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

Up to Olympus from the widespread earth.

—Hesiod, "Works," etc., v. 197.

What then is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practice tolerance and self-restraint; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being: not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However, to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, — to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if

thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will not be from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life, — to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayst say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

He often acts unjustly who does not do a certain thing; not only he who does a certain thing.

Among the animals which have not reason one life is distributed; but among reasonable animals one intelligent soul is distributed: just as there is one earth of all things which are of an earthy nature, and we see by one light, and breathe one air, all of us that have the faculty of vision and all that have life.

If thou art able, correct by teaching those who do wrong; but if thou canst not, remember that indulgence is given to thee for this purpose. And the gods, too, are indulgent to such persons; and for some purposes they even help them to get health, wealth, reputation; so kind they are. And it is in thy power also; or say, who hinders thee?

Labor not as one who is wretched, nor yet as one who would be pitied or admired: but direct thy will to one thing only, — to put thyself in motion and to check thyself, as the social reason requires.

Not in passivity but in activity lie the evil and the good of the rational social animal, just as his virtue and his vice lie not in passivity but in activity.

For the stone which has been thrown up it is no evil to come down, nor indeed any good to have been carried up.

Penetrate inward into men's leading principles, and thou wilt see what judges thou art afraid of, and what kind of judges they are of themselves.

Hasten [to examine] thy own ruling faculty and that of the universe and that of thy neighbor: thy own that thou mayst make it just: and that of the universe, that thou mayst remember of what thou art a part; and that of thy neighbor, that thou mayst know whether he has acted ignorantly or with knowledge, and that thou mayst also consider that his ruling faculty is akin to thine.

As thou thyself art a component part of a social system, so let every act of thine be a component part of social life. Whatever act of thine then has no reference either immediately or remotely to a social end, this tears asunder thy life, and does not allow it to be one, and it is of the nature of a mutiny, just as when in a popular assembly a man acting by himself stands apart from the general agreement.

Quarrels of little children and their sports, and poor spirits carrying about dead bodies [such is everything]; and so what is exhibited in the representation of the mansions of the dead strikes our eyes more clearly.

Thou hast endured infinite troubles through not being contented with thy ruling faculty when it does the things which it is constituted by nature to do.

When another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee anything injurious, approach their poor souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee. However, thou must be well disposed towards them, for by nature they are friends. And the gods too aid them in all ways, by dreams, by signs, towards the attainment of those things on which they set a value.

Soon will the earth cover us all: then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.

Look down from above on the countless herds of men and their countless solemnities, and the infinitely varied voyagings in storms and calms, and the differences among those who are born, who live together, and die. And consider, too, the life lived by others in olden time, and the life of those who will live after thee, and the life now lived among barbarous nations, and

how many know not even thy name, and how many will soon forget it, and how they who perhaps now are praising thee will very soon blame thee, and that neither a posthumous name is of any value, nor reputation, nor anything else.

All that thou seest will quickly perish, and those who have been spectators of its dissolution will very soon perish too. And he who dies at the extremest old age will be brought into the same condition with him who died prematurely.

What are these men's leading principles, and about what kind of things are they busy, and for what kind of reasons do they love and honor? Imagine that thou seest their poor souls laid bare. When they think that they do harm by their blame or good by their praise, what an idea!

Loss is nothing else than change. But the universal nature delights in change, and in obedience to her all things are now done well, and from eternity have been done in like form, and will be such to time without end. What, then, dost thou say, — that all things have been and all things always will be bad, and that no power has ever been found in so many gods to rectify these things, but the world has been condemned to be bound in never-ceasing evil?

If any man has done wrong, the harm is his own. But perhaps he has not done wrong.

Either the gods have no power or they have power. If, then, they have no power, why dost thou pray to them? But if they have power, why dost thou not pray for them to give thee the faculty of not fearing any of the things which thou fearest, or of not desiring any of the things which thou desirest, or not being pained at anything, rather than pray that any of these things should not happen or happen? for certainly if they can coöperate with men, they can coöperate for these purposes. But perhaps thou wilt say the gods have placed them in thy power. Well, then, is it not better to use what is in thy power like a free man than to desire in a slavish and abject way what is not in thy power? And who has told thee that the gods do not aid us even in the things which are in our power? Begin, then, to pray for such things, and thou wilt see. One man prays thus: How shall I be able to lie with that woman? Do thou pray thus: How shall I not desire to lie with her? Another prays thus: How shall I be released from this? Another prays: How shall I not desire to be released? Another thus: How shall I not lose my little son?

Thou thus: How shall I not be afraid to lose him? In fine, turn thy prayers this way, and see what comes.

When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave, and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed towards every one individually. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking. For as these members are formed for a particular purpose, and by working according to their several constitu-

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tions obtain what is their own; so also as man is formed by nature to acts of benevolence, when he has done anything benevolent or in any other way conducive to the common interest, he has acted conformably to his constitution, and he gets what is his own.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE.

I. Trajan.

Through haughty Rome's imperial street
The mighty Trajan rode,
And myrrh, and balm, and spices sweet
In silver censers glowed;
In car of state erect he stood;
And round him, rushing like a flood,
The people poured with shout and song;
And every eye through all that throng
Turned to him with delight;
For he had triumphed far and wide,
Had sated Rome's high-soaring pride,
And, laying captive nations low,
Now dragged the pale and trembling foe
Bent down in sore affright:
And still before him spread afar
New pathways for his conquering star,
More crowns of world-wide fame to win,
'Mid shouts of warriors, battle din:
One triumph barely o'er, he spurned
The laurel wreaths so hardly earned,
And still his fevered spirit burned
New realms, new worlds to gain.
And now his legions on he led,
Legions that ne'er from foe had fled,
The glory of his reign,
To reap new harvests in the field
Where all would die, but none would yield.
When lo! from out the exulting crowd,
Her voice half-drowned by plaudits loud,
A woman rushed, bent low with years,

Gray-haired, and weeping blinding tears.
With eager eye and outstretched hand,
As one who might a king command,
She caught the Emperor's eye, and stayed
The progress of that proud parade.
"Ah, Lord!" she cried, "on thee I call,
With bended knees before thee fall,
Implore, beseech thee, let not might,
All scatheless, triumph over right.
I had a son, mine only boy,
My heart's delight, my pride, my joy,
Fair-haired, bright-eyed, a sunbeam clear
That made it summer all the year;
In that pure boyhood, free from stain,
His father grew to life again;
And he, O king, in bloom of youth,
Flushed with high courage, strong in truth,
Now lies all stiff and cold in death,
And never more shall living breath
Warm limbs and heart again:
And lo! the murderer standeth there,
His proud lip curling in the air,
As if he scorned the wild despair
Of him his hand has slain.
See, still he smiles that evil smile,
Half lust, half hate, thrice vilely vile,
As knowing well the dark disgrace
That hangs o'er all of Abraham's race,
As knowing well the Christian's name
Makes him who bears it marked for shame,
And counting still a Christian's prayer
An idle rending of the air.
But thou, O prince, the true, the just,
To whom the blood from out the dust
For vengeance cries in murmurs loud
As mutterings from the thundercloud—
Thou wilt not scorn the widow's cry,
Nor let her voice mount up on high
Accusing thee of wrong;
Not yet her plaint ascends with theirs
Who cry beneath God's altar stairs
'How long, O Lord, how long?'
There still is time to do the right,
Time to put forth thy kingly might,
That man of pride and blood to smite."

Then turned his head the Emperor just,
Found faithful to his kingly trust,
As one sore grieved, yet strong of will
Each task of duty to fulfill:
And to that widow sad and lorn,
By care and grief and anguish worn,
With knitted brow and steadfast face,
Thus spake the words of princely grace:
"Know, weeping mother, know, thy prayer
By day and night my thoughts shall share;
Mine eye shall search the secret guilt,
And track the blood thy foe hath spilt:
No depth of shade, no length of time
Shall hide the felon stained with crime.
Long since, men know, I spake full clear,
And stayed the blast which many a year
Had filled the Christians' souls with fear;
I would not welcome vain report;
In open day, in open court,
Let those who will, their charges prove
And so let justice onward move;
And shame it were that I should shrink,
Through fear what rich or proud may think,
From words of truth and deeds of power:
The sentence of the judgment hour.
All this shall be; but now the day
Leads on to battle far away:
The foes are fierce; on Ister's stream
The helms of thousand warriors gleam;
And we must war with spear and shield,
By leaguered fort, on tented field;
Must bear the scorching heat and frost,
In desert wild, or rock-bound coast,
Until at length, the battle won,
Each task fulfilled, each duty done,
We bend our steps once more for home
And dwell in peace in lordly Rome;
Yes, then shall every deed of shame
In Heaven's own time bear fullest blame,
No wrong escape the sentence true,
All evil pay the forfeit due:
Till then be patient; every hour
Will dull the edge of suffering's power:
The months pass onward; quick they flee;
Then bring thy prayer once more to me."

"Ah prince," the widow made her moan,
"Too true, the hours are fled and gone;
To-day flits by while yet we speak;
To-morrow's dawn in vain we seek.
Do right at once; who dare foretell
The issue of thy warfare fell?
Who knows but I may still abide
While thou on Thracia's coasts hast died;
Or thou returning, conqueror proud,
Mayst find me moldering in my shroud?
Delay not, shrink not, do the right;
Or else e'en thou in Death's dark night
Mayst stand, all shivering with affright,
Before the throne of shadeless light."
She spake, and then great Trajan's heart
Was moved to choose the better part:
He stayed his march; a night and day
Halted that army's proud array.
He tracked the secret deed of blood,
Though high in state the murderer stood,
And rested not till right was done,
As rose the morrow's glowing sun.
And thus in face of earth and heaven
His pledge in act and word was given,
That great or small, or bond or free,
Before his throne should equals be:
Heathen and Christians all confess,
His power to punish, or to bless,
The might of truth and righteousness.

II. Gregory.

The days were evil, skies were dim,
When slowly walked, with prayer and hymn,
Through stately street and market wide,
Where emperors once had ridden in pride,
Far other troops than legions strong,
Raising far other battle song;
In sackcloth clad, with dust besprent,
Men, women, children, onward went;
Their bands, by one chief father led,
March on with rev'rent, measured tread,
And still at every sacred shrine,
In presence of the might divine,
With head uncovered, downcast eye,

They sang their sevenfold litany:
"Hear us, O God of Heaven and Earth,
Thou Lord of sorrow and of mirth,
Thou Worker of the second birth,
Hear us, O Lord, and save!
From plague and famine, fire and sword,
From Pagans fierce and foes abhorred,
From death and Hell, O gracious Lord,
From darkness and the grave.
Have mercy, Lord, on man and beast,
Mercy, from greatest to the least;
Be all from bonds of sin released;
Set free the captive slave!"
"O Lord, have mercy," so they sang,
And through the air their accents rang,
Like sad sweet sound of midnight breeze,
Whispering soft music to the trees,—
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"
Fathers and children, youth and maid,
Their eager supplication made,
And e'en from bridegroom and from bride
The same sad music rose and died,
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"
And, last of all, no emperor now,
With eastern diadem on his brow,
No triumph car bedecked with gold,
No purple chlamys' drooping fold;
But pale and worn, his hair all white,
His face with gleam unearthly bright,
As one to whom the heavens all night
Their glory had revealed;
A smile through all his sorrow shone,
That told of peace and victory won,
A fight well fought, a race well run,
And God his strength and shield:
So marched Gregorios, ruler sage,
Great glory of Rome's later age;
And next him came with golden hair,
That floated wildly to the air,
With clear blue eyes, and cheeks that showed
How fresh and full the young life glowed,
A troop of boys, whose unshod feet
Kept measured time to voices sweet;
Angles were they, from far-off shore,
Where loud the northern surges roar,

Rescued from wrath, and sin and shame,
Worthy to bear an angel's name;
These, couching in their brute despair,
Like wolf's young whelps in mountain lair,
Fettered and bound, and set for sale,
Each with his own sad, untold tale,
The good Gregorios saw;
Some thought of homes in distant isles,
A father's love, a mother's smiles,
Some feared the scourge, the bondslave's name,
And some their doom of foulest shame;
And throbs of anguish thrilled their frame
With power to touch and awe.
He looked and pitied, gems and gold,
From out the church's treasures old,
In fullest tale of weight he told,
And gave their price and set them free,
Heirs of Christ's blessed liberty.
And now they followed slow and calm,
Each chanting penitential psalm,
Each bearing branch of drooping palm,
Each lifting high a taper's light,
And clad in garments pure and white;
And these with voices soft and slow,
As streams 'mid whispering reeds that flow,
Still sang, all pitiful to see,
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"

So onward still they marched; at last
By Trajan's forum on they passed,
And there the memories of the place,
The tale of that imperial grace,
Flashed on Gregorios' soul, and led,
Ere yet the sunset's glow had fled,
To strange new thoughts about the deed.

"Ah me!" he sighed in grief and fears,
"Is he whose name all Rome reveres,
The just, the true, the warrior brave,
Firm to his trust, and strong to save,—
Is he where souls to darkness flit,
Gehenna's flames, the unfathomed pit?
He knew not thee, O Lord, I own;
His knee ne'er bent before thy throne;
He lived his life, by evil chance,

In darkness and in ignorance;
And ne'er, O Lord, thy dread decree
His wandering steps led on to Thee.
And so he dwells throughout the years,
Where neither sun nor star appears,
And all around is still the same,
One dreary night, one dusky flame:
And must his doom, O Lord, be this,
That changeless future in the abyss?
Is there no hope for him whose will
Was bent all duty to fulfill,
Whose eye discerning saw aright,
The false how foul, the true how bright?
He, Lord, had pity, so they tell,
On that poor child of Israel;
He heard the widow's anguished prayer,
He left her not to her despair:
And wilt thou leave him, Lord, to bear
That doom eternal, full of fear?
Can prayers avail not to atone
And bring the wand'rer to the Throne?
Ah Lord, whose pitying love ne'er spurned
The vilest, when to Thee they turned,
Whose glance, with gentle pardoning eyes,
Where love was blended with surprise,
Looked on Rome's captain, Zidon's child,
And there, in accents soft and mild,
Owned that their faith was nobler found
Than aught that sprang on Israel's ground,
And said'st that from the East and West,
A countless host should share Thy rest;—
Wilt thou not write that just one's name
Within Thy book of deathless fame?
My prayer at least shall rise for him
By night and day, in chant and hymn;
For him I ask on bended knee,
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"

So spake the gray-haired saint, and lo!
As died the flush of sunset's glow,
There came, in visions of the night
The form of One divinely bright,
(The nail prints still in hands and feet)
And spake in music low and sweet:
"Fear not, thou wise and true of heart,

Fear not from narrowing thoughts to part;
And didst thou feel the pain of love?
Could one soul's doom thy pity move?
And shall not mine flow far and wide
As ocean spreads his boundless tide?
Is my heart cold while thine is warm?
Not so: cast off the false alarm;
The man thou pray'st for dwells with me,
Where true light shines and shadows flee.
The sins that sprang from life's ill chance,
Deeds of those times of ignorance —
These God has pardoned. Just and right,
He owns all souls that loved the light,
And leads them step by step to know
The source from whence all good things flow.
Though yet awhile in twilight rest
They wait, as those but partly blest, —
Though grief for all the evil past
The opening joy of heaven o'ercast,
Yet doubt not; trust my Father's will,
As just and good and loving still:
For those who, filled with holiest awe,
Still strove to keep the Eternal Law, —
For those who knew me not, yet tried
To live for those for whom I died, —
For them who give to child or saint
One cup of water as they faint, —
For these, be sure that all is well;
I hold the keys of Death and Hell."

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE'S "CONFESSIONS."

[ST. AUGUSTINE, the greatest of the Latin Church fathers, was born in North Africa, A.D. 354. He was educated at Carthage, and became a noted lawyer and orator, a Manichæan in religion despite Christian teaching from his mother. He was converted to Christianity by St. Ambrose at Milan, when something over thirty. In 396 he became bishop of Hippo in Africa, continuing such till his death in 430. The form of Catholic doctrine as it stands is mainly due to him. His greatest work is the "City of God," but he is best known by his "Confessions."]

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS YOUTH.

I WILL now call to mind the uncleannesses of my former life, and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not that I love them,

but that I may love thee, my God. For the love of thy love I do this, reviewing my most wicked ways in the bitterness of my remembrance, that thou mayest become sweet to me, who art a sweetness without deceit, a sweetness happy and secure; recollecting me from that dispersion in which I was rent, as it were, piecemeal, whilst departing from *one* [*i.e.* from the one Sovereign Good] I was lost in the pursuit of many [*i.e.* of multiplicity of creatures].

For there was a time when I was all on fire in my youth to be satiated with the things below, and I ventured to spread and branch out into various and shady loves; and the beauty of my soul was consumed away, and I was quite putrefied in thy sight, whilst I was pleasing myself and desiring to please the eyes of men.

Of his Unruly Lusts in the Sixteenth Year of his Age.

And what was it that delighted me but to love and to be loved? But in this love the due manner was not observed betwixt soul and soul, as far as the bounds of friendship go without fault, but black vapors were exhaled from the muddy concupiscence of the flesh, and the bubbling source of my luxuriant age, which so overclouded and darkened my heart, as not to discern the serenity of love from the obscurity of lust. Both boiled together within me, and hurried my unsettled age down the cliffs of unlawful desires, and plunged me into the gulf of criminal actions. Thy wrath was grown strong against me, and I knew it not. I was deafened with the noise of the chain of my mortality, the punishment of the pride of my soul, and I went still further from thee, and thou didst let me alone; and I was tossed hither and thither, and poured out, and was shed abroad, and boiled over by my fornications, and thou wast silent. Oh! my Joy, which was so long deferred! thou wast silent then, and I departed still farther from thee, after more and more barren seeds of sorrows, by a proud dejection and an unquiet weariness [*i.e.* sinking down the more by how much the more my pride aspired to raise me up; and ever weary yet never quiet].

Oh! who was there then to restrain my misery? and render useful the fleeting beauties of these lowest things, and set bounds to their allurements, that those billows of that age of mine might

have broken themselves upon the shore of lawful marriage; and if they could not otherwise be calmed, be contented at least with the end of bringing children into the world, as thy law prescribes, O Lord, who framest the stock of our mortality, being able with a gentle hand to moderate the sharpness of these thorns [of concupiscence] shut out from thy Paradise? For thy omnipotence is not far from us, even then when we are far from thee. Or else I myself might have more vigilantly attended to the voice of thy clouds sounding to me from above, *such shall have tribulation of the flesh; but I spare you*, 1 Cor. 7. And *it is good for a man not to touch a woman.* And again, *he that is unmarried thinketh of the things that are of God, how he may please God, but he that is married thinketh of the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife.*

I might therefore have heard these words with more attention, and so making myself an *Eunuch for the Kingdom of Heaven*, look for thy more happy embraces: but I broke out, wretch as I was; following the violent bent of my loose inclinations, leaving thee: and I passed all the bounds set by thy laws: nor did I escape thy scourges: for what mortal could ever pretend to this? for thou wert always upon my back, mercifully severe, and besprinkling with most bitter disquiets all my unlawful pleasures, that so I might seek out for a pleasure without disgust, and not being able to find it anywhere else, might seek it in thee, *who makest labor in the precept*, Psalm 93, *v.* 20, and who woundest that thou mayest heal, and killest us that we may not die from thee.

Where was I, and at how great a distance was I banished from the delight of thy house in that sixteenth year of the age of my flesh; when the fury of lust, licensed by the shameless practice of men, but ever prohibited by thy holy laws, has received the scepter in me, and I wholly yielded myself up to it? In the mean time my friends took no care to prevent my ruin by lawful marriage; but were only careful that I should learn to make fine speeches, and become a great orator.

His Living Idle at Home contributed to his Sins, from which his Holy Mother endeavored to divert him.

Now for that year my studies were intermitted, I being called home from *Madaura*, in which neighboring city I had

been for a while applied to learning and oratory, and the expenses of my studying farther from home at *Carthage*, being in the mean time providing by the resolution of my father which went beyond his wealth, he being a citizen of *Tagaste*, of a very small estate. To whom am I relating these things? Not to thee, O my God, but in thy presence, to my fellow-mortals, of the same human kind as I am, how small soever a part of them it may be which shall light upon these my writings: and to what end do I do this? But that both I and they who read this may reflect from how *profound a depth* we must still be crying to thee. And what is nearer to thy ears than a confessing heart and a life of faith? For who did not then highly commend my father, for laying out in behalf of his son, even beyond the strength of his estate, which was necessary for the carrying on his studies at that great distance from home; whereas many citizens, far more wealthy than he, did no such thing for their children; whilst in the mean time this same father took no care of my growing up to thee, or of my being chaste, provided I was but eloquent [*disertus*] or rather [*desertus*] forsaken and uncultivated of thee, who art the one true and good Lord of thy field my heart.

But when in that sixteenth year of my age I began to live idly at home with my parents, whilst domestic necessities caused a vacation from school, the briers of lust grew over my head, and there was no hand to root them up. Nay, when that father of mine saw me in the Bagnio now growing towards man, and perceived in me the unquiet motions of youth, as if from hence he were big with hopes of grandchildren, he related it to my mother with joy; intoxicated with the generality of the world, by the fumes of the invisible wine of their own perverse will, whilst forgetting thee their Creator, and loving thy creature instead of thee, they stoop down to rejoice in these lowest of things. But in my mother's breast thou hadst already begun thy temple, and the foundation of thy holy habitation; for my father was as yet only a *Catechumen*, and that but of late. She therefore upon hearing it, was seized with fear and trembling; being concerned for me, though I was not baptized, lest I should stray into those crooked ways in which worldlings walk, who turn not their face but their back upon thee.

Alas! and dare I say that thou wert silent, O my God, when I was wandering still farther from thee? And wast thou

silent indeed? And whose then but thine were those words, which, by my mother, thy faithful servant, thou didst sing in my ears, though no part of it descended into my heart to perform it? For she desired, and I remember how she secretly admonished me with great solicitude, to keep myself pure from women, and above all to take care of defiling any one's wife; which seemed to me to be but the admonitions of a woman, which I should be ashamed to obey; but they were thy admonitions, and I knew it not; and I supposed thee to be silent whilst she spoke, whereas by her thou didst speak to me and in her wast despised by me, by me her son, *the son of thy handmaid thy servant*, Psalm 115. But I knew it not, and rushed on headlong with so much blindness, that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less filthy than others; and when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions, and boasting so much the more by how much the more beastly they were, I had a mind to do the like, not only for the pleasure of it, but that I might be praised for it.

Is there anything but vice that is worthy of reproach? Yet I became more vicious to avoid reproach; and when nothing came in my way, by committing which I might equal the most wicked, I pretended to have done what I had not done, lest I should be esteemed more vile by how much I was more chaste. Behold with what companions I was walking in the streets of *Babylon;* and I wallowed in the mire thereof, as if it were spices and precious perfumes, and that in the very midst of it, the invisible enemy trod me down and seduced me, because I was willing to be seduced: neither did that mother of my flesh (who was escaped out of the midst of *Babylon*, but walked yet with a slow pace in the skirts thereof), as she admonished me to be chaste, so take care to restrain that lust (which her husband had discovered to her in me, and which she knew to be so infectious for the present and dangerous for the future) within the bounds of conjugal affection, if it could not otherwise be cured: she did not care for this method, for fear my hope should be spoiled by the fetters of a wife; not that hope of the world to come which my mother had in thee, but the hope of my proficiency in learning, upon which both my parents were too much intent: he because he scarce thought at all of thee; and of me nothing but mere empty vanities; and she, because she supposed that those usual studies of sciences would be no hindrance, but rather some help

towards the coming to thee. For so I conjecture, recollecting as well as I can the manners of my parents. Then also were the reins let loose to spend my time in play, beyond what a due severity would allow, which gave occasion to my being more dissolute in various inclinations; and in them all there was a mist intercepting, O my God, from me the serenity of thy truth, *and my iniquities proceeded, as it were, from the fat*, Psalm 72, *v.* 7.

He confesses a Theft of his Youth done out of Mere Wantonness.

Thy law, O Lord, punisheth theft, and a law written in the hearts of men, which even iniquity itself cannot blot out. For what thief is willing to have another steal from him? For even he that is rich will not endure another stealing for want. Yet I had a mind to commit theft, and I committed it, not for want or need, but loathing to be honest and longing to sin; for I stole that of which I had plenty, and much better. Neither was I fond of enjoying the things that I stole, but only fond of the theft and the sin. There was a pear tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit, which were neither tempting for their beauty nor their taste. To shake off and carry away the fruit of this tree, a company of wicked youths of us went late at night, having, according to a vicious custom, been playing till then in the yards; and thence we carried great loads, not for our eating, but even to be cast to the hogs; and if we tasted any of them, the only pleasure therein was, because we were doing what we should not do.

Behold my heart, O my God, behold my heart, of which thou hast had pity when it was in the midst of the bottomless pit. Behold, let my heart now tell thee what it was it then sought. That I might even be wicked without cause, and have nothing to tempt me to evil, but the ugly evil itself. And this I loved; I loved to perish, I loved to be faulty; not the thing in which I was faulty, but the very faultiness I loved. Oh! filthy soul, and falling from thy firmament to its utter ruin; affecting not something disgraceful, but disgrace itself.

N.B. — *After his return home to* Africa *he made ample restitution for those pears he had stolen.*

That Men sin not without Some Appearance or Pretense of Good.

There is a tempting appearance in beautiful bodies, in gold, and silver, and the rest. And in the sense of the touch there is an agreeableness that is taking; and in like manner the other senses find their pleasures in their respective objects. So temporal honor, and the power of commanding and excelling hath something in it that is attractive; hence also arises the desire of revenge. And yet we must not, for the gaining of all or any of these things, depart from thee, O Lord, nor turn aside from thy law. The life also which we live here, hath its allurement, by reason of a certain kind of beauty in it, and the proportion which it hath to all the rest of these lower beauties. Likewise the friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together.

Upon occasion of all these and the like things sin is committed, when by an immoderate inclination to them, which have but the lowest place amongst good things, men forsake the best and highest goods, viz. thee, O Lord our God, and thy truth, and thy law. For these lowest things have indeed their delights, but not like my God who made all things; because in him doth the just delight, and he is the joy of the upright of heart. Therefore when the question is for what cause any crime was done, it is not usually believed but where it appears that there might be some desire of acquiring some of these lowest of goods, or fear of losing them: for they are fair and beautiful; though in comparison of those superior goods and beatific joys they are mean and contemptible.

A man hath murdered another. Why did he do it? He was in love with his wife, or his estate; or he did it that he might rob him to support his own life; or he was afraid of suffering the like from him; or he had been injured, and sought to be revenged. Would he commit a murder without a cause, merely for the sake of the murder; who can imagine this? For as for that furious and exceeding cruel man [*Catiline*] of whom a certain author has written that *he chose to be wicked and cruel* gratis; the cause is assigned in the same place, *lest*, says he, *his hand or his mind should be weakened for want of exercise.* And to what end did he refer this also? That being thus exercised in wickedness, he might be enabled to surprise the city [*Rome*]

and obtain honors, power, riches, and be delivered from the fear of the laws, and the difficulties he labored under through want of an estate, and a guilty conscience. Therefore even *Catiline* himself was not in love with his crimes, but with something else, for the sake of which he committed them.

ROMAN AND PROVINCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

(From the Letters of Apollinaris Sidonius: translated by Thomas Hodgkin, in "Italy and her Invaders," with his comments.)

The Fortune Hunter.

In the early days of the episcopate of Sidonius, a certain Amantius asked him for letters of introduction to Marseilles. With his usual good nature Sidonius gave him a letter to Græcus, bishop of that city, describing him as a poor but honest man, who transacted what we should call a commission business in the purchase of cargoes arriving at the seaports of Gaul. He had been lately appointed a reader in the church, — a post which was not incompatible with his transactions in business, — and this gave him an additional claim on the good offices of the two bishops. The letter concluded with the expression of a hope that Amantius might meet with splendid success as a merchant, and might not regret exchanging the cold springs of Auvergne for the fountain of wealth flowing at Marseilles.

Not long after, Sidonius discovered that he had been imposed upon by a swindler; that the modest young man who desired an introduction to Marseilles was in fact too well known at Marseilles already, and that the honest broker was an impudent and mendacious fortune hunter. Having occasion to write again to Græcus, who had asked him for "one of his long and amusing letters," he thought that he could not do better than send him the history of Amantius, though the bishop of Marseilles must have been already in good part acquainted with it, and the bishop of Arverni must have been conscious that the part which he had played did not reflect great credit on his

shrewdness. After a complimentary preface, the letter proceeds thus: —

"His native country is Auvergne; his parents are persons in a somewhat humble position in life, but free and unencumbered with debt; their duties have been in connection with the service of the church rather than of the state. The father is a man of extreme frugality, more intent on saving up money for his children than on pleasing them. This lad accordingly left his home and came to your city with a very slender equipment in all respects. Notwithstanding this hindrance to his ambitious projects, he made a fairly successful start among you. St. Eustachius, your predecessor, welcomed him with deeds and words of kindness, and put him in the way of quickly obtaining comfortable quarters. He at once began to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of his neighbors, and his civilities were well received. He adapted himself with great tact to their different ages, showing deference to the old, making himself useful to his coevals, and always exhibiting a modesty and sobriety in his moral conduct which are as praiseworthy as they are rare in young men. At length, by well-timed and frequent calls, he became known to and familiar with the leading personages of your city, and finally even with the count himself. Thus the assiduous court which he paid to greatness was rewarded with ever-increasing success; worthy men vied in helping him with their advice and good wishes; he received presents from the wealthy, favors of one kind or another from all, and thus his fortune and his hopes advanced 'by leaps and bounds.'

"It happened by chance that near the inn where he was lodging there dwelt a lady of some fortune and high character, whose daughter had passed the years of childhood, yet had scarcely reached the marriageable age. He showed himself very kind to this girl, and made, as her youth allowed him to do, trifling presents to her of toys and trash that would divert a girl; and thus, at a very trifling expense, obtained a firm hold on her affections. Years passed on; she became old enough to be a bride. To make a long story short, you have on the one side a young man, alone, poorly off, a stranger, a son who had skulked away from home not only without the consent, but even without the knowledge, of his father; on the other, a girl not inferior to him in birth, and superior to him in fortune; and this fellow, through the introduction of

the bishop because he was a reader, by favor of the count because he had danced attendance in his hall, without any investigation as to his circumstances by the mother-in-law because his person was not displeasing to her daughter, woos and wins and marries that young lady. The marriage articles are signed, and in them some beggarly little plot of ground which he happened to possess near our borough is set forth with truly comic pomposity. When the solemn swindle was accomplished, the poor beloved one carried off his wealthy spouse, after diligently hunting up all the possessions of his late father-in-law and converting them into money, besides adding to them a handsome gratuity drawn from the easy generosity of his credulous mother-in-law, and then, unrivaled humbug that he was, he beat a retreat to his own native place.

"Some time after he had gone, the girl's mother discovered the fraud, and had to mourn over the dwindling proportions of the estates comprised in her daughter's settlement, at the very time when she should have been rejoicing over the augmented number of her grandchildren. She wanted to institute a suit for recovery of her money, on the ground that he had fraudulently overstated his property; and it was in fact in order to soothe her wrath that our new Hippolytus set forth for Marseilles, when he first brought you my letter of introduction.

"Now, then, you have the whole story of this excellent young man; a story, I think, worthy of the Milesian Fables or an Attic comedy. It remains for you to show yourself a worthy successor of Bishop Eustachius by discharging the duties of patronage to the dear youth whom he took under his protection. You asked me for a lengthy letter, and therefore if it is rather wordy than eloquent you must not take it amiss. Condescend to keep me in your remembrance, my Lord Pope."

What was the issue of the quarrel between the amatory Amantius and his mother-in-law we are not informed; but as he acted twice after this as letter carrier between Sidonius and Græcus, we may conjecture that the affair of the settlement took some time to arrange.

Debtor and Creditor; the Courtier Turned Devout.

Sidonius wishes health to his friend Turnus.

Well indeed with your name, and with your present business, harmonizes that passage of the Mantuan poet—

> Turnus! what never god would dare
> To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
> Lo, here, the lapse of time has brought
> E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought.

Long ago, if you remember, your (late) father Turpio, a man of tribunician rank, obtained a loan of money from an officer of the palace named Maximus. He deposited no security either in plate or in mortgage on land; but as appears by the written instrument prepared at the time, he covenanted to pay twelve per cent to the lender, by which interest, as the loan has lasted for ten years, the debt is more than doubled. But your father fell sick, and was at the point of death: in his feeble state of health the law came down upon him harshly to compel him to refund the debt: he could not bear the annoyance caused by the collectors, and therefore, as I was about to travel to Toulouse, he, being now past hope of recovery, wrote asking me to obtain from the creditor at least some moderate delay. I gladly acceded to his request, as Maximus was not only an acquaintance of mine, but bound to me by old ties of hospitality. I therefore willingly went out of my way to my friend's villa, though it was situated several miles from the highroad. As soon as I arrived he himself came to meet me. When I had known him in times past he was erect in his bearing, quick in his gait, with cheery voice and open countenance. Now how greatly was he changed from his old self! His dress, his step, his bashfulness, his color, his speech, all had a religious cast: besides, his hair was short, his beard flowing: the furniture of his room consisted of three-legged stools, curtains of goat's-hair canvas hung before his doors: his couch had no feathers, his table no ornament; even his hospitality, though kind, was frugal, and there was pulse rather than meat upon his board. Certainly, if any delicacies were admitted, they were not by way of indulgence to himself, but to his guests. When he rose from table I privily inquired of his attendants what manner of life was this that he was leading,—a monk's, a clergyman's, or a penitent's. They said that he was filling the office of priest, which had been lately laid upon him by the good will of his fellow-citizens, notwithstanding his protests.

When day returned, while our slaves and followers were occupied in catching our beasts of burden, I asked for an opportunity for a secret conversation with our host. He afforded

it: I gave him an unexpected embrace, and congratulated him on his new dignity: then with my congratulations I blended entreaties. I set forth the petition of my friend Turpio, I urged his necessitous condition, I deplored the extremities to which he was reduced, — extremities which seemed all the harder to his sorrowing friends because the chain of usury was tightening, while the hold of the body upon the soul was loosening. Then I begged him to remember his new profession and our old friendship, to moderate at least by a short respite the barbarous insistence of the bailiffs barking round the sick man's bed: if he died, to give his heirs one year in which to indulge their grief without molestation; but if, as I hoped, Turpio should recover his former health, to allow him to restore his exhausted energies by a period of repose.

I was still pleading, when suddenly the kind-hearted man burst into a flood of tears, caused not by the delay in recovering his debt, but by the peril of his debtor. Then suppressing his sobs, "God forbid," said he, "that I, as a clergyman, should claim that from a sick man which I should scarcely have insisted upon as a soldier from a man in robust health. For his children's sake, too, who are also objects of my pity, if anything should happen to our friend, I will not ask anything more from them than the character of my sacred calling allows. Write them to allay their anxiety; and that your letters may obtain the more credit, add a letter from me, in which I will engage that whatever be the result of this illness (which we will still hope may turn out favorably for our brother), I will grant a year's delay for the payment of the money, and will forego all that moiety which has accrued by right of interest, being satisfied with the simple repayment of the principal."

Hereupon I poured out my chief thanks to God, but great thanks also to my host, who showed such care for his own conscience and good name: and I assured my friend that whatsoever he relinquished to you he was sending on before him into heaven, and that by refraining from selling up your father's farms, he was buying for himself a kingdom above.

Now, for what remains, do you bestir yourself to repay forthwith the principal at least of the loan, and thus take the best means of expressing the gratitude of those who, linked to you by the tie of brotherhood, haply by reason of their tender years, scarcely yet understand what a boon has been granted them. Do not begin to say, "I have joint heirs in the estate: the divi-

sion is not yet accomplished: all the world knows that I have been more shabbily treated than they: my brother and sister are still under age: she has not yet a husband, nor he a curator, nor is a surety found for the acts and defaults of that curator." All these pretexts are alleged to all creditors, and to unreasonable creditors they are not alleged amiss. But when you have to deal with a person of this kind, who foregoes the half when he might press for the whole, if you practice any of these delays you give him a right to redemand as an injured man the concessions which he made as a good-natured one. Farewell.

Barbarian Life.

Sidonius wishes health to (his brother-in-law) Agricola.

You have many times asked me to write to you a letter describing the bodily appearance and manner of life of Theodoric, king of the Goths, whose love for our civilization is justly reported by common fame. I willingly accede to your request, so far as the limits of my paper will allow, and I praise the noble and delicate anxiety for information which you have thus exhibited.

Theodoric is "a noticeable man," one who would at once attract attention even from those who casually beheld him, so richly have the will of God and the plan of nature endowed his person with gifts corresponding to his completed prosperity. His character is such that not even the detraction which waits on kings can lessen the praises bestowed upon it. If you inquire as to his bodily shape, he has a well-knit frame, shorter than the very tallest, but rising above men of middle stature. His head is round and domelike, his curling hair retreats a little from the forehead towards the top. He is not bull-necked. A shaggy arch of eyebrows crowns his eyes; but if he droops his eyelids, the lashes seem to fall well-nigh to the middle of his cheeks. The lobes of his ears, after the fashion of his nation, are covered by wisps of overlying hair. His nose is most beautifully curved; his lips are thin, and are not enlarged when the angles of his mouth are dilated; if by chance they open and show a regular, but rather prominent set of teeth, they at once remind you of the color of milk. He cuts every day the hairs which grow at the bottom of his nostrils. At his temples, which are somewhat hollowed

out, begins a shaggy beard, which in the lower part of his face is plucked out by the roots by the assiduous care of his barber. His chin, his throat, his neck, all fleshy without obesity, are covered with a milk-white skin, which, when more closely inspected, is covered with a youthful glow. For it is modesty, not anger, which so often brings this color into his face.

His shoulders are well turned, his arms powerful, his forearms hard, his hands widespread: he is a well set-up man, with chest prominent and stomach drawn in. You can trace on the surface of his back the points where the ribs terminate in the deeply recessed spine. His sides are swollen out with prominent muscles. Strength reigns in his well-girded loins. His thigh is hard as horn; the leg joints have a very masculine appearance; his knee, which shows but few wrinkles, is especially comely. The legs rest upon full round calves, and two feet of very moderate size support these mighty limbs.

You will ask, perhaps, what is the manner of his daily life in public. It is this. Before dawn he attends the celebration of divine service by his (Arian) priests, attended by a very small retinue. He shows great assiduity in this practice, though, if you are admitted to his confidence, you may perceive that it is with him rather a matter of habit than of religious feeling. The rest of the morning is devoted to the care of the administration of his kingdom. Armed nobles stand round his chair; the crowd of skin-clothed guards are admitted to the palace, in order to insure their being on duty; they are kept aloof from the royal presence that their noise may not disturb him, and so their growling talk goes on before the doors, shut out as they are by the curtain, though shut in by the railings. Within the inclosure are admitted the ambassadors of foreign powers: he hears them at great length, he answers in few words. In negotiation his tendency is to delay, in action to promptitude.

It is now the second hour after sunrise: he rises from his throne and spends his leisure in inspecting his treasury or his stables. If a hunting day is announced, he rides forth, not carrying his bow by his side — that would be beneath his kingly dignity — but if in the chase, or on the road, you point out to him beast or bird within shooting distance, his hand is at once stretched out behind him, and the slave puts into it the bow with its string floating in the air; for he deems it a womanish

thing to have your bow strung for you by another, and a childish thing to carry it in a case. When he has received it, sometimes he bends the two ends towards one another in his hand, sometimes he lets the unknotted end drop to his heel, and then with quickly moving finger tightens the loose knot of the wandering string. Then he takes the arrows, fits them in, sends them forth, first desiring you to tell him what mark you wish him to aim at. You choose what he has to hit, and he hits it. If there is a mistake made by either party, it is more often the sight of the chooser than the aim of the archer that is at fault.

If you are asked to join him in the banquet (which, however, on non-festal days, is like the entertainment of a private person), you will not see there the panting servants laying on the groaning table a tasteless heap of discolored silver. The weight, then, is to be found in the conversation rather than in the plate, since all the guests, if they talk of anything at all, talk of serious matters. The tapestry and curtains are sometimes of purple (cloth), sometimes of cotton. The meats on the table please you, not by their high price, but by the skill with which they are cooked; the silver by its brightness, not by its weight. The cups and goblets are so seldom replenished that you are more likely to complain of thirst than to be accused of drunkenness. In short, you may see there Greek elegance, Gallic abundance, Italian quickness, the pomp of a public personage, the assiduity of a private citizen, the discipline of a king's household. Of the luxury which is displayed on high days and holidays I need not give you any account, because it cannot be unknown even to the most unknown persons. Let me return to my task.

The noontide slumber, when the meal is ended, is never long, and is frequently omitted altogether. Often at this time he takes a fancy to play at backgammon: then he collects the counters quickly, views them anxiously, decides on his moves skillfully, makes them promptly, talks to the counters jocularly, waits his turn patiently. At a good throw he says nothing, at a bad one he laughs; neither good nor bad makes him lose his temper or his philosophical equanimity. He does not like a speculative game either on the part of his adversary or himself, dislikes a lucky chance offered to himself, and will not reckon on its being offered to his opponent. You get your men out of his table without unnecessary trouble, he gets his out of yours

without collusion. You would fancy that even in moving his counters he was planning a campaign. His sole anxiety is to conquer.

When a game is on hand, he drops for a little time the severity of royal etiquette, and invites his companions in play to free and social intercourse. To tell you what I think, he fears to be feared. At the end he is delighted to see the vexation of a conquered rival, and takes credit to himself for having really won the game, when his opponent's ill temper shows that he has not yielded out of courtesy. And here notice a strange thing: often that very complacency of his, arising from such a trifling cause, insures the successful carriage of serious business. Then petitions, which have well-nigh been shipwrecked by the injudiciousness of those who favored them, suddenly find a harbor of safety. In this way, I myself, when I have had somewhat to ask of him, have been fortunate enough to be beaten, and have seen my table ruined with a light heart, because I knew that my cause would triumph.

About the ninth hour (three o'clock) comes back again all that weary turmoil of kingship. The suitors return, the guards return whose business it is to remove them. Everywhere you hear the hum of claimants; and this is protracted till nightfall, and only ceases when it is cut short by the royal supper. Then the petitioners, following their various patrons, are dispersed throughout the palace, where they keep watch till bedtime arrives. At the supper sometimes, though rarely, comic actors are introduced who utter their satiric pleasantries: in such fashion, however, that none of the guests shall be wounded by their biting tongues. At these repasts no hydraulic organs blow, no band of vocalists under the guidance of a singing master intone together their premeditated harmony. No harpist, no flute player, no choir master, no female player on the tambourine or the cithara, makes melody. The king is charmed only by those instruments under whose influence virtue soothes the soul as much as sweet sounds soothe the ear. When he rises from table the royal treasury receives its sentinels for the night, and armed men stand at all the entrances to the palace, by whom the hours of his first sleep will be watched over.

But what has all this to do with my promise, which was to tell you a little about the king, not a great deal about his manner of reigning? I really must bid my pen to stop, for you did not ask to be made acquainted with anything more

than the personal appearance and favorite pursuits of Theodoric: and I sat down to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

The Burgundians.

While our poet was residing at Lyons (apparently) he was asked by one of his friends, an ex-consul named Catulinus, to compose an epithalamium, perhaps for his daughter's marriage.

In a short humorous poem of apology, Sidonius incidentally touches off some of the physical characteristics of the Burgundians by whom he was surrounded; and who, it is important to observe, troubled him not by their hostility, but by their too hearty and demonstrative friendship.

Ah me! my friend, why bid me, e'en if I had the power,
To write the light Fescennine verse, fit for the nuptial bower?
Do you forget that I am set among the long-haired hordes,
That daily I am bound to bear the stream of German words,
That I must hear, and then must praise with sorrowful grimace
(Disgust and approbation both contending in my face),
Whate'er the gormandizing sons of Burgundy may sing,
While they upon their yellow hair the rancid butter fling?

Now let me tell you what it is that makes my lyre be dumb:
It cannot sound when all around barbarian lyres do hum.
The sight of all those patrons tall (each one is seven feet high),
From my poor Muse makes every thought of six-foot meters fly.
Oh! happy are thine eyes, my friend; thine ears, how happy those!
And oh! thrice happy I would call thine undisgusted nose.
'Tis not round thee that every morn ten talkative machines
Exhale the smell of onions, leeks, and all their vulgar greens.
There do not seek thy house, as mine, before the dawn of day,
So many giants and so tall, so fond of trencher play
That scarce Alcinous himself, that hospitable king,
Would find his kitchen large enough for the desires they bring.
They do not, those effusive souls, declare they look on thee
As father's friend or foster sire — but, alas! they do on me.

But stop, my Muse! pull up! be still! or else some fool will say
"Sidonius writes lampoons again." Don't you believe them, pray!

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

By JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

[JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, English diplomat, poet, and humorist, was born in London, 1769, and educated at Cambridge; died January 7, 1846. He filled important positions in public life at home and abroad, till 1809, when he retired in offense at the unjust blame for his conduct as minister to Spain. He was one of the collaborators in the famous *Anti-Jacobin*, a Tory periodical, with Canning, Ellis, and others. His best works are the unmatched translations from Aristophanes (see Vol. 2 of this work), and the unfinished poem from which the following extract is made.]

CANTO I.

THE Great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the Vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe —
The din of manful oaths and female squalling:

The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victualers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting maids, and waiting women.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation,
Of minstrels, menials, and courtesans, and boors
(Although appropriate to their meaner station),
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honor, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette forever on the watch:

Their manners were refined and perfect — saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad and square and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies looked of an heroic race:
At first a general likeness struck your eye, —
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woolen.

In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever-welcome guest;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print, —
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appeared
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and reared
To rustic labors or to loose amours;
He moved amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;

And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charmed the wintry day;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely seemed a voucher for the truth)
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives:

Song, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill and stratagems of wars;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt.

From realm to realm he ran — and never stayed;
Kingdoms and crowns he won — and gave away;
It seemed as if his labors were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray:

No conquests nor acquirements had he made;
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
When overmatched, entangled, and outnumbered.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
For sieges, and constructions for defense,
Inventions some of them that have survived,
Others were deemed too cumbrous and immense:
Minstrels he loved and cherished while he lived,
And patronized them both with praise and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word —
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, "As brave as his own sword;"
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never failed to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension:

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer:

Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand —
But his success in war was strangely various;
In executing schemes that others planned,
He seemed a very Cæsar or a Marius:
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious;
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realized them better far than he did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It seemed an emanation from his mind;
The coarsest natures that approached him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point of honor like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succor where the battle reeled:
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

Canto II.

Before the Feast was ended, a Report
Filled every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort —
An unknown Fort — for Government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

A waiting damsel, crooked and misshaped,
Herself the witness of a woful scene,

From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
  Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen;
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
  Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
  "Excuse us, madam, — we've no time to waste ——"
And at the palace gate you saw him sallying,
  With other knights equipped and armed in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
  The poor misshapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
  Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
  And wandered up and down till break of day,
When they discovered, by the dawning light,
  A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
They found unleavened fragments, scorched and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses;
  He felt the embers, but the heat was out:
He stood contemplating the roasted horses,
  And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces: —
  "The Giants must be somewhere here about!"
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows;

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
  No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest:
Their usual habitation must be near —
  They feed at sunset and retire to rest —
A moment's search will set the matter clear."
  The fact turned out precisely as he guessed;
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

He found a Valley, closed on every side,
  Resembling that which Rasselas describes;

Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
  Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient Fortress undescried:
  (Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man:

So Horace said — and so the Giants found,
  Expelled by fresh invaders in succession;
But they maintained tenaciously the ground
  Of ancient, indefeasible possession,
And robbed and ransacked all the country round;
  And ventured on this horrible transgression,
Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,
As lords and lawful owners of the soil.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
  Encompassed all the level Valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
  An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very River vanished out of sight,
  Absorbed in secret channels underground;
That Vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
  That with its strange construction seemed to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when —
  Hewn inward in the huge suspended Rock,
The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men:
  Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base!

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
  And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased:
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village
  Within the lonely Valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
  But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a Reign:

A Rock was in the center, like a Cone,
  Abruptly rising from a miry pool,

Where they beheld a Pile of massy stone,
  Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of Giant hands alone,
  With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

But on the other side a River went,
  And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent;
  Time and the wearing stream had worked its fall:
The modern Giants had repaired the Rent,
  But, poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patched it up, contriving as they could
With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain,—
  A true-bred Giant never trusts a Knight;
He sent a Herald, who returned again
  All torn to rags and perishing with fright;
A Trumpeter was sent, but he was slain,—
  To Trumpeters they bear a mortal spite:
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The Castle and the Fortress were assailed.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
  They shoveled down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
  Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder;
  Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

A Council then was called, and all agreed
  To call in succor from the Country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
  Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede:
  It seems his Falcon was not to be found;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

At Gawain's summons all the Country came;
  At Gawain's summons all the people aided;

They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
They dug, they delved, intrenched, and palisaded,
Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

Sir Tristram found his Falcon, bruised and lame,
After a tedious search, as he averred,
And was returning back the way he came
When in the neighboring thicket something stirred,
And flashed across the path, as bright as flame;
Sir Tristram followed it, and found a Bird
Much like a Pheasant, only crimson-red,
With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

Sir Tristram's mind — invention — powers of thought,
Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
Devising ways and means to have it caught
Alive — entire — to see it safely caged:
The Giants and their siege he set at naught
Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
He gained his object after three days wandering,
And three nights watching, meditating, pondering.

And to the Camp in triumph he returned:
He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
And praise and magnify the prize he earned.
Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
But here his heart with indignation burned: —
"Good Cousin, yonder stands an Eagle's nest!
A Prize for Fowlers such as you and me." —
Sir Tristram answered mildly, "We shall see."

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forbore, it was that in reality
His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shocked his worthy friend's formality —
He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
He walks apart with him — and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces —

Approving everything that had been done:
"It serves to put the Giants off their guard —

Less hazard and less danger will be run —
I doubt not we shall find them unprepared —
The Castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spared;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell)
That his whole system was entirely wrong;
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

"Indeed!" Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know —
For aught that we can tell — this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
And we may starve and perish here outright.
'Tis better risking a decided blow —
I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
Inundated the vales and depths below,
When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
Ascending through the vapors dim and hoar,
A secret track, which he descried before.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
To walk across the playground or the yard
Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reached the spot, was your reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Tristram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

They climbed an hour or more with hand and knee
(The distance of a fathom or a rood

Was farther than the keenest eye could see);
  At last the very ground on which they stood,
The broken turf, and many a battered tree —
  The crushed and shattered shrubs and underwood —
Apprised them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelmed the time before.

Sir Tristram saw the people in a fluster;
  He took them to a sheltered hollow place:
They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
  And Tristram, with an unembarrassed face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muster —
  To take a muster, and to state the case:
"It was," he said, "an unexpected error,
Enough to strike inferior minds with terror;

"But since they were assembled and collected"
  (All were assembled except nine or ten),
He thought that their design might be effected;
  All things were easy to determined men.
If they would take the track which he directed,
  "And try their old adventure once again,"
He slapped his breast, and swore within an hour
That they should have the Castle in their power.

This mountain was like others I have seen;
  There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
  From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between —
  A Copperplate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore with permission,
I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

Thither Sir Tristram with his comrades went;
  For now the misty cloud was cleared away,
And they must risk the perilous ascent,
  Right in the Giants' front, in open day:
They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
  Before the battery should begin to play.
Their manner of ascending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge;

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
  Always afraid to lose your hold halfway;

And as they clambered each successive tier
Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
It was not altogether without fear —
Just fear enough to make brave people gay:
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
"They wound with toilsome march their long array."

The more alert and active upward sprung,
And let down ropes to drag their comrades after;
Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
Stripped off and twisted with such mirth and laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung:
Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to pass a raging wintry flood,
Such was the situation where they stood:

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
Of the last rock, and threatened and defied —
"Down with the mangy dwarfs there! Dash them down!
Down with the dirty pismires!" Thus they cried.
Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
In their own Giant jargon thus replied: —
"Mullinger! Cacamole! and Mangonell!
You cursed cannibals — I know you well —

"I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
And your left-handed squinting brother's too —
By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most
I'll give the crows a meal of him and you —
The wolves shall have you, either raw or roast —
I'll make an end of all your cursed crew."
These words he partly said, and partly sang,
As usual with the Giants in their slang.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow;
The Giants ran away — they knew not why;

Sir Tristram gained the point — he knew not how;
He could account for it no more than I.
Such strange effects we witness often now;
Such strange experiments true Britons try
In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell —
It looks, I think, like an instinctive Law
By which superior natures daunt and quell
Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philosophers can tell —
Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
I can't explain it — but the fact is so,
A fact which every midshipman must know.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
To show Sir Gawain that the coast was clear:
They heard his Camp reëcho with a shout —
"In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here."
But still Sir Tristram was perplext with doubt —
The crisis of the Ladies' fate drew near —
He dreaded what those poor defenseless creatures
Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half dismantled all the new-built Wall.
They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Tristram formed a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

"My Lads," he cried, "an effort must be made
To keep those Monsters half an hour in play,
While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
Or else the Ladies will be made away.
By mounting close within the palisade,
You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway —
Their Clubs and Maces: recollect my words,
And use your daggers rather than your swords."

That service was most gallantly performed:
The Giants still endeavored to repel

And drive them from the breech that they had stormed:
  The foremost of the Crew was Mangonell.
At sight of him Sir Tristram's spirit warmed;
  With aim unerring Tristram's falchion fell,
Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus disabled that stupendous Chuckle.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
  Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade;
Sir Tristram swerved aside, and reaching round,
  Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade:
His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
  His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragged him forth, and tost him in the Ditch.

Sir Tristram, in the warfare that he waged,
  Strove to attract the Giants' whole attention:
To keep it undivided and engaged,
  He racked his fiery brain and his invention;
And taunted and reviled, and stormed and raged,
  In terms far worse and more than I can mention.
In the mean while, in a more sober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

But first I must commemorate in rhyme
  Sir Tristram's dextrous swordsmanship and might;
This incident appears to me sublime:
  He struck a Giant's head off in the fight:
The head fell down of course, but for some time
  The stupid, headless trunk remained upright;
For more than twenty seconds there it stood,
But ultimately fell from loss of blood.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band;
  He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
  Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
  The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

Facing your Entrance, just three yards behind,
  There was a Mass of Stone of moderate height,

It stood before you like a screen or blind:
  And there — on either hand to left and right —
Were sloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
  On which two massy Stones were placed upright,
Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

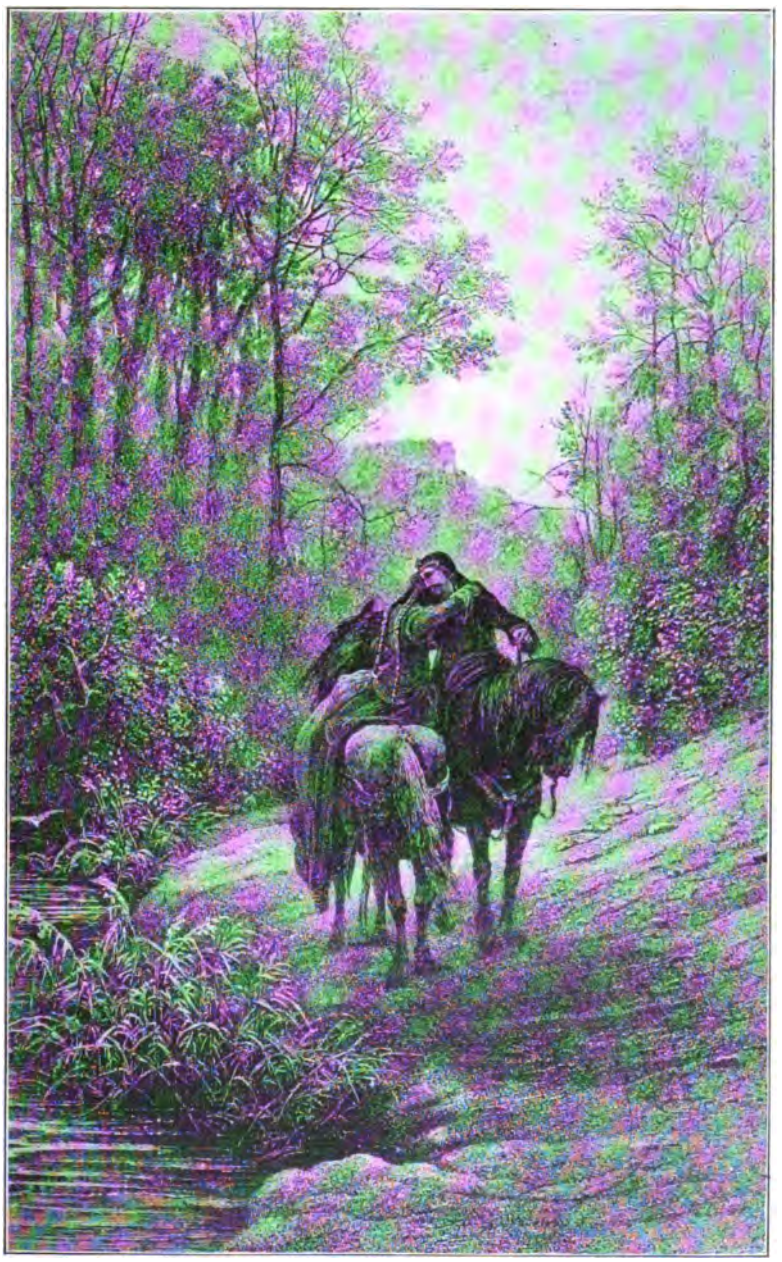
"Cousin, those Dogs have some device or gin! —
  I'll run the gantlet — and I'll stand a knock ——"
He dashed into the Gate through thick and thin —
  He hewed away the bands which held the block —
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
  And closed the entrance with a thundering shock
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the Classics in their seas).

This was Sir Tristram (as you may suppose):
  He found some Giants wounded, others dead —
He shortly equalizes these with those;
  But one poor Devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose;
  Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague fever.

The Ladies? — They were tolerably well,
  At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
  Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
  That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered
Only two fat Duennas were devoured.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the Fort,
  And seen all safe, was climbing to the Wall
(Meaning to leap into the outer Court);
  But when he came, he saved himself the fall:
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
  The Giants were demolished one and all:
He pulled them up the Wall — they climb and enter —
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

The only real sufferer in the fight
  Was a poor neighboring Squire of little fame,



LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVER

By Gustave Doré

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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R L

That came and joined the party overnight;
He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
Which he received in tumbling from a height:
The Knights from Court had never heard his name,
Nor recollected seeing him before —
Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

Thus Tristram, without loss of life or limb,
Conquered the Giants' Castle in a day;
But whether it were accident or whim
That kept him in the Woods so long away,
In any other mortal except him
I should not feel a doubt of what to say;
But he was wholly guided by his humor,
Indifferent to report and public rumor.

It was besides imagined and suspected
That he had missed his course by deep design,
To take the track which Gawain had neglected —
I speak of others' notions, not of mine:
I question even if he recollected —
He might have felt a moment's wish to shine:
I only know that he made nothing of it,
Either for reputation or for profit.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
Proceeded instantaneously to Court,
To thank their Majesties for their protection.
Sir Gawain followed with a grand escort,
And was received with favor and affection.
Sir Tristram remained loitering in the Fort;
He thought the building and the scenery striking,
And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

FROM "THE HISTORIE OF KING ARTHUR."

BY SIR THOMAS MALORY.

[SIR THOMAS MALORY says in the preface to his book that it was finished in the ninth year of Edward the Fourth (1469–1470); nothing else can be discovered about him, and the name may be a fiction of Caxton's, who printed the book. The stories are rewritten and condensed from various sources, and some invented.]

How sir Agravaine and sir Mordred were busie upon sir Gawaine for to disclose the love betweene sir Launcelot and queene Guenever.

At that season of the merry moneth of May, when every heart flourisheth and burgeneth; for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoyce and be glad of summer comming with his fresh floures; for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth a lusty man and woman to coure and sit by the fire; so in this season as the month of May, it hapned there befell a great anger, the which stinted not till the floure of chivalrie of all the world was destroyed and slaine. And all was long of two unhappie knights the which were named sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, that were brethren unto sir Gawaine; for these too knights, sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, had ever a privie hate unto the queene dame Guenever and unto sir Launcelot, and dayly and nightly they ever watched upon sir Launcelot. So it mishapned sir Gawaine and his brethren were in king Arthurs chamber; and then sir Agravaine said thus openly, and not in counsaile, that many knights might heare it, "I mervaile that we all be not ashamed, both to see and know how sir Launcelot lieth dayly and nightly by the queene, and all wee know it so, and it is shamefully suffred of us all, that we al should suffer so noble a king as king Arthur is so to bee shamed." Then speake sir Gawaine, and said, "Brother sir Agravaine, I pray you and charge you moove no such matter no more before me; for wit you well," said sir Gawaine, "I will not be of your counsaile." "So God mee helpe," said sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, "wee will not bee knowne, brother sir Agravaine, of your deeds." "Then will I," said sir Mordred. "I beleeve that well," sayed sir Gawaine, "for ever unto all unhappinesse, brother sir Mordred, thereto will yee graunt, and I would that yee left all this and made you not so busie, for I know well enough," said sir Gawaine, "what will befall of it." "Fall of it what fall may," said sir Agravaine, "I will disclose it unto the king." "Yee shall not doe it by my counsaile," said sir Gawaine, "for if there rise any war and wrath betweene sir Launcelot and us, wit you well, brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with sir Launcelot. Also, brother sir Agravaine," said sir Gawaine, "ye must remember how oftentimes sir Lancelot hath rescewed

the king and the queene, and the best of us all had beene full cold at the heart roote had not sir Lancelot beene a better knight then we; and that hath he proved himself so oft. And as for my part," said sir Gawaine, "I wil never bee against sir Lancelot for one daies deede, as when he rescewed me from king Carados of the dolorous toure, and slew him and saved my life. Alas, brother sir Agravaine, and sir Mordred, in likewise sir Lancelot rescewed you both, and three score and two, from sir Torquine. Me thinketh, brother, such kind deeds and kindnesse should be remembred." "Do as ye list," said sir Agravaine, "for I will hide it no longer." With these words came to them king Arthur. "Now, brother, stint your noise," said sir Gawaine. "We will not," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. "Will ye so?" said sir Gawaine; "then God speede you, for I wil not hear your tales, nor be of your counsaile." "No more will I," said sir Gareth and sir Gaheris, "for we wil never say evil by that man; for because," said sir Gareth, "sir Lancelot made me knight, by no maner ought I to say evill of him." And therewith they three departed, making great dole. "Alas!" said sir Gawaine and sir Gareth, "now is the realme hole mischived, and the noble felowship of the round table shal be dispersed." So they departed.

How sir Agravaine disclosed their love unto king Arthur, and how that king Arthur gave them licence for to take him.

And then king Arthur asked them what noise they made. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "I shall tell you that which I may keepe no longer. Heere is I and my brother sir Mordred brake unto my brother sir Gawaine, sir Gaheris, and sir Gareth, how this we know all, that sir Launcelot houldeth your queene, and hath done long, and wee be your sisters sonnes, and wee may suffer it no longer. And we know all that ye should be above sir Launcelot, and yee are the king that made him knight; and therefore wee will prove it that he is a traitour to your person." "If it be so," said king Arthur, "wit yee well hee is none other; but I would bee loth to begin such a thing but if I might have prooves upon it, for I tell you sir Launcelot is an hardy knight, and all yee know hee is the best knight among us all: and but if he be taken with the deede, hee will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight

that is able to match him. Therefore, and it bee sooth as yee say, I would hee were taken with the deed." For king Arthur was loth thereto that any noise should bee upon sir Launcelot and his queene; for the king had a deeming, but he would not here of it, for sir Launcelot had done so much for him and for his queene so many times, that wit ye well king Arthur loved him passingly well. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "ye shal ride to morrow on hunting, and doubt yee not sir Launcelot will not goe with you; then when it draweth toward night, yee may send the queene word that ye will lie out all that night; and so may yee send for your cookes: and then upon paine of death we shall take him that night with the queene, and either wee shall bring him to you dead or quicke." "I will well," said the king. "Then I counsaile you," said the king, "take with you sure feloweship." "Sir," said sir Agravaine, "my brother sir Mordred and I will take with us twelve knights of the round table." "Be well ware," said king Arthur, "for I warne you ye shall find him full waighty." "Let us deale," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. So upon the morrow king Arthur rode on hunting, and sent word unto the queene that he would lie out all that night. Then sir Agravaine and sir Mordred gate unto them twelve knights, and hid them selves in a chamber of the castle of Caerlell, and these were their names: first, sir Colgrevaunce, sir Mador de la Port, sir Gingaline, sir Meliot de Logris, sir Petipace of Winchelsee, sir Galleron of Galway, sir Melion of the mountaine, sir Astamore, sir Gromore Somor-jour, sir Curselaine, sir Florence, sir Lovell. So these twelve knights were with sir Mordred and sir Agravaine; and all they were of Scotland, either of sir Gawaines kinne, either well willers of his bretheren. So when the night came, sir Launcelot told sir Bors how hee would goe that night and speake with queene Guenever. "Sir," said sir Bors, "yee shall not goe this night by my counsaile." "Why?" said sir Launcelot. "Sir," said sir Bors, "I alway dread me much of sir Agravaine, which waiteth you daily for to doe you shame and us all, and never gave my heart against your going that ever yee went to the queene so much as now; for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queene, because peradventure hee hath layen some watch for you and the queen, and therfore I dread me sore of treason." "Have yee no doubt," said sir Launcelot, "for I shall goe and come againe, and make no tarying." "Sir," said sir Bors, "that me sore re-

penteth, for I dread my greatly that your going out this night shall wrath us all." "Faire nephew," said sir Launcelot, "I mervaile me much why yee say thus, sithence the queene hath sent for me; and wit yee well that I will not bee so much a coward but that shee shall understand I will see her good grace." "God speed you well," said sir Bors, "and send you safe and sound againe."

How sir Launcelot was espied in the queenes chamber, and how sir Agravaine and sir Modred came with twelve knights to sley him.

So sir Launcelot departed, and tooke his sword underneath his arme. And so that noble knight went foorth in his mantell, and put himselfe in great jeopardy; and so hee passed till hee came unto the queenes chamber; and then sir Launcelot was lightly put into the chamber, and the queene and sir Launcelot were together, and whether they were a bed or at other manner of disports, me list not thereof to make mention; for love that time was not as it is now a dayes. But thus as they were together, there came sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, with twelve knights with them of the round table, and with a crying voice they said thus: "Traitour knight sir Launcelot du Lake, now art thou taken!" And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might heere it; and they al were fourteen armed at all points, as they should fight in a battaile. "Alas!" said queene Guenever, "now are we mischieved both." "Madame," said sir Lancelot, "is here any armour within your chamber that I might cover my body withall? and if there be any, I pray you heartely let me have it, and I shall soone stint their malice by the grace of God." "Truely," said the queene, "I have none armour, shield, sword, nor speare, wherefore I dread mee sore our long love is come to a mischievous end, for I heere by their noise there bee many valiaunt knights, and wel I wot they be surely armed, against them yee may not resist. Wherfore yee are like to bee slaine, and then shall I bee brent; for and yee might escape them," said the queene, "I would not doubt but that yee would rescew me in what danger so ever I stand in." "Alas!" said sir Launcelot, "in all my life was I never thus bestood that I should be thus shamefully slaine for lacke of mine armour." But alwayes sir Agravaine and sir Mordred cried, "Traitour knight, come

out of the queenes chamber, for wit thou well that thou art so beset that thou shalt not escape!" "O Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "this shamefull crie and noise we may not suffer, for better were death at once, then thus to endure this paine." Then hee tooke the queene in his armes and kissed her, and said, "Most noble christian queene, I beseech you, as ye have ever beene my speciall good lady, and I at all times your true and poore knight to my power, and as I never failed you in right nor yet in wrong sithence the first day that king Arthur made me knight, that yee will pray for my soule if that I heere bee slaine; for well I am assured that sir Bors my nephew, and all the remnant of my kinne, with sir Lavaine and sir Urre, that they will not faile you for to reschew you from the fire, and therfore, mine owne deare lady, recomfort your selfe, whatsoever come of me, that ye goe with sir Bors my nephew and sir Urre; and they all will doe you all the pleasure they can or may, that ye shall live like a queene upon my lands." "Nay, sir Lancelot," said the queen, "wit thou well I will never live a day after thy dayes; but and thou be slaine, I will take my death as meekly, for Jesu Christs sake, as ever did any christian queene." "Well, madame," said sir Launcelot, "sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well that I shall sell my life as deare as I may; and a thousand fold," said sir Launcelot, "I am more heavier for you then for my selfe. And now I had leaver then to be lord of all Christendome, that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or I were slaine." "Truly," said queene Guenever, "I would, and it might please God, that they would take me and sley me, and suffer you to escape." "That shal never be," said sir Lancelot; "God defend me from such a shame, but, Lord Jesu, be thou my shield and mine armour."

How sir Launcelot slew sir Colgrevaunce, and armed him in his armoure, and after slew sir Agravaine and twelve of his felowes.

And therewithall sir Launcelot wrapped his mantell round about his arme well and surely. And by then they had gotten a great forme out of the hall, and therewithall they dashed at the chamber doore. "Faire lords," said sir Launcelot, "leave your noise and your dashing, and I shal set open the doore,

and then may yee doe with mee what it liketh you to doe." "Come off then," said they all, "and doe it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all, and therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life untill thou come to king Arthur." Then sir Launcelot unbarred the dore, and with his lift hand hee held it open a little, so that but one man might come in at once. And so anon there came in striding a good knight, a big man and a large, which was called sir Colgrevaunce of Gore, and hee with a sword strake at sir Launcelot mightely, and he put aside the strooke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helme that hee fell downe dead, groveling within the chamber doore. And then sir Launcelot with his great might drew that dead knight within the chamber doore; and then sir Launcelot, with the helpe of the queene and her ladies, was lightly armed in sir Colgrevaunce armour. And ever stood sir Agravaine and sir Mordred crying, "Traitour knight, come out of the queenes chamber!" "Let be your noise," said sir Launcelot unto sir Agravaine, "for wit yee well, sir Agravaine, yee shall not prison me this night, and therefore doe yee by my counsaile, go ye all from this chamber doore, and make no such crying and such manner of slaunder as yee doe; for I promise you by my knighthood, and ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to morrow appeare before you all, and before the king, and then let it be seene which of you all will accuse me of treason; and there I shall answere you as a knight ought to do, that hither I came unto the queen for no manner of male engine, and that I will prove and make good upon you with mine owne hands." "Fie on the, false traitour!" said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, "we will have thee maugre thy head, and sley thee if we list, for we will let thee to wit that wee have the choise of king Arthur to save thee or to sley thee." "Ah, sirs," said sir Launcelot, "is there none other grace with you? then keepe your selfe." So then sir Launcelot set the chamber doore wide open, and mightely and knightly hee strood in among them, and anon at the first buffet hee slew sir Agravaine and twelve of his fellowes, within a little while after he had laid them to the cold earth; and there was none of all the twelve that might stand with sir Launcelot a buffet; also sir Lancelot wounded sir Mordred, and he fled with all his might. And then sir Launcelot returned againe unto the queene, and said, "Madame, now wit yee wel that al our true love is brought unto end, for now will

king Arthur ever bee my foe, and therfore, madame, and if it like you that I may have you with me, and I shall save you from all manner of ill adventures and daungers." "That is not best," said the queene; "me seemeth now yee have done so much harme, it will be best yee hold you still with this; and if ye see that as to morrow they will put me unto the death, then may ye rescew me as ye thinke best." "I will well," said sir Launcelot, "for have ye no doubt, while I am living, I shall rescew you." And then hee kissed her, and either gave other a ring; and so there hee left the queene, and went to his lodging.

How sir Launcelot came to sir Bors, and told him how hee had sped, and in what adventure he had beene, and how he escaped.

So when sir Bors saw sir Launcelot, hee was never so glad of his home comming as he was at that time. "Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "what may this meane?" "Sir," said sir Bors, "after that ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood and your well willers were so dreaming, that some of us lept out of our beds naked; and some in their dreames caught naked swords in their hands; therfore," said sir Bors, "we deeme there is some great strife at hand; and then we all deemed that yee were betrayed with some treason, and therefore wee made us thus ready, what neede soever ye had beene in." "My faire nephew," said sir Launcelot unto sir Bors, "now shall ye wit all that this night I was more harder besteed than ever I was in my life, and yet I escaped." And so hee told them all, how and in what manner, as yee have heard before. "And therefore, my fellowes," said sir Launcelot, "I beseech you all that yee will bee of good heart in what neede soever that I stand in, for now is warre come to us all." "Sir," said sir Bors, "all is welcome that God sendeth us, and wee all have had much wealth with you and much worship, and therefore wee will take the woe with you as wee have taken the wealth; and therefore," they said all, which were many good knights, "looke that ye take no discomfort, for there is no band of knights under heaven but that we shall bee able to greeve them as much as they may us; and therefore discomfort not your selfe by no meanes, and we shall gather together those that wee love, and that loveth us, and what yee will have done shall be

done; and therefore, sir Launcelot," said they, "wee will take the woe with the wealth." "Gramercy," said sir Launcelot, "of your good comfort; for in my great distresse, my faire nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholden unto you. But this, my faire nephew, I would that ye did in all haste that yee may, or it bee forth days, that yee will looke in their lodgings that beene lodged heere nigh about the king, which will hold with me, and which will not, for now I would faine know which were my friends from my foes." "Sir," said sir Bors, "I shall doe what I may; and or it be seven of the clocke I shall wit of such, as yee have said before, who will hold with you or not." Then sir Bors called to him sir Lionell, sir Ector de Maris, sir Blamor de Ganis, sir Bleodoris de Ganis, sir Galahantine, sir Galihodine, sir Galihud, sir Menadewke, with sir Villiers the valiaunt, sir Hebes le Renomes, sir Lavaine, sir Urre of Hungary, sir Neroveus, and sir Plenorius, these two sir Launcelot made knights, and the one of them he wanne upon a bridge, and therefore they would never bee against him; and sir Harry le fise de Lake, and sir Selises of the dolorous toure, and sir Melias de Lile, and sir Bellangere le Beuse, which was sir Alisaunder Lorphelins son, because his mother, dame Alis le beale Pilgrim, was of kin unto sir Launcelot, hee held with him. So there came sir Palomides and sir Safire his brother to hold with sir Launcelot, and sir Clegis of Sadocke, and sir Dinas, and sir Clarius of Claremount. So these two and twentie knights drew them together, and anon they were armed and on horsebacke, and promised sir Launcelot to doe what hee would. Then there fell to them what of Northwalis and what of Cornewaile, for sir Lamoracks sake and for sir Tristrams sake, to the number of fourescore good and valiant knights. "My lords," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye well that I have beene ever sithence I came into this countrey well willing unto my lord king Arthur and unto my lady queene Guenever unto my power; and this night, because my lady the queene sent for mee to speake with her, I suppose it was by treason, how be it I dare largely excuse her person; notwithstanding I was there by a forecast nigh slaine, but, as Jesu provided mee, I escaped all their malice." And then that noble knight sir Launcelot told them all how he was hard bested in the queenes chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them, "And therefore," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye wel, my faire lords, I am sure there is nought but

warre unto me and mine; and for because I have slaine this night these knights, as sir Agravaine, sir Gawaines brother, and at the least twelve of his fellowes, and for this cause now I am sure of mortall war. These knights were sent and ordained by king Arthur to betray mee, and therefore the king will in his heate and malice judge the queene to the fire, and that may I not suffer, that shee should bee burnt for my sake. For and I may be heard and suffered, and so taken, I will fight for the queene, that she is a true lady unto her lord; but the king in his heat, I dread me, will not take me as I ought to be taken."

Of the counsaile and advise which was taken by sir Launcelot and his friends for to save the Queene.

"My lord sir Launcelot," said sir Bors, "by mine advise yee shall take the woe with the wealth, and take it patiently, and thanke our Lord God of it; and sithence it is fallen as it is, I counsaile you to keepe your selfe, for if yee will your selfe, there is no fellowship christned of knights that shall doe you any wrong. Also I will counsaile you, my lord sir Launcelot, that and my lady queene Guenever be in distresse, in so much as she is in paine for your sake, that yee knightly rescew her; and if yee did otherwise, all the world will speake of you shame to the worlds end, in so much as yee were taken with her. Whether ye did right or wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queene, that shee bee not slaine and put to a mischievous death; for and the queene die so, the shame shall be yours." "Oh, good Lord Jesu, defend mee from shame," said sir Launcelot, "and keepe and save my lady the queene from vilany and from shamefull death, and that she never be destroyed in my default; and therefore, my faire lords, ye that be of my kinne and my friends," said sir Launcelot, "what will ye doe?" Then they said all, "We will doe as ye will doe your selfe." "I put this to you," said sir Lancelot, "that if my lord king Arthur, by evill counsaile, will to morrow in his heate put my lady the queene to the fire, there to be burnt, now I pray you counsaile mee what is best to bee done." Then they said all at once with one voice, "Sir, wee thinke that the best that yee may doe is this: that yee knightly rescew the queene; in so much as shee shall bee burnt, it is for your sake; and it is to be supposed that if ye might be handled ye should have the

same death, or else a more shamefuller death. And, sir, wee say all, that many times yee have rescewed the queene from death for other mens quarrels, us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescew the queene from this peril, in so much as she hath it for your sake." Then sir Launcelot stood stil, and said, "My faire lords, wit ye well that I would be loth to doe that thing that should dishonour you or my blood; and wit yee well I would be right loth that my lady the queene should die a shamefull death. But and it be soe that ye will counsaile me for to rescew her, I must doe much harme or I rescew her, and peradventure I shall ther destroy some of my best friends, which would repent me much; and peradventure there be some and they could well bring it about, or disobey my lord king Arthur, they would full soone come to mee, the which I were loth to hurt. And if so be that I should rescew her, where should I keepe her?" "That shall be the least care of us all," said sir Bors; "how did the noble knight sir Tristram, by your good will? did not he keepe with him La beale Isoud nigh three yeares in Joyous-guard, the which was done by both your advises, and that same place is your owne; and in likewise may ye doe as ye list, and take the queene lightly away, if it bee so that the king will judge her to be burnt; and in Joyous-gard yee may keepe her long enough, untill the heate of the king be past, and then shall yee bring againe the queene unto the king with great worshippe; and then peradventure ye shall have thanks for her bringing home againe, where other shall have mauger." "That is hard to doe," said sir Launcelot, "for by sir Tristram I may have a warning; for when, by meanes of the treatise, sir Tristram brought againe La beale Isoud unto king Marke from Joyous-gard, looke what fell on the end, how shamefully that false traitour king Marke slew that noble knight as he sat harping before his lady La beale Isoud, with a sharpe grounded glaive thrust him behind to the heart; "it greeveth mee," said sir Launcelot, "to speake of his death, for all the world may not find such a knight." "All this is truth," said sir Bors, "but there is one thing shall courage you and us all; yee know well that king Arthur and king Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man that could prove king Arthur untrue of his promise." So to mak short tale, they were all consented that for better or worse, if it were so that the queene were on the morrow brought to the fire, shortly they all would rescew her. And so by the advise of sir Launcelot

they put them all to an ambushment in a little wood as nigh Caerleill as they might, and there they abode still for to wit what the king would doe.

How sir Modred rode hastely unto the king for to tell him of the fray and death of sir Agravaine his brother, and of other things.

Now turne wee againe unto sir Mordred, which, when hee was escaped from the noble knight sir Launcelot, he anon gat his horse, and mounted upon him, and rode straight to king Arthur, sore wounded and beaten, and all beebled; and there he told the king al how it was, and how "they were al slaine but me." "Jesu, mercy! how may this be?" said the king; "did yee take him in the queenes chamber?" "Yee, so God me helpe," said sir Mordred, "there we found him unarmed, and there he slew sir Colgrevaunce, and armed him in his armour." And all this hee told the king, from the beginning to the ending. "Ah, Jesu, mercy!" said the king, "he is a mervailous knight of prowesse. Alas! me sore repenteth," said the king, "that ever sir Launcelot should bee against mee; now I am sure the noble fellowship of the round table is broken for ever, for with him will hold many a noble knight; and now it is befallen so," said king Arthur, "that I may not with my worship but that the queen must suffer death." So then there was made great ordeinance in this heate that the queene must bee judged to death. And the law was such in those dayes, that what soever they were, of what estate or degree, if that they were found guiltie of treason, there should be none other remedie but death, and either the men or the taking with the deed should bee the causer of their hastie judgement. And right so was it ordained for queene Guenever; because sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of twelve knights of the round table, these proves and experiences caused king Arthur to command the queene to the fire, there to bee burnt. Then spake sir Gawaine, and said, "My lord king Arthur, I would counsaile you not to be over hastie, but that ye would put in respite this judgement of my lady the queene for many causes: one is, though it were so that sir Launcelot were found in the queenes chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evill; for yee know, my lord," said sir Gawaine, "that the queene is much beholden unto sir Launcelot, more then to any other knight

alive, for often-times he hath saved her life, and done battaile for her when all the court refused the queene; and peradventure she sent for him for goodnesse, and for none evill, to reward him for the good deeds he had done to her in time past. And peradventure my lady the queen sent for him to that intent, that sir Launcelot should come to her good grace prively and secretly, weening to her that it was best so to doe, in eschewing and dreading of slaunder; for often-times we doe many things that we weene it is for the best, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say," said sir Gawaine, "that my lady your queene is to you both good and true; and as for sir Launcelot," said sir Gawaine, "he will make it good upon any knight living that will put on himselfe any vilanie or shame, and in likewise he will make good for my lady dame Guenever." "That I beleeve well," said king Arthur, "but I will not that way with sir Launcelot, for hee trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man; and therefore for the queene hee shall never fight more, for shee shall have the law; and if that I may get sir Launcelot, wit yee well hee shall have a shamefull death." "Jesu defend," said sir Gawaine, "that I may never see it." "Wherefore say yee so?" said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "for truely ye have no great cause to love sir Lancelot, for this night last past hee slew your owne brother sir Agravaine, a ful good knight, and also hee had almost slaine your other brother sir Mordred; and also there he slew twelve good knights; and also, sir Gawain, remember you how he slew two sonnes of yours, sir Florence and sir Lovell." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "of all this I have knowledge, of whose death I repent me sore; but in so much as I gave them warning, and told my brethren and my sonnes before hand what would fall in the end, in so much as they would not do by my counsaile, I will not medle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths, for I told them it was no bote to strive with sir Launcelot; how be it I am sory of the death of my brother and of my sonnes, for they were the causers of their owne death, for oft times I warned my brother sir Agravaine, and told him the perrils the which bee now beefallen."

How sir Launcelot and his kinsmen rescewed the queene from the fire, and how hee slew many knights.

Then said the noble king Arthur to sir Gawaine, "My deare nephew, I pray you that ye wil make you ready in your best aray, with your brethren sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, to bring my queene to the fire, there to have her judgement, and receive her death." "Nay, my most noble lord," said sir Gawaine, "that wil I never doe in my life, for wit you well that I will never bee in the place where so noble a queene as is my lady queene Guenever shall take such a shamefull ending; for wit you wel," said sir Gawaine, "that my heart will never serve mee to see her dye, and it shall never bee said that ever I was of your counsell of her death." Then said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "Suffer your brother sir Gaheris and sir Gareth to be there." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "wit you well that they will bee loth to bee there present, because of many adventures which bee like to fall there, but they are young, and full unable to say you nay." Then spake sir Gaheris and the good knight sir Gareth unto king Arthur: "Sir, yee may well commande us to be there, but wit yee well it shall be sore against our will; but and wee bee there by your straite commandement, yee shall plainely hold us there excused, wee will bee there in peaceable wise, and bear no harneis of warre upon us." "In the name of God," said the king, "then make you ready, for she shall soone have her judgement." "Alas!" said sir Gawaine, "that ever I should endure to see this wofull day." So sir Gawaine turned him, and wept heartely, and so hee went into his chamber. And then the queene was led foorth without Caerleyll, and there shee was despoiled unto her smocke; and so then her ghostly father was brought to her, to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then there was weeping and wailing, and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies; but there was but few in comparison that would beare any armour for to strength the death of the queen. Then was there one which sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espie what time the queene should goe unto her judgement. And anon, as he saw that the queene was despoiled unto her smocke, and also that shee was shriven, then he gave sir Launcelot warning thereof. Then was there spurring and plucking

up of horses; and right so they came to the fire, and who that stood against them there they were slaine, there might none withstand sir Launcelot. So all that beare armes and withstood them, there were they slaine, many a noble knight; for there was slaine sir Belias le Orgulous, sir Segwarides, sir Grifiet, sir Brandiles, sir Aglovaile, sir Tor, sir Gauter, sir Guillimere, sir Reinolds, three brethren, sir Damas, sir Priamus, sir Kay the stranger, sir Driaunt, sir Lambegus, sir Herminde, sir Pertelopoe, sir Perimones, two brethren which were called the greene knight and the red knight. And in this rashing and hurling, as sir Launcelot thrangh heere and ther, it mishapned him to sley sir Gaheris and the noble knight sir Gareth, for they were unarmed and unaware; for sir Launcelot smote sir Gareth and sir Gaheris upon the brain pans, wherethrough they were both slaine in the field; how bee it in very truth sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the presse. Then when sir Launcelot had thus done, and had put them to flight all they that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto queene Guenever, and made a kirtell and a gowne to bee cast upon her, and then hee made her to bee set behind him, and praied her to be of good cheare. Wit you wel that the queene was glad that shee was escaped from death; and then shee thanked God and sir Launcelot. And so hee rode his way with the queene unto Joyous-gard, and there hee kep her as a noble knight should doe, and many great lords and some kings sent sir Launcelot many good knights; and many noble knights drew unto sir Launcelot. When this was knowen openly, that king Arthur and sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many knights were sory of their debate.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published

and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

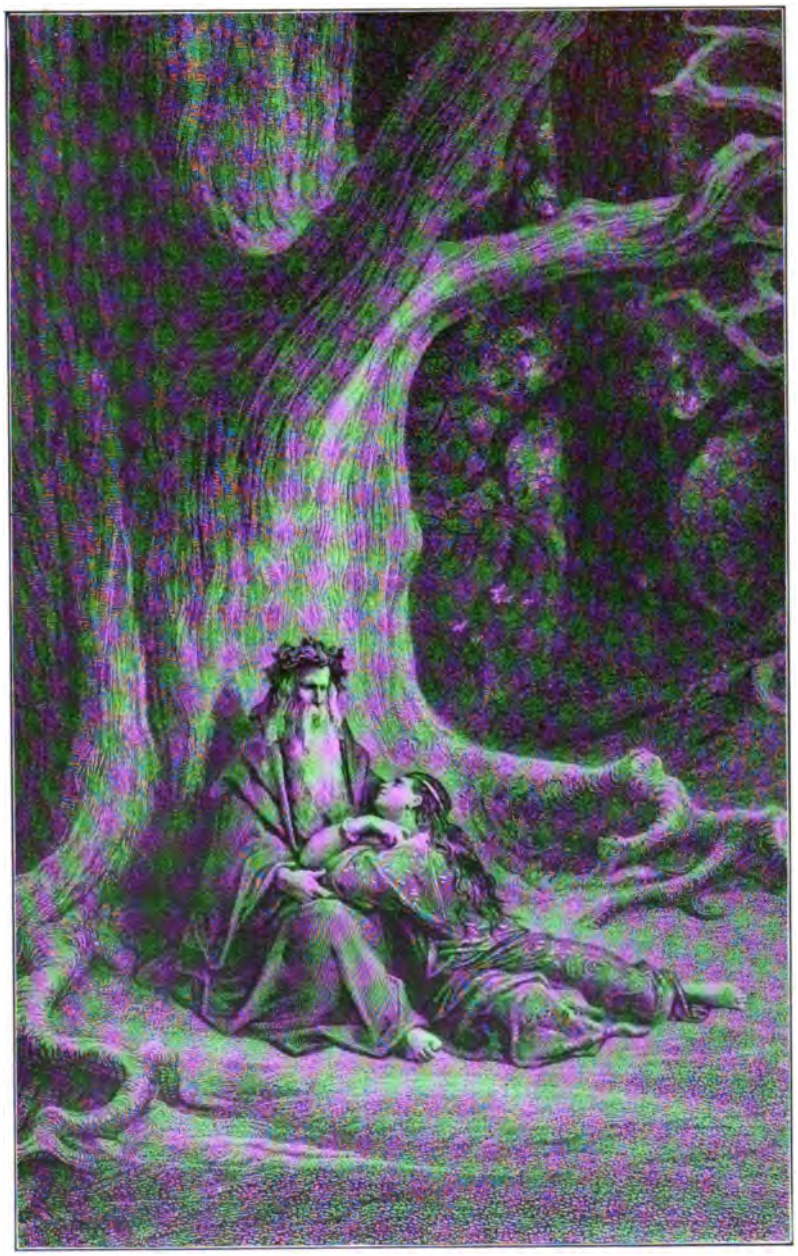
A STORM was coming, but the winds were still
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
It looked a tower of ruined masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

Whence came she? One that bare in bitter grudge
The scorn of Arthur and his Table, Mark
The Cornish King, had heard a wandering voice,
A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storm
Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say
That out of naked knightlike purity
Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl
But the great Queen herself, fought in her name,
Sware by her — vows like theirs, that high in heaven
Love most, but neither marry, nor are given
In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then — for Vivien sweetly said
(She sat beside the banquet nearest Mark),
"And is the fair example followed, Sir,
In Arthur's household?" — answered innocently:

"Ay, by some few — ay, truly — youths that hold
It more beseems the perfect virgin knight
To worship woman as true wife beyond
All hopes of gaining, than as maiden girl.
They place their pride in Lancelot and the Queen.
So passionate for an utter purity
Beyond the limit of their bond, are these,
For Arthur bound them not to singleness.
Brave hearts and clean! and yet — God guide them — young."

Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup
Straight at the speaker, but forebore: he rose
To leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,
Turned to her: "Here are snakes within the grass;
And you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear



"At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

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The monkish manhood, and the mask of pure
Worn by this court, can stir them till they sting."

And Vivien answered, smiling scornfully,
"Why fear? because that fostered at *thy* court
I savor of thy — virtues? fear them? no.
As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.
My father died in battle against the King,
My mother on his corpse in open field;
She bore me there, for born from death was I
Among the dead and sown upon the wind —
And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes,
That old true filth, and bottom of the well,
Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine
And maxims of the mud! 'This Arthur pure!
Great Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made
Gives him the lie! There is no being pure,
My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?' —
If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.
Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back,
When I have ferreted out thy burrowings,
The hearts of all this Order in mine hand —
Ay — so that fate and craft and folly close,
Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden beard.
To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine
Is cleaner-fashioned — Well, I loved thee first,
That warps the wit."

Loud laughed the graceless Mark,
But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged
Low in the city, and on a festal day
When Guinevere was crossing the great hall
Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wailed.

"Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought?
Rise!" and the damsel bidden rise arose
And stood with folded hands and downward eyes
Of glancing corner, and all meekly said,
"None wrought, but suffered much, an orphan maid!
My father died in battle for thy King,
My mother on his corpse — in open field,
The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse —
Poor wretch — no friend! — and now by Mark the King
For that small charm of feature mine, pursued —

If any such be mine — I fly to thee.
Save, save me thou — Woman of women — thine
The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,
Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's own white
Earth angel, stainless bride of stainless King —
Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!
O yield me shelter for mine innocency
Among thy maidens!"

Here her slow sweet eyes
Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose
Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen who stood
All glittering like May sunshine on May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed with green, replied,
"Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame
We choose the last. Our noble Arthur, him
Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear and know.
Nay — we believe all evil of thy Mark —
Well, we shall test thee farther; but this hour
We ride a hawking with Sir Lancelot.
He hath given us a fair falcon which he trained;
We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while."

She past; and Vivien murmured after "Go!
I bide the while." Then thro' the portal arch
Peering askance, and muttering broken-wise,
As one that labors with an evil dream,
Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to horse.

"Is that the Lancelot? goodly — ay, but gaunt:
Courteous — amends for gauntness — takes her hand —
That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been
A clinging kiss — how hand lingers in hand!
Let go at last! — they ride away — to hawk
For waterfowl. Royaler game is mine.
For such a supersensual sensual bond
As that gray cricket chirpt of at our hearth —
Touch flax with flame — a glance will serve — the liars!
Ah little rat that borest in the dike
Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep
Down upon far-off cities while they dance —
Or dream — of thee they dreamed not — nor of me
These — ay, but each of either: ride, and dream
The mortal dream that never yet was mine —

Ride, ride and dream until ye wake — to me!
Then, narrow court and lubber King, farewell!
For Lancelot will be gracious to the rat,
And our wise Queen, if knowing that I know,
Will hate, loathe, fear — but honor me the more."

Yet while they rode together down the plain
Their talk was all of training, terms of art,
Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
"She is too noble," he said, "to check at pies,
Nor will she rake: there is no baseness in her."
Here when the Queen demanded as by chance
"Know ye the stranger woman?" "Let her be,"
Said Lancelot and unhooded casting off
The goodly falcon free; she towered; her bells,
Tone under tone, shrilled; and they lifted up
Their eager faces, wondering at the strength,
Boldness and royal knighthood of the bird
Who pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time
As once — of old — among the flowers — they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen
Among her damsels broidering sat, heard, watched
And whispered: thro' the peaceful court she crept
And whispered: then as Arthur in the highest
Leavened the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
Arriving at a time of golden rest,
And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear,
While all the heathen lay at Arthur's feet,
And no quest came, but all was joust and play,
Leavened his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has left
Death in the living waters, and withdrawn,
The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court.

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their lavish comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumor issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his knights,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last

With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most; at which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by;
But one had watched, and had not held his peace:
It made the laughter of an afternoon
That Vivien should attempt the blameless King.
And after that, she sat herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
The people called him Wizard; whom at first
She played about with slight and sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly venomed points
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer
Would watch her at her petulance, and play,
Even when they seemed unlovable, and laugh
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times
Would flutter his own wish in age for love,
And half believe her true, for thus at times
He wavered; but that other clung to him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walked with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gained the beach;
There found a little boat, and stept into it;
And Vivien followed, but he marked her not.
She took the helm and he the sail; the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,

And touching Breton sands, they disembarked.
And then she followed Merlin all the way,
Even to the wild woods of Broceliande.
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
From which was no escape for evermore;
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched.

There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March:
And while she kissed them, crying, "Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have followed thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread me down
And I will kiss you for it;" he was mute:
So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and again,
"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and once more,
"Great Master, do ye love me?" he was mute;
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curved an arm about his neck,
Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out

Had left in ashes: then he spoke and said,
Not looking at her, "Who are wise in love
Love most, say least," and Vivien answered quick,
"I saw the little elf god eyeless once
In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot:
But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid child!
Yet you are wise who say it; let me think
Silence is wisdom; I am silent then,
And ask no kiss;" then added all at once,
"And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
And called herself a gilded summer fly
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
Without one word. So Vivien called herself,
But rather seemed a lovely baleful star
Veiled in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:
"To what request for what strange boon," he said,
"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,
O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,
For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answered smiling saucily,
"What, O my Master, have ye found your voice?
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!
But yesterday you never opened lip,
Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:
In mine own lady palms I culled the spring
That gathered trickling dropwise from the cleft,
And made a pretty cup of both my hands
And offered you it kneeling: then you drank
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;
O no more thanks than might a goat have given
With no more sign of reverence than a beard.
And when we halted at that other well,
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom dust of those
Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know
That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?
And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood
And all this morning when I fondled you:
Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so strange —
How had I wronged you? surely ye are wise,
But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said:
"O did ye never lie upon the shore,
And watch the curled white of the coming wave
Glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks?
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.
And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court
To break the mood. You followed me unasked;
And when I looked, and saw you following still,
My mind involved yourself the nearest thing
In that mind mist: for shall I tell you truth?
You seemed that wave about to break upon me
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.
Your pretty sports have brightened all again.
And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,
Once for wrong done you by confusion, next
For thanks it seems till now neglected, last
For these your dainty gambols: wherefore ask;
And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
"O not so strange as my long asking it,
Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,
Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.
I ever feared ye were not wholly mine;
And see, yourself have owned ye did me wrong.
The people call you prophet: let it be:
But not of those that can expound themselves.
Take Vivien for expounder: she will call
That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours
No presage, but the same mistrustful mood
That makes you seem less noble than yourself,
Whenever I have asked this very boon,
Now asked again: for see you not, dear love,
That such a mood as that, which lately gloomed
Your fancy when ye saw me following you,
Must make me fear still more you are not mine,
Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,
And make me wish still more to learn this charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it me.
The charm so taught will charm us both to rest.
For, grant me some slight power upon your fate,

I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,
Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine,
And therefore be as great as ye are named,
Not muffled round with selfish reticence.
How hard you look and how denyingly!
O, if you think this wickedness in me,
That I should prove it on you unawares,
That makes me passing wrathful; then our bond
Had best be loosed forever: but think or not,
By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth,
As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk:
O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,
Even in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,
Have tript on such conjectural treachery—
May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell
Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,
If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,
Till which I scarce can yield you all I am;
And grant my re-reiterated wish,
The great proof of your love: because I think,
However wise, ye hardly know me yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
"I never was less wise, however wise,
Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of trust,
Than when I told you first of such a charm.
Yea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this,
Too much I trusted when I told you that,
And stirred this vice in you which ruined man
Thro' woman the first hour; for howsoe'er
In children a great curiousness be well,
Who have to learn themselves and all the world,
In you, that are no child, for still I find
Your face is practiced when I spell the lines,
I call it,—well, I will not call it vice:
But since you name yourself the summer fly,
I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,
That settles, beaten back, and beaten back
Settles, till one could yield for weariness:
But since I will not yield to give you power
Upon my life and use and name and fame,
Why will ye never ask some other boon?
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided tryst at village stile,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:
"Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;
Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.
I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

"'The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inwardly slowly molders all.

"'It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

"O Master, do ye love my tender rhyme?"

And Merlin looked and half believed her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower:
And yet he answered half indignantly:

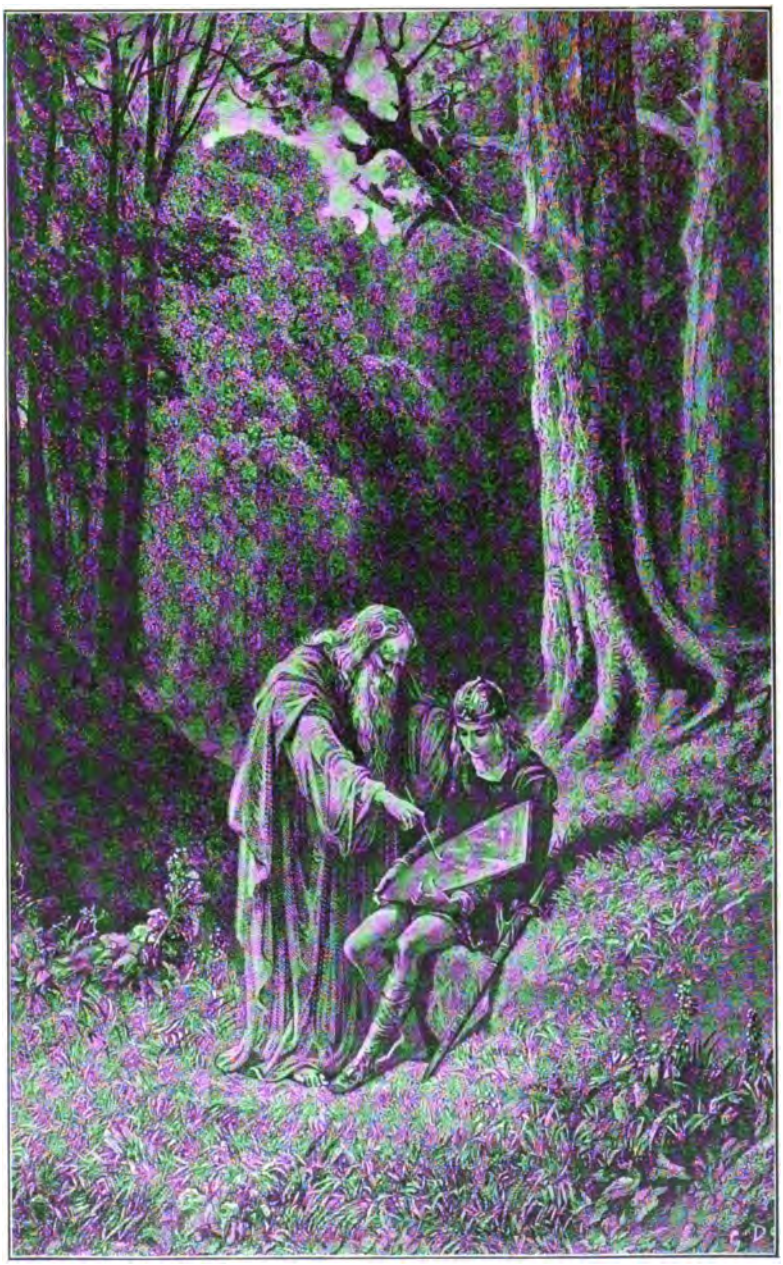
"Far other was the song that once I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,
To chase a creature that was current then
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.
It was the time when first the question rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and men
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.
And each incited each to noble deeds.

And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,
We could not keep him silent, out he flashed,
And into such a song, such fire for fame,
Such trumpet blowings in it, coming down
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
That when he stopt we longed to hurl together;
And should have done it; but the beauteous beast
Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,
And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land; and all day long we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden horns
Until they vanished by the fairy well
That laughs at iron — as our warriors did —
Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,
'Laugh, little well!' but touch it with a sword,
It buzzes fiercely round the point; and there
We lost him: such a noble song was that.
But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed charm,
Were proving it on me, and that I lay
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
"O mine have ebbed away for evermore,
And all thro' following you to this wild wood,
Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.
Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood.
And touching fame, howe'er ye scorn my song,
Take one verse more — the lady speaks it — this:

"'My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,
And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine.
So trust me not at all or all in all.'

"Says she not well? and there is more — this rhyme
Is like the fair pearl necklace of the Queen,
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt;
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.
But nevermore the same two sister pearls
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other
On her white neck — so is it with this rhyme:



"And speaking not, but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

THE NEW YORK
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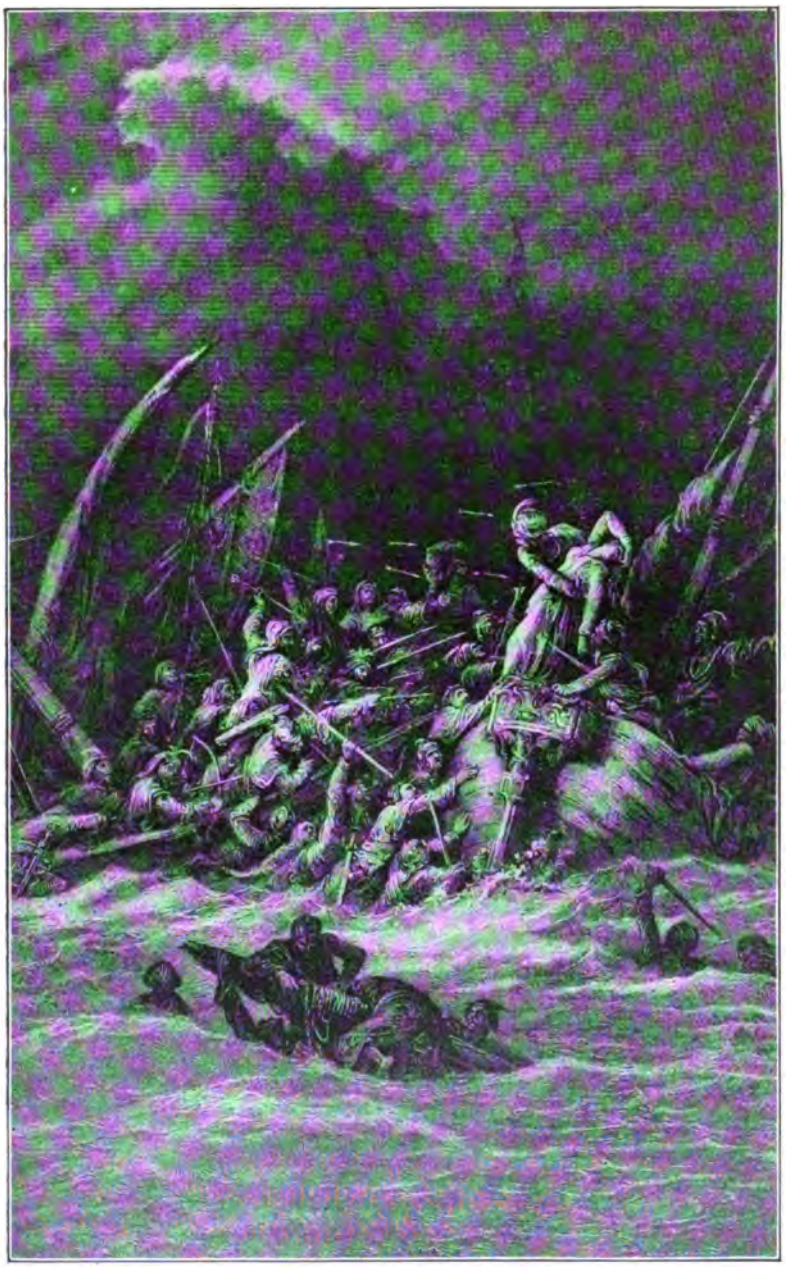
It lives dispersedly in many hands,
And every minstrel sings it differently;
Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:
'Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.'
Yea! Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves
A portion from the solid present, eats
And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame,
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us;
And what is Fame in life but half disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness? ye yourself
Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,
And since ye seem the Master of all Art,
They fain would make you Master of all vice."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said,
"I once was looking for a magic weed,
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
And then was painting on it fancied arms,
Azure, an Eagle rising, or the Sun
In dexter chief: the scroll 'I follow fame.'
And speaking not, but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
And made a Gardener putting in a graft,
With this for motto, 'Rather use than fame.'
You should have seen him blush; but afterwards
He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,
For you, methinks you think you love me well;
For me, I love you somewhat; rest: and Love
Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,
Not ever be too curious for a boon,
Too prurient for a proof against the grain
Of him ye say ye love: but Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love,
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.
Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!
What other? for men sought to prove me vile,
Because I fain had given them greater wits:
And then did Envy call me Devil's son:
The sick weak beast seeking to help herself
By striking at her better, missed, and brought
Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up, the storm
Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it.
Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,
Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,
To one at least who hath not children, vague,
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,
I cared not for it: a single misty star,
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
Of some vast charm concluded in that star
To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,
Giving you power upon me thro' this charm,
That you might play me falsely, having power,
However well ye think ye love me now
(As sons of kings loving in pupilage
Have turned to tyrants when they came to power)
I rather dread the loss of use than fame;
If you — and not so much from wickedness,
As some wild turn of anger, or a mood
Of overstrained affection, it may be,
To keep me all to your own self, — or else
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy, —
Should try this charm on whom ye say ye love."

And Vivien answered, smiling as in wrath:
"Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;
And being found take heed of Vivien.
A woman and not trusted, doubtless I
Might feel some sudden turn of anger born
Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet
Is accurate too, for this full love of mine
Without the full heart back may merit well
Your term of overstrained. So used as I,
My daily wonder is, I love at all.
And as to woman's jealousy, O why not?
O to what end, except a jealous one,
And one to make me jealous if I love,
Was this fair charm invented by yourself?
I well believe that all about this world
Ye cage a buxom captive here and there,
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower
From which is no escape for evermore."



"And pushing his black craft among them all, he lightly scattered theirs, and brought her off"

Then the great Master merrily answered her:
"Full many a love in loving youth was mine;
I needed then no charm to keep them mine
But youth and love; and that full heart of yours
Whereof ye prattle, may now assure you mine;
So live uncharmed. For those who wrought it first,
The wrist is parted from the hand that waved,
The feet unmortised from their ankle bones
Who paced it, ages back: but will ye hear
The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme?

"There lived a king in the most Eastern East,
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood
Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.
A tawny pirate anchored in his port,
Whose bark had plundered twenty nameless isles;
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
He saw two cities in a thousand boats
All fighting for a woman on the sea.
And pushing his black craft among them all,
He lightly scattered theirs and brought her off,
With loss of half his people arrow-slain;
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved;
And since the pirate would not yield her up,
The King impaled him for his piracy:
Then made her Queen: but those isle-nurtured eyes
Waged such unwilling tho' successful war
On all the youth, they sickened; councils thinned,
And armies waned, for magnetlike she drew
The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts;
And beasts themselves would worship; camels knelt
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles bowed black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden ankle bells.
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
His horns of proclamation out thro' all
The hundred underkingdoms that he swayed
To find a wizard who might teach the King
Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen
Might keep her all his own: to such a one
He promised more than ever king has given,
A league of mountain full of golden mines,
A province with a hundred miles of coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him:
But on all those who tried and failed, the King
Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it
To keep the list low and pretenders back,
Or like a king, not to be trifled with —
Their heads should molder on the city gates.
And many tried and failed, because the charm
Of nature in her overbore their own:
And many a wizard brow bleached on the walls:
And many weeks a troop of carrion crows
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers."

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:
"I sit and gather honey; yet, methinks,
Thy tongue has tript a little: ask thyself.
The lady never made *unwilling* war
With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it,
And made her good man jealous with good cause.
And lived there neither dame nor damsel then
Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame,
I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,
Or make her paler with a poisoned rose?
Well, those were not our days: but did they find
A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck
Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's
On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answered laughing, "Nay, not like to me.
At last they found — his foragers for charms —
A little glassy-headed hairless man,
Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;
Read but one book, and ever reading grew
So grated down and filed away with thought,
So lean his eyes were monstrous; while the skin
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.
And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
Nor owned a sensual wish, to him the wall
That sunders ghost and shadow-casting men
Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it,

And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
And learnt their elemental secrets, powers
And forces; often o'er the sun's bright eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,
And lashed it at the base with slanting storm;
Or in the noon of mist and driving rain,
When the lake whitened and the pinewood roared,
And the cairned mountain was a shadow, sunned
The world to peace again: here was the man.
And so by force they dragged him to the King.
And then he taught the King to charm the Queen
In suchwise, that no man could see her more,
Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm,
Coming and going, and she lay as dead,
And lost all use of life: but when the King
Made proffer of the league of golden mines,
The province with a hundred miles of coast,
The palace and the princess, that old man
Went back to his old wild, and lived on grass,
And vanished, and his book came down to me."

And Vivien answered, smiling saucily:
"Ye have the book: the charm is written in it:
Good: take my counsel: let me know it at once:
For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest,
With each chest locked and padlocked thirtyfold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound
As after furious battle turfs the slain
On some wild down above the windy deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudden means
To dig, pick, open, find, and read the charm:
Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then?"

And smiling as a master smiles at one
That is not of his school, nor any school
But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long, he answered her:

"Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien!
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge inclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas;
And every square of text an awful charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone by.
So long, that mountains have arisen since
With cities on their flanks — thou read the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost, and crammed
With comment, densest condensation, hard
To mind and eye; but the long sleepless nights
Of my long life have made it easy to me.
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself;
And in the comment did I find the charm.
O, the results are simple; a mere child
Might use it to the harm of any one,
And never could undo it: ask no more:
For tho' you should not prove it upon me,
But keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance,
Assay it on some one of the Table Round,
And all because ye dream they babble of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said:
"What dare the full-fed liars say of me?
They ride abroad redressing human wrongs!
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn!
They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand
The shame that cannot be explained for shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!"

Then answered Merlin, careless of her words:
"You breathe but accusation vast and vague,
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If ye know,
Set up the charge ye know, to stand or fall!"

And Vivien answered, frowning wrathfully:
"O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands;
Was one year gone, and on returning found
Not two but three? there lay the reckling, one
But one hour old! What said the happy sire?
A seven months' babe had been a truer gift.
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood."

Then answered Merlin, "Nay, I know the tale.
Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame:
Some cause had kept him sundered from his wife:

One child they had: it lived with her: she died:
His kinsman traveling on his own affair
Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.
He brought, not found it therefore: take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a tale.
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,
That ardent man? 'to pluck the flower in season,'
So says the song, 'I trow it is no treason.'
O Master, shall we call him overquick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour?"

And Merlin answered, "Overquick art thou
To catch a loathly plume fallen from the wing
Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
Is man's good name: he never wronged his bride.
I know the tale. An angry gust of wind
Puffed out his torch among the myriad-roomed
And many-corridored complexities
Of Arthur's palace: then he found a door,
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament
That wreathen round it made it seem his own;
And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
A stainless man beside a stainless maid;
And either slept, nor knew of other there;
Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
In Arthur's casement glimmered chastely down,
Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
He rose without a word and parted from her:
But when the thing was blazed about the court,
The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
And as it chanced they are happy, being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were likely too.
What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,
The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold?
What, in the precincts of the chapel yard,
Among the knightly brasses of the graves,
And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead!"

And Merlin answered, careless of her charge,
"A sober man is Percivale and pure;
But once in life was flustered with new wine,
Then paced for coolness in the chapel yard;

Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
And meant to stamp him with her master's mark;
And that he sinned is not believable;
For, look upon his face! — but if he sinned,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:
Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns
Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.
But is your spleen frothed out, or have ye more?"

And Vivien answered, frowning yet in wrath:
"O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend?
Traitor or true? that commerce with the Queen,
I ask you, is it clamored by the child,
Or whispered in the corner? do ye know it?"

To which he answered sadly, "Yea, I know it.
Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,
To fetch her, and she watched him from her walls.
A rumor runs, she took him for the King,
So fixt her fancy on him: let them be.
But have ye no one word of loyal praise
For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?"

She answered with a low and chuckling laugh:
"Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks?
Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks?
By which the good King means to blind himself,
And blinds himself and all the Table Round
To all the foulness that they work. Myself
Could call him (were it not for womanhood)
The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,
Could call him the main cause of all their crime;
Yea, were he not crowned King, coward, and fool."

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:
"O true and tender! O my liege and King!
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure;
How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
From overfineness not intelligible
To things with every sense as false and foul
As the poached filth that floods the middle street,
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!"

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she willed.
He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,
And muttered in himself, "Tell *her* the charm!
So, if she had it, would she rail on me
To snare the next, and if she have it not
So will she rail. What did the wanton say?
'Not mount as high;' we scarce can sink as low:
For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.
She cloaks the scar of some repulse with lies;
I well believe she tempted them and failed,
Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail,
Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face
With colors of the heart that are not theirs.
I will not let her know: nine tithes of times
Face flatterer and backbiter are the same.
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness; and in this
Are harlots like the crowd, and if they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire,
And touching other worlds. I am weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,
Half suffocated in the hoary fell
And many-wintered fleece of throat and chin.
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,

And hearing "harlot" muttered twice or thrice,
Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood
Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight,
How from the rosy lips of life and love,
Flashed the bare-grinning skeleton of death!
White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puffed
Her fairy nostril out; her hand, half clenched,
Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,
And feeling; had she found a dagger there
(For in a wink the false love turns to hate)
She would have stabbed him; but she found it not;
His eye was calm, and suddenly she took
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
A long, long weeping, not consolable.
Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

"O crueler than was ever told in tale,
Or sung in song! O vainly lavished love!
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,
Or seeming shameful — for what shame in love,
So love be true, and not as yours is — nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust
Who called her what he called her — all her crime,
All — all — the wish to prove him wholly hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands
Together with a wailing shriek, and said:
"Stabbed through the heart's affections to the heart!
Seethed like the kid in its own mother's milk!
Killed with a word worse than a life of blows!
I thought that he was gentle, being great:
O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart.
O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw
The knights, the court, the King, dark in your light,
Who loved to make men darker than they are,
Because of that high pleasure which I had
To seat you sole upon my pedestal
Of worship — I am answered, and henceforth
The course of life that seemed so flowery to me
With you for guide and master, only you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,
And ending in a ruin — nothing left,
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,
Killed with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turned away, she hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid
Slipt and uncoiled itself, she wept afresh,
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm
In silence, while his anger slowly died
Within him, till he let his wisdom go
For ease of heart, and half believed her true:
Called her to shelter in the hollow oak,
"Come from the storm," and having no reply,
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame;
Then thrice essayed, by tenderest-touching terms,
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in vain.
At last she let herself be conquered by him,
And as the cageling newly flown returns,
The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing
Came to her old perch back, and settled there.
There while she sat, half falling from his knees,
Half nestled at his heart, and since he saw
The slow tear creep from her closed eyelids yet,
About her, more in kindness than in love,
The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.
But she dislinked herself at once and rose,
Her arms upon her breast across, and stood,
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged,
Upright and flushed before him; then she said:

"There must be now no passages of love
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore;
Since, if I be what I am grossly called,
What should be granted which your own gross heart
Would reckon worth the taking? I will go.
In truth, but one thing now — better have died
Thrice than have asked it once — could make me stay —
That proof of trust — so often asked in vain!
How justly, after that vile term of yours,
I find with grief! I might believe you then,
Who knows? once more. Lo! what was once to me
Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown
The vast necessity of heart and life.
Farewell; think gently of me, for I fear
My fate or folly, passing gayer youth
For one so old, must be to love thee still.
But ere I leave thee let me swear once more
That if I schemed against thy peace in this,

May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send
One flash, that, missing all things else, may make
My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt
(For now the storm was close above them) struck
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.
But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps
That followed, flying back and crying out,
"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,
Yet save me!" clung to him and hugged him close;
And called him dear protector in her fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close.
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed.
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales;
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river rain
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying "I have made his glory mine,"
And shrieking out "O fool!" the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echoed "fool."

MOHAMMED'S WRITINGS.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

[MOHAMMED was born A.D. 570 or 571; announced himself as a prophet when about forty; fled from Mecca to Medina (the *Hegira* or Flight) to escape being slain by his enemies, in 622, from which the Moslem date their calendar; entered Mecca in triumph, 630; died June 7, 632, after conquering Arabia and preparing to invade Syria.]

THE CHARGERS.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

BY the CHARGERS that pant,
And the hoofs that strike fire,
And the scourers at dawn,
Who stir up the dust with it,
And cleave through a host with it!

Verily Man is thankless towards his Lord,
And verily he is witness thereof,
And verily in his love of weal he is grasping.
Doth he not know? — when what is in the tombs shall be laid open,
And what is in men's breasts shall be laid bare;
Verily on that day their Lord shall know them well!

SUPPORT.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

What thinkest thou of him who calleth the Day of Judgment a lie?
He it is who driveth away the orphan,
And is not urgent for the feeding of the poor.
Woe then to those who pray,
Those who are careless in their prayers,
Who make a pretense,
But withhold SUPPORT.

THE KINGDOM.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Blessed be He in whose hand is the KINGDOM: and He is powerful over all;

Who created death and life to prove you which of you is best in actions, and He is the Mighty, the Very Forgiving;

Who hath created seven heavens in stages: thou seest no fault in the creation of the Merciful; but lift up thine eyes again; dost thou see any cracks?

Then lift up the eyes again twice; thy sight will recoil to thee dazzled and dim.

Moreover, we have decked the lower heaven with lamps, and have made them for pelting the devils, and we have prepared for them the torment of the flame.

And for those who disbelieve in their Lord, the torment of Hell: and evil the journey to it!

When they shall be cast into it, they shall hark to its braying as it boileth; —

It shall well-nigh burst with fury! Every time a troop is thrown into it, its keepers shall ask them, "Did not a warner come to you?"

They shall say, "Yea! a warner came to us; but we took him for a liar, and said, 'God hath not sent down anything. Verily, ye are only in great error.'"

And they shall say, "Had we but hearkened or understood, we had not been among the people of the flame!"

And they will confess their sins: so a curse on the people of the flame!

Verily they who fear their Lord in secret, for them is forgiveness — a great reward.

And whether ye hide your speech, or say it aloud, verily He knoweth well the secrets of the breast!

What! shall He not know, who created? and He is the subtle, the well-aware!

It is He who hath made the earth smooth for you: so walk on its sides, and eat of what He hath provided — and unto Him shall be the resurrection.

Are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not make the earth sink with you? and behold, it shall quake!

Or are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not send against you a sand storm, — so shall ye know about the warning!

MOHAMMED

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And assuredly those who were before them called it a lie, and how was it with their denial?

Or do they not look up at the birds over their heads, flapping their wings? None supporteth them but the Merciful: verily He seeth all.

Who is it that will be a host for you, to defend you, if not the Merciful? verily the unbelievers are in naught but delusion!

Who is it that will provide for you, if He withhold His provision? Nay, they persist in pride and running away!

Is he, then, who goeth groveling on his face better guided than he who goeth upright on a straight path?

Say: it is He who produced you and made you hearing and sight and heart — little are ye thankful!

Say: it is He who sowed you in the earth, and to Him shall ye be gathered.

But they say, "When shall this threat be, if ye are speakers of truth?"

Say: the knowledge thereof is with God alone, and I am naught but a plain warner.

But when they shall see it nigh, the countenance of those who disbelieved shall be evil, — and it shall be said, "This is what ye called for."

Say: Have ye considered — whether God destroy me and those with me, or whether we win mercy — still who will save the unbelievers from aching torment?

Say: He is the Merciful: we believe in Him, and in Him we put our trust — and ye shall soon know which it is that is in manifest error!

Say: Have ye considered if your waters should sink away to-morrow, who will bring you running water?

THE MOON.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

The Hour approacheth and the MOON is cleft asunder.

But if they see a sign they turn aside, and say "Useless magic!"

And they call it a lie, and follow their own lusts: — but everything is ordained.

Yet there came to them messages of forbiddance —

Wisdom supreme — but warners serve not!

Then turn from them: the Day when the Summoner shall summon to a matter of trouble,

With eyes cast down shall they come forth from their graves, as if they were scattered locusts,
Hurrying headlong to the summoner: the unbelievers shall say, "This is a hard day!"

The people of Noah, before them, called it a lie, and they called our servant a liar, and said, "Mad!" and he was rejected.
Then he besought his Lord, "Verily I am overpowered: defend me."
So we opened the gates of heaven with water pouring forth,
And we made the earth break out in springs, and the waters met by an order foreordained;
And we carried him on a vessel of planks and nails,
Which sailed on beneath our eyes; — a reward for him who had been disbelieved.
And we left it as a sign; but doth any one mind?
And what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

Ad called it a lie; *but what was my torment and warning?*
Lo, we sent against them a biting wind on a day of settled ill luck.
It tore men away as though they were trunks of palm trees torn up.
But what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

Thamūd called the warning a lie:
And they said "A single mortal from among ourselves shall we follow? verily then we should be in error and madness.
Is the reminding committed to him alone among us? Nay, he is an insolent liar."
They shall know to-morrow about the insolent liar!
Lo! we will send the she-camel to prove them: so mark them well, and be patient.
And predict to them that the water shall be divided between themselves and her, every draught taken in turn.
But they called their companion, and he took and hamstrung her —
And what was my torment and warning?
Lo! we sent against them one shout; and they became like the dry sticks of the hurdle maker.
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

The people of Lot called the warning a lie; —
Lo! we sent a sand storm against them, except the family of Lot, whom we delivered at daybreak
As a favor from us; thus do we reward the thankful.

And he had warned them of our attack, but they misdoubted the warning;
And they sought his guests, so we put out their eyes.
"So taste ye my torment and warning!"
And in the morning there overtook them a punishment abiding.
"So taste my torment and warning."
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

And there came a warning to the people of Pharaoh:
They called our signs all a lie: so we gripped them with a grip of omnipotent might.

Are your unbelievers better men than those? Is there immunity for you in the Books?
Do they say, "We are a company able to defend itself?"
They shall all be routed, and turn their backs.
Nay, but the Hour is their threatened time, and the Hour shall be most grievous and bitter.
Verily the sinners are in error and madness!
One day they shall be dragged into the fire on their faces: *"Taste ye the touch of Hell."*

Verily all things have we created by a degree,
And our command is but one moment, like the twinkling of an eye.
And we have destroyed the like of you: — *but doth any one mind?*
And everything that they do is in the Books;
Everything, little and great, is written down.
Verily the pious shall be amid gardens and rivers,
In the seat of truth, before the King Omnipotent.

IRON.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

All that is in the heavens and the earth magnifieth God, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.
His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, He giveth life and giveth death, and He is powerful over all things.
He is the first and the last, the seen and the unseen, and all things doth He know.
It is He who created the heavens and the earth in six days, then ascended the Throne; He knoweth what goeth into the earth

and what cometh out of it, and what cometh down from the sky and what riseth up into it; and He is with you, wherever ye be; and God seeth what ye do.

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, and to God shall all things return.

He maketh the night to follow the day, and He maketh the day to follow the night, and He knoweth the secrets of the breast.

Believe in God and His Apostle, and give alms of what He hath made you to inherit; for to those of you who believe and give alms shall be a great reward.

What aileth you that ye do not believe in God and His Apostle who calleth you to believe in your Lord? He hath already accepted your covenant if ye believe.

It is He who hath sent down to His servant manifest signs to lead you from darkness into light: for God is indeed kind and merciful towards you.

And what aileth you that ye give not alms in the path of God, when God's is the heritage of the heavens and the earth? Those of you who give before the victory, and fight, shall not be deemed equal,—they are of nobler degree than those who give afterwards and fight. Yet to all hath God promised the beauteous reward; and God knoweth what ye do.

Who is he who will lend God a good loan?—He will double it for him, and his shall be a noble recompense.

The day ye shall see the faithful, men and women, their light running in front and on their right hand—"Glad tidings for you this day!—gardens whereunder rivers flow, to abide therein forever:" that is the great prize!

The day when the hypocrites, men and women, will say to those who believe, "Stay for us, that we may kindle our light from yours." It shall be said, "Go back and find a light." And there shall be set up between them a wall, with a gate in it; and inside, within it, shall be Mercy, and outside, in front of it, Torment! They shall cry out, "Were we not with you?" The others shall say, "Yea! but ye fell into temptation, and waited, and doubted, and your desires deceived you, till the behest of God came,—and the arch tempter beguiled you from God."

And on that day no ransom shall be accepted from you, nor from those who disbelieved—your goal is the Fire, which is your master; and evil is the journey thereto.

Hath not the Hour come to those who believe, to humble their hearts to the warning of God and the truth which He hath sent down? and that they may not be like those who received the

Scripture aforetime, whose lives were prolonged, but their hearts were hardened, and many of them were disobedient.

Know that God quickeneth the earth after its death: now have we made clear to you the signs, — haply ye have wits!

Verily the charitable, both men and women, and they who lend God a good loan, it shall be doubled to them, and theirs shall be a noble recompense.

And they who believe in God and His Apostle, these are the truth-tellers and the witnesses before their Lord: they have their reward and their light. And they who disbelieve and deny our signs — these are the inmates of Hell!

Know that the life of this world is but a game and pastime and show and boast among you; and multiplying riches and children is like rain, whose vegetation delighteth the infidels — then they wither away, and thou seest them all yellow, and they become chaff. And in the life to come is grievous torment,

Or else forgiveness from God and His approval: but the life of this world is naught but a delusive joy.

Strive together for forgiveness from your Lord and Paradise, whose width is as the width of heaven and earth, prepared for those who believe in God and in His Apostle. That is the grace of God! who giveth it to whom He pleaseth; and God is the fount of boundless grace.

There happeneth no misfortune on the earth or to yourselves, but it is written in the Book before we created it: verily that is easy to God! —

That ye may not grieve over what is beyond you, nor exult over what cometh to you; for God loveth not any presumptuous boasters,

Who are covetous and commend covetousness to men. But whoso turneth away, — verily God is Rich and worthy to be praised.

We sent Our Apostles with manifestations, and We sent down by them the Book and the Balance, that men might stand upright in equity, and We sent down IRON, wherein is great strength and uses for men, — and that God might know who would help Him and His Apostles in secret: verily God is strong and mighty.

And we sent Noah and Abraham, and we gave their seed prophecy in the Scripture: and some of them are guided, but many are disobedient.

Then we sent our apostles in their footsteps, and we sent Jesus the Son of Mary, and gave him the Gospel, and put in the hearts of those that follow him kindness and pitifulness; but monkery, they invented it themselves! We prescribed it not to them — save only to seek the approval of God, but they did not observe

this with due observance. Yet we gave their reward to those of them that believed, but many of them were transgressors.

O ye who believe, fear God and believe in His Apostle; He will give you a double portion of His mercy, and will set you a light to walk by, and will forgive you: for God is forgiving and merciful:—

That the People of the Scripture may know that they have not power over aught of God's grace; and that grace is in the hands of God alone, who giveth to whom He pleaseth: and God is the fount of boundless grace.

Mohammed's Last Speech.

Ye people, hearken to my words: for I know not whether after this year I shall ever be amongst you here again.

Your lives and your property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs.

The child belongeth to the parent, and the violater of wedlock shall be stoned.

Ye people, ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Treat your women well.

And your slaves, see that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault which ye are not willing to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord and are not to be tormented.

Ye people! hearken unto my speech and comprehend it. Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim. All of you are on the same equality: ye are one brotherhood.

From the Table Talk of Mohammed.

God saith: Whoso doth one good act, for him are ten rewards, and I also give more to whomsoever I will; and whoso doth ill, its retaliation is equal to it, or else I forgive him; and he who seeketh to approach me one cubit, I will seek to approach him two fathoms; and he who walketh towards me, I will run towards him; and he who cometh before me with the earth full of sins, but joineth no Partner to me, I will come before him with an equal front of forgiveness.

There are seven people whom God will draw under His own shadow, on that Day when there will be no other shadow: one a just king; another, who hath employed himself in devotion from his youth; the third, who fixeth his heart on the Mosque till he return to it; the fourth, two men whose friendship is to please God, whether together or separate; the fifth, a man who remembereth God when he is alone, and weepeth; the sixth, a man who is tempted by a rich and beautiful woman, and saith, Verily I fear God! the seventh, a man who hath given alms and concealed it, so that his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.

The most excellent of all actions is to befriend any one on God's account, and to be at enmity with whosoever is the enemy of God.

Verily ye are in an age in which if ye abandon one tenth of what is ordered, ye will be ruined. After this a time will come when he who shall observe one tenth of what is now ordered will be redeemed.

Of Charity.

When God created the earth, it began to shake and tremble; then God created mountains, and put them upon the earth, and the land became firm and fixed; and the angels were astonished at the hardness of the hills, and said, "O God, is there anything of thy creation harder than hills?" and God said, "Yes, water is harder than the hills, because it breaketh them." Then the angel said, "O Lord, is there anything of thy creation harder than water?" He said, "Yes, wind overcometh water: it doth agitate it and put it in motion." They said, "O our Lord! is there anything of thy creation harder than wind?" He said, "Yes, the children of Adam giving alms: those who give with their right hand, and conceal from their left, overcome all."

A man's giving in alms one piece of silver in his lifetime is better for him than giving one hundred when about to die.

Think not that any good act is contemptible, though it be but your brother's coming to you with an open countenance and good humor.

There is alms for a man's every joint, every day in which the sun riseth; doing justice between two people is alms; and assisting a man upon his beast, and his baggage, is alms; and pure words, for which are rewards; and answering a questioner with mildness is alms, and every step which is made toward prayer is alms, and removing that which is an inconvenience to man, such as stones and thorns, is alms.

The people of the Prophet's house killed a goat, and the Prophet said, "What remaineth of it?" They said, "Nothing but the shoulder; for they have sent the whole to the poor and neighbors, except a shoulder which remaineth." The Prophet said, "Nay, it is the whole goat that remaineth except its shoulder: that remaineth which they have given away, the rewards of which will be eternal, and what remaineth in the house is fleeting."

Feed the hungry, visit the sick, and free the captive if he be unjustly bound.

Of Fasting.

A keeper of fasts, who doth not abandon lying and slandering, God careth not about his leaving off eating and drinking.

Keep fast and eat also, stay awake at night and sleep also, because verily there is a duty on you to your body, not to labor overmuch, so that ye may not get ill and destroy yourselves; and verily there is a duty on you to your eyes, ye must sometimes sleep and give them rest; and verily there is a duty on you to your wife, and to your visitors and guests that come to see you; ye must talk to them; and nobody hath kept fast who fasted always; the fast of three days in every month is equal to constant fasting: then keep three days' fast in every month.

Of Labor and Profit.

Verily the best things which ye eat are those which ye earn yourselves or which your children earn.

Verily it is better for one of you to take a rope and bring a bundle of wood upon his back and sell it, in which case God guardeth his honor, than to beg of people, whether they give him or not; if they do not give him, his reputation suffereth

and he returneth disappointed ; and if they give him, it is worse than that, for it layeth him under obligations.

The Prophet hath cursed ten persons on account of wine : one, the first extractor of the juice of the grape for others ; the second for himself ; the third the drinker of it ; the fourth the bearer of it ; the fifth the person to whom it is brought ; the sixth the waiter ; the seventh the seller of it ; the eighth the eater of its price ; the ninth the buyer of it ; the tenth that person who hath purchased it for another.

Merchants shall be raised up liars on the Day of Resurrection, except he who abstaineth from that which is unlawful, and doth not swear falsely, but speaketh true in the price of his goods.

The holder of a monopoly is a sinner and offender.

He who desireth that God should redeem him from the sorrows and difficulties of the Day of Resurrection, must delay in calling on poor debtors, or forgive the debt in part or whole.

A martyr shall be pardoned every fault but debt.

Whosoever has a thing with which to discharge a debt, and refuseth to do it, it is right to dishonor and punish him.

A bier was brought to the Prophet, to say prayers over it. He said, "Hath he left any debts?" They said, "Yes." He said, "Hath he left anything to discharge them?" They said, "No." The Prophet said, "Say ye prayers over him, I shall not."

Give the laborer his wage before his perspiration be dry.

Of Fighting for the Faith.

We came out with the Prophet, with a part of the army, and a man passed by a cavern in which was water and verdure, and he said in his heart, "I shall stay here, and retire from the world." Then he asked the Prophet's permission to live in the cavern ; but he said, "Verily I have not been sent on the Jewish religion, nor the Christian, to quit the delights of society ; but I have been sent on the religion inclining to truth, and that which is easy, wherein is no difficulty or austerity. I swear by God, in whose hand is my life, that marching about morning and evening to fight for religion is better than the world and

everything that is in it: and verily the standing of one of you in the line of battle is better than supererogatory prayers performed in your house for sixty years."

Of Judgments.

No judge must decide between two persons whilst he is angry.

Verily there will come on a just judge at the Day of Resurrection such fear and horror, that he will wish, Would to God that I had not decided between two persons in a trial for a single date.

Of Women and Slaves.

The world and all things in it are valuable, but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman.

I have not left any calamity more hurtful to man than woman.

Admonish your wives with kindness; for women were created out of a crooked rib of Adam, therefore if ye wish to straighten it, ye will break it; and if ye let it alone, it will be always crooked.

Every woman who dieth, and her husband is pleased with her, shall enter into paradise.

That which is lawful but disliked by God is divorce.

A woman may be married by four qualifications: one, on account of her money; another, on account of the nobility of her pedigree; another, on account of her beauty; a fourth, on account of her faith; therefore look out for religious women, but if ye do it from any other consideration, may your hands be rubbed in dirt.

Do not prevent your women from coming to the mosque; but their homes are better for them.

When ye return from a journey and enter your town at night, go not to your houses, so that your wives may have time to comb their disheveled hair.

God has ordained that your brothers should be your slaves: therefore him whom God hath ordained to be the slave of his brother, his brother must give him of the food

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which he eateth himself, and of the clothes wherewith he clotheth himself, and not order him to do anything beyond his power, and if he doth order such a work, he must himself assist him in doing it.

He who beateth his slave without fault, or slappeth him in the face, his atonement for this is freeing him.

A man who behaveth ill to his slave will not enter into paradise.

Forgive thy servant seventy times a day.

Of Dumb Animals.

Fear God in respect of animals: ride them when they are fit to be ridden, and get off when they are tired.

A man came before the Prophet with a carpet, and said, "O Prophet! I passed through a wood, and heard the voices of the young of birds; and I took and put them into my carpet; and their mother came fluttering round my head, and I uncovered the young, and the mother fell down upon them, then I wrapped them up in my carpet; and there are the young which I have." Then the Prophet said, "Put them down." And when he did so, their mother joined them: and the Prophet said, "Do you wonder at the affection of the mother towards her young? I swear by Him who hath sent me, verily God is more loving to His servants than the mother to these young birds. Return them to the place from which ye took them, and let their mother be with them."

Verily there are rewards for our doing good to dumb animals, and giving them water to drink. An adultress was forgiven who passed by a dog at a well; for the dog was holding out his tongue from thirst, which was near killing him; and the woman took off her boot, and tied it to the end of her garment, and drew water for the dog, and gave him to drink; and she was forgiven for that act.

Of Government.

If a negro slave is appointed to rule over you, hear him, and obey him, though his head should be like a dried grape.

There is no obedience due to sinful commands, nor to any other than what is lawful.

Of Vanities and Sundry Matters.

The angels are not with the company with which is a dog nor with the company with which is a bell.

A bell is the Devil's musical instrument.

The angels do not enter a house in which is a dog, nor that in which there are pictures.

Every painter is in Hell Fire; and God will appoint a person at the Day of Resurrection for every picture he shall have drawn, to punish him, and they will punish him in Hell. Then if you must make pictures, make them of trees and things without souls.

Whosoever shall tell a dream, not having dreamt, shall be put to the trouble at the Day of Resurrection of joining two barleycorns; and he can by no means do it; and he will be punished. And whosoever listeneth to others' conversation, who dislike to be heard by him, and avoid him, boiling lead will be poured into his ears at the Day of Resurrection. And whosoever draweth a picture shall be punished by ordering him to breathe a spirit into it, and this he can never do, and so he will be punished as long as God wills.

Of Death.

Wish not for death any one of you; either a doer of good works, for peradventure he may increase them by an increase of life; or an offender, for perhaps he may obtain the forgiveness of God by repentance.

A bier was passing, and the Prophet stood up for it; and we stood with him and said, "O Prophet! verily this bier is of a Jewish woman; we must not respect it." Then the Prophet said, "Verily death is dreadful: therefore when ye see a bier stand up."

Do not abuse or speak ill of the dead, because they have arrived at what they sent before them; they have received the rewards of their actions; if the reward is good, you must not mention them as sinful; and if it is bad, perhaps they may be forgiven, but if not, your mentioning their badness is of no use.

The Prophet passed by graves in Medina, and turned his face towards them, and said, "Peace be to you, O people of the

graves. God forgive us and you! Ye have passed on before us, and we are following you."

The One Guide.

A man asked the Prophet what was the mark whereby a man might know the reality of his faith. He said, "If thou derive pleasure from the good which thou hast done, and be grieved for the evil which thou hast committed, thou art a true believer." The man said, "What doth a fault really consist in?" He said, "When anything pricketh thy conscience forsake it."

FROM "THE POEM OF MY CID."

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ORMSBY.

DAY and night the Moorish scouts patrolled around, and mighty was their host. And my Cid's men were cut off from the water. And they wished to go forth to battle, but he strictly forbade them; so for three weeks complete they were besieged, and at the beginning of the fourth, my Cid turned to take counsel with his men.

"From water they have cut us off, our bread is running low;
If we would steal away by night, they will not let us go;
Against us there are fearful odds, if we make choice to fight;
What would ye do now, gentlemen, in this our present plight?"
Minaya was the first to speak; said the stout cavalier:
"Forth from Castile the Gentle thrust, we are but exiles here;
Unless we grapple with the Moor, bread he will never yield;
A good six hundred men or more we have to take the field:
In God's name let us falter not, nor countenance delay,
But sally forth and strike a blow upon to-morrow's day."
"Like thee the counsel," said my Cid; "thou speakest to my mind;
And ready to support thy word thy hand we ever find."
Then all the Moors that bide within the walls he bids to go
Forth from the gates, lest they, perchance, his purpose come to know.
In making their defenses good they spend the day and night,
And at the rising of the sun they arm them for the fight.
Then said my Cid: "Let all go forth, all that are in our band;
Save only two of those on foot, beside the gate to stand.

Here they will bury us, if death we meet on yonder plain;
But if we win our battle there, rich booty shall we gain.
And thou, Pero Bermuez, this my standard thou shalt hold;
It is a trust that fits thee well, for thou art stout and bold;
But see that thou advance it not unless I give command."
Bermuez took the standard, and he kissed the Champion's hand.
Then, bursting through the Castle gates, upon the plain they show;
Back on their lines in panic fall the watchmen of the foe.
And hurrying to and fro, the Moors are arming all around,
While Moorish drums go rolling like to split the very ground;
And in hot haste they mass their troops behind their standards twain,
Two mighty bands of men at arms — to count them it were vain.
And now their line comes sweeping on, advancing to the fray,
Sure of my Cid and all his band to make an easy prey.
"Now steady, comrades!" said my Cid. "Our ground we have to stand;
Let no man stir beyond the ranks until I give command."
Bermuez fretted at the word, delay he could not brook;
He spurred his charger to the front, aloft the banner shook:
"O loyal Cid Campeador, God give thee aid! I go
To plant thy ensign in among the thickest of the foe;
And ye who serve it, be it yours our standard to restore."
"Not so — as thou dost love me, stay!" called the Campeador.
Came Pero's answer: "Their attack I cannot, will not stay!"
He gave his horse the spur, and dashed against the Moors' array.
To win the standard eager all the Moors await the shock:
Amid a rain of blows he stands unshaken as a rock.
Then cried my Cid — "In charity, on to the rescue — ho!"
With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances pointing low,
With stooping crests, and heads bent down above the saddlebow,
All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.
And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice rings out,
And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle shout:
"Among them, gentlemen! Strike home, for the love of charity!
The Champion of Bivar is here — Ruy Diaz — I am he!"
Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,
Three hundred lances down they come, their pennons flickering white;
Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every blow;
And when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging back they go.
It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day;
The shivered shields and riven mail, to see how thick they lay;
The pennons that went in snow-white come out a gory red;
The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead;

While Moors call on Mohammed, and "St. James!" the Christians cry,
And sixty score of Moors and more in narrow compass lie.
Above his gilded saddlebow there played the Champion's sword;
And Minaya Alvar Fanez, Zurita's gallant lord;
And Martin Antolinez, the worthy Burgalese;
And Muño Gustioz, his squire — all to the front were these.
And there was Martin Muñoz, he who ruled in Mont Mayor;
And there was Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvador;
And the good Galin Garcia, stout lance of Aragon;
And Felix Muñoz, nephew of my Cid the Champion:
Well did they quit themselves that day, all these and many more,
In rescue of the standard for my Cid Campeador.
But Minaya Alvar Fanez — the Moors have slain his steed;
And crowding on the Christians come to aid him in his need;
His lance lies shivered, sword in hand he showers blows around,
As, giving back, he, inch by inch, on foot contests the ground.
He saw it, the Campeador, Ruy Diaz of Castile:
Athwart him on a goodly steed there came an Alguacil;
With one strong stroke of his right hand he cleft the Moor in twain;
And plucked him from the saddle, and flung him on the plain.
"Now mount, Minaya, mount," quoth he, "for thou art my right arm;
I have much need of thee to-day, thou must not come to harm;
The Moors maintain a front as yet; unbroken still they stand."
Mounted again Minaya goes against them sword in hand.
With strength renewed he wields his blade as he his way doth wend,
Cleaving a path like one who means to make a speedy end.
And he that in a good hour was born at Fariz deals three blows;
Two glance aside, but full and fair the third one home it goes;
Forth spurting flies the blood; the streams down the king's hauberk run;
He turns the rein to quit the plain — that stroke the field hath won.
And Martin Antolinez, he at Galve dealt a stroke;
Through the carbuncles of the casque the sword descending broke,
And cleaving down right to the crown, in twain the helmet shore;
Well wot ye, sirs, that Galve had no lust to stay for more.
And now are both king Galve and Fariz in retreat;
Great is the day for Christendom, great is the Moors' defeat!

* * * * * * * *

The Count of Barcelona, when the tidings met his ear
How that my Cid Ruy Diaz made forays far and near,
And laid the country waste, with wrath his inmost soul was stirred,
And in his anger hastily he spake a braggart word —
"He cometh to insult me, doth my Cid, he of Bivar.
Up to my very court, methinks, he means to carry war.

My nephew he hath wronged; the wrong remaineth unrepaired:
And now the lands that I protect to harry hath he dared.
No challenge have I sent to him, nor sought him for my foe;
But now I call him to account, since he will have it so."
Great mustering there is of Moors and Christians through the land,
A mighty host of men at arms he hath at his command.
Two days, three nights, they march to seek the Good One of Bivar,
To snare him where he harbors in the Pine Wood of Tebar;
And such the speed of their advance, that, cumbered with his spoils,
And unaware, my Cid well-nigh was taken in the toils.
The tidings reached my Cid as down the sierra side he went,
Then straightway to Count Raymond he a friendly message sent:
"Say to the Count that he, meseems, to me no grudge doth owe:
Of him I take no spoil, with him in peace I fain would go."
"Nay," said the Count, "for all his deeds he hath to make amends:
This outlaw must be made to know whose honor he offends."
With utmost speed the messenger Count Raymond's answer brought;
Then of a surety knew my Cid a battle must be fought.
"Now, cavaliers," quoth he, "make safe the booty we have won.
Look to your weapons, gentlemen; with speed your armor don.
On battle bent Count Raymond comes; a mighty host hath he
Of Moors and Christians; fight we must if hence we would go free.
Here let us fight the battle out, since fight we must perforce.
On with your harness, cavaliers, quick! saddle, and to horse!
Yonder they come, the linen breeks, all down the mountain side,
For saddles they have Moorish pads, with slackened girths they ride:
Our saddles are Galician make, our leggings tough and stout:
A hundred of us gentlemen should scatter such a rout.
Before they gain the level plain, home with the lance charge we,
And then, for every blow we strike, we empty saddles three.
Count Raymond Berenger shall know with whom he has to do,
And dearly in Tebar to-day his raid on me shall rue."
In serried squadron while he speaks they form around my Cid.
Each grasps his lance, and firm and square each sits upon his steed.
Over against them down the hill they watch the Franks descend,
On to the level ground below, where plain and mountain blend.
Then gives my Cid the word to charge—with a good will they go:
Fast ply the lances; some they pierce, and some they overthrow.
And he that in a good hour was born soon hath he won the field;
And the Count Raymond Berenger he hath compelled to yield;
And reaping honor for his beard a noble prize hath made;
A thousand marks of silver worth, the great Colada blade.

Unto his quarters under guard the captive Count he sent,
While his men haste to gather in their spoils in high content.
Then for my Cid Don Roderic a banquet they prepare;
But little doth Count Raymond now for feast or banquet care.
They bring him meat and drink, but he repels them with disdain.
"No morsel will I touch," said he, "for all the wealth of Spain.
Let soul and body perish now; life why should I prolong,
Conquered and captive at the hands of such an ill-breeched throng?"
"Nay," said my Cid; "take bread and wine; eat, and thou goest free;
If not, thy realms in Christendom thou never more shalt see."
"Go thou, Don Roderic," said the Count, "eat if thou wilt, but I
Have no more lust for meat or drink: I only crave to die."
Three days, while they the booty share, for all that they entreat,
The Count his purpose holds unchanged, refusing still to eat.
Then said my Cid, "I pray thee, Count, take food and trust to me;
Thyself and two knights of thy train I promise to set free."
Glad was Count Raymond in his heart when he the promise heard —
"A marvel that will be, my Cid, if thou dost keep thy word."
"Then, Count, take food, and when I see thy hunger satisfied,
My word is pledged to let thee go, thyself and two beside.
But understand, one farthing's worth I render not again
Of what has been in battle lost and won on yonder plain.
I give not back the lawful spoils I fairly win in fight;
But for mine own and vassals' wants I hold them as my right.
My followers are needy men; I cannot if I would;
For spoil from thee and others won is all our livelihood.
And such, while God's good will it is, must be our daily life,
As outcasts forced to wander, with an angry king at strife."
With lighter heart Count Raymond called for water for his hands,
And then with his two gentlemen, sent by the Cid's commands,
He blithely sat him down to meat: God! with what gust ate he!
And glad was the Campeador such heartiness to see.
Quoth he, "Until thou eat thy fill we part not, Count, to-day."
"Nor loath am I," Count Raymond said, "such bidding to obey."
So he and his two cavaliers a hearty meal they made:
It pleased my Cid to watch his hands, how lustily they played.
"Now, if thou wilt," Count Raymond said, "that we are satisfied,
Bid them to lead the horses forth, that we may mount and ride.
Never since I have been a Count have I yet broken fast
With such a relish; long shall I remember this repast."
Three palfreys with caparisons of costly sort they bring,
And on the saddles robes of fur and mantles rich they fling.
Thus, with a knight on either hand, away Count Raymond rides;
While to the outposts of the camp his guests the Champion guides,

"Now speed thee, Count; ride on," quoth he, "a free Frank as thou art.
For the brave spoil thou leavest me I thank thee from my heart;
And if to win it back again perchance thou hast a mind,
Come thou and seek me when thou wilt; I am not far to find.
But if it be not to thy taste to try another day,
Still, somewhat, be it mine or thine, thou carriest away."
—"Nay! go in peace for me, my Cid: no more I seek of thee;
And thou, I think, for one year's space hast won enough of me."

REFLECTIONS ON THE MOSLEM DOMINATION IN SPAIN.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From "The Alhambra.")

[WASHINGTON IRVING, the distinguished American author, was the son of an Orkney Island emigrant merchant, born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 he brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," which at once established his literary position. In 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the commercial house in which he was a partner failed, and he was compelled for a time to devote himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); United States minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. Among his best-known works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," "Astoria," "Wolfert's Roost," "Life of Washington."

ONE of my favorite resorts is the balcony of the central window of the Hall of Ambassadors, in the lofty tower of Comares. I have just been seated there, enjoying the close of a long brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the purple mountains of Alhama, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra, while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting ray, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then arose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It

was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power, and, like the evening sun beaming on these moldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past.

As I sat watching the effect of the declining daylight upon this Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant, and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike peoples who so long battled here for the mastery of the Peninsula. By degrees I fell into a course of musing upon the singular features of the Arabian or Morisco Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we have no one distinct title by which to designate them. They were a nation, as it were, without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, cast upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their course of conquest from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the east, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London.

Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great irruption gave up the Moslem principles of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors their heroism was only equaled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivaled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and

diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements that marked the Arabian empire in the east at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe.

The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans, to instruct themselves in the useful arts. The universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada were sought by the pale student from other lands, to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs, and the treasured lore of antiquity; the lovers of the gay sciences resorted to Cordova and Granada, to imbibe the poetry and music of the east; and the steel-clad warriors of the north hastened thither, to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry.

If the Moslem monuments in Spain; if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century, had passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period had elapsed longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman conqueror; and the descendants of Musa and Tarik might as little anticipate being driven into exile, across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William and their victorious peers may dream of being driven back to the shores of Normandy.

With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbors of the west by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the east, they were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foothold in a usurped land. They were the outposts and frontiers of Islamism. The peninsula was the great battle ground where the Gothic conquerors of the north and the Moslem conquerors of the east met and strove for mastery; and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valor of the Goth.

Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the

shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages refuses to acknowledge them but as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra. A Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the west; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away.

ARABIAN POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JAMES LYALL.

THE COMMON LOT.

I SAID to her when she fled in amaze and breathless
  Before the array of battle — "Why dost thou tremble?
Yea, if but a day of Life thou shouldst beg with weeping
  Beyond what thy Doom appoints, thou wouldst not gain it.
Be still then, and face the onset of Death, high-hearted,
  For none upon Earth shall win to abide forever.
No raiments of praise the cloak of old age and weakness:
  None such for the coward who bows like a reed in tempest.
The pathway of Death is set for all men to travel:
  The Crier of Death proclaims through the Earth his Empire.
Who dies not when young and sound dies old and weary,
  Cut off in his length of days from all love and kindness;
And what for a man is left of delight in living,
  Past use, flung away, a worthless and worn-out chattel?"

A TYPICAL ARAB HERO.

A shout rose, and voices cried, "The horsemen have slain a knight!"
  I said, "Is it Abdallah, the man who ye say is slain?"
I sprang to his side: the spears had riddled his body through,
  As weaver on outstretched web plies deftly the sharp-toothed comb.

I stood as a camel stands with fear in her heart, and seeks
The stuffed skin with eager mouth, and thinks — is her young-
ling slain?
I plied spear above him till the riders had left their prey,
And over myself black blood flowed forth in a dusky tide.
I fought as a man who gives his life for his brother's life,
Who knows that his time is short, that Death's doom above him
hangs.

But know ye, if Abdallah be dead, and his place a void,
No weakling unsure of hand, and no holder-back was he!
Alert, keen, his loins well girt, his legs to the middle bare,
Unblemished and clean of limb, a climber to all things high;
No wailer before ill luck; one mindful in all he did
To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale;
Content to bear hunger's pain though meat lay beneath his hand —
To labor in ragged shirt that those whom he served might rest.
If Death laid her hand on him, and Famine devoured his store,
He gave but the gladlier what little to him they spared.
He dealt as a youth with Youth, until, when his head grew hoar
And age gathered o'er his brow, to Lightness he said — Begone!
Yea, somewhat it soothes my soul that never I said to him
"Thou liest," nor grudged him aught of mine that he sought of
me.

An Ideal Arab Heroine.

Alas! Ummu 'Amr set firm her face to depart, and went:
Gone is she, and when she sped, she left with us no farewell.
Her purpose was quickly shaped — no warning she gave her friends,
Though there she had dwelt hard by, her camels all day with
ours.
Yea, thus in our eyes she dwelt, from morning to noon and eve —
She brought to an end her tale, and fleeted, and left us lone.
So gone is Umaimah, gone, and leaves here a heart in pain:
My life was to yearn for her, and now its delight is fled.
She won me whenas, shamefaced — no maid to let fall her veil,
No wanton to glance behind — she walked forth with steady
tread;
Her eyes seek the ground, as though they looked for a thing lost
there:
She turns not to left or right — her answer is brief and low.
She rises before day dawns to carry her supper forth
To wives who have need — dear alms, when such gifts are few
enow!

Afar from the voice of blame her tent stands for all to see,
When many a woman's tent is pitched in the place of scorn.
No gossip to bring him shame from her does her husband dread—
When mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.
The day done, at eve, glad comes he home to his eyes' delight:
He needs not to ask of her—"Say, where didst thou pass the day?"
And slender is she where meet, and full where it so beseems,
And tall, straight, a fairy shape, if such upon earth there be.
And nightlong as we sat there, methought that the tent was roofed
Above us with basil sprays, all fragrant in dewy eve—
Sweet basil from Holyah dale, its branches abloom and fresh,
That fills all the place with balm, no starveling of desert sands.

An Arab Cynic.

Yea, take thy fill of joy with her what time she yields her love to thee,
And let no grieving stop thy breath whenas she turns herself to flee.
Ah, sweet and soft her ways with thee: bethink thee well—the day shall come
When some one favored e'en as thou shall find her just as sweet and free.
And if she swear that absence ne'er shall break her part of plighted troth—
When did rose-tinted finger tips and binding pledges e'er agree?

THE LEGEND OF KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.

By HON. ROBERT CURZON.

[Robert Curzon, son of the Baroness de la Zouche, was born in 1810, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Entering the diplomatic service, he became private secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; in this capacity he obtained access to the monasteries and religious houses of the Levant, and collected many valuable manuscripts and books. "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant" appeared in 1848. This was followed by "Armenia; a Residence at Erzeroum," published in 1854. He died in August, 1873.]

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as

well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back in our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the neck of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade;

but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshéa, he commanded that the king of hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? — and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his counselors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so."

And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well,

and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head, and all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass," and he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweler, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweler told him that they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird lime was made in every town, and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trapmakers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN COLISEUM

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

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throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.

FROM "QUO VADIS."

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[Henryk Sienkiewicz, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

Nero played and sang, in honor of the "Lady of Cyprus," a hymn the verses and music of which were composed by himself. That day he was in voice, and felt that his music really captivated those present. That feeling added such power to the sounds produced and roused his own soul so much that he seemed inspired. At last he grew pale from genuine emotion. This was surely the first time that he had no desire to hear praises from others. He sat for a time with his hands on the cithara and with bowed head; then, rising suddenly, he said, —

"I am tired and need air. Meanwhile ye will tune the citharæ."

He covered his throat then with a silk kerchief.

"Ye will go with me," said he, turning to Petronius and Vinicius, who were sitting in a corner of the hall. "Give me thy arm, Vinicius, for strength fails me; Petronius will talk to me of music."

They went out on the terrace, which was paved with alabaster and sprinkled with saffron.

"Here one can breathe more freely," said Nero. "My soul is moved and sad, though I see that with what I have sung to thee on trial just now I may appear in public, and my triumph will be such as no Roman has ever achieved."

"Thou mayst appear here, in Rome, in Achæa. I admire thee with my whole heart and mind, divinity," answered Petronius.

"I know. Thou art too slothful to force thyself to flattery, and thou art as sincere as Tullius Senecio, but thou hast more knowledge than he. Tell me, what is thy judgment on music?"

"When I listen to poetry, when I look at a quadriga directed by thee in the Circus, when I look at a beautiful statue, temple, or picture, I feel that I comprehend perfectly what I see, that my enthusiasm takes in all that these can give. But when I listen to music, especially thy music, new delights and beauties open before me every instant. I pursue them, I try to seize them; but before I can take them to myself, new and newer ones flow in, just like waves of the sea, which roll on from infinity. Hence I tell thee that music is like the sea. We stand on one shore and gaze at remoteness, but we cannot see the other shore."

"Ah, what deep knowledge thou hast!" said Nero; and they walked on for a moment, only the slight sound of the saffron leaves under their feet being heard.

"Thou hast expressed my idea," said Nero, at last; "hence I say now, as ever, in all Rome thou art the only man able to understand me. Thus it is, my judgment of music is the same as thine. When I play and sing, I see things which I did not know as existing in my dominions or in the world. I am Cæsar, and the world is mine. I can do everything. But music opens new kingdoms to me, new mountains, new seas, new delights unknown before. Most frequently I cannot name them or grasp them; I only feel them. I feel the gods, I see Olympus. Some kind of breeze from beyond the earth blows in on

me; I behold, as in a mist, certain immeasurable greatnesses, but calm and bright as sunshine. The whole Spheros plays around me; and I declare to thee" (here Nero's voice quivered with genuine wonder) "that I, Cæsar and god, feel at such times as diminutive as dust. Wilt thou believe this?"

"I will. Only great artists have power to feel small in the presence of art."

"This is a night of sincerity; hence I open my soul to thee as to a friend, and I will say more: dost thou consider that I am blind or deprived of reason? Dost thou think that I am ignorant of this, that people in Rome write insults on the walls against me, call me a matricide, a wife murderer, hold me a monster and a tyrant, because Tigellinus obtained a few sentences of death against my enemies? Yes, my dear, they hold me a monster, and I know it. They have talked cruelty on me to that degree that at times I put the question to myself, 'Am I not cruel?' But they do not understand this, that a man's deeds may be cruel at times while he himself is not cruel. Ah, no one will believe, and perhaps even thou, my dear, wilt not believe, that at moments when music caresses my soul I feel as kind as a child in the cradle. I swear by those stars which shine above us, that I speak the pure truth to thee. People do not know how much goodness lies in this heart, and what treasures I see in it when music opens the door to them."

Petronius, who had not the least doubt that Nero was speaking sincerely at that moment, and that music might bring out various more noble inclinations of his soul, which were overwhelmed by mountains of egotism, profligacy, and crime, said: —

"Men should know thee as nearly as I do; Rome has never been able to appreciate thee."

Cæsar leaned more heavily on Vinicius' arm, as if he were bending under the weight of injustice, and answered: —

"Tigellinus has told me that in the Senate they whisper into one another's ears that Diodorus and Terpnos play on the cithara better than I. They refuse me even that! But tell me, thou who art truthful always, do they play better, or as well?"

"By no means. Thy touch is finer, and has greater power. In thee the artist is evident, in them the expert. The man who hears their music first understands better what thou art."

"If that be true, let them live. They will never imagine

what a service thou hast rendered them in this moment. For that matter, if I had condemned those two, I should have had to take others in place of them."

"And people would say, besides, that out of love for music thou destroyest music in thy dominions. Never kill art for art's sake, O divinity."

"How different thou art from Tigellinus!" answered Nero. "But seest thou, I am an artist in everything; and since music opens for me spaces the existence of which I had not divined, regions which I do not possess, delight and happiness which I do not know, I cannot live a common life. Music tells me that the uncommon exists, so I seek it with all the power of dominion which the gods have placed in my hands. At times it seems to me that to reach those Olympian worlds I must do something which no man has done hitherto, — I must surpass the stature of man in good or evil. I know that people declare me mad. But I am not mad, I am only seeking. And if I am going mad, it is out of disgust and impatience that I cannot find. I am seeking! Dost understand me? And therefore I wish to be greater than man, for only in that way can I be the greatest as an artist."

Here he lowered his voice so that Vinicius could not hear him, and, putting his mouth to the ear of Petronius, he whispered: —

"Dost know that I condemned my mother and wife to death mainly because I wished to lay at the gate of an unknown world the greatest sacrifice that man could put there? I thought that afterward something would happen, that doors would be opened beyond which I should see something unknown. Let it be wonderful or awful, surpassing human conception, if only great and uncommon. But that sacrifice was not sufficient. To open the empyrean doors it is evident that something greater is needed, and let it be given as the Fates desire."

"What dost thou intend to do?"

"Thou shalt see sooner than thou thinkest. Meanwhile be assured that there are two Neros, — one such as people know, the other an artist, whom thou alone knowest, and if he slays as does death, or is in frenzy like Bacchus, it is only because the flatness and misery of common life stifle him; and I should like to destroy them, though I had to use fire or iron. Oh, how flat this world will be when I am gone from it! No man

has suspected yet, not thou even, what an artist I am. But precisely because of this I suffer, and sincerely do I tell thee that the soul in me is as gloomy as those cypresses which stand dark there in front of us. It is grievous for a man to bear at once the weight of supreme power and the highest talents."

"I sympathize with thee, O Cæsar; and with me earth and sea, not counting Vinicius, who deifies thee in his soul."

"He, too, has always been dear to me," said Cæsar, "though he serves Mars, not the Muses."

"He serves Aphrodite first of all," answered Petronius. And suddenly he determined to settle the affair of his nephew at a blow, and at the same time to eliminate every danger which might threaten him. "He is in love, as was Troilus with Cressida. Permit him, lord, to visit Rome, for he is dying on my hands. Dost thou know that that Lygian hostage whom thou gavest him has been found, and Vinicius, when leaving for Antium, left her in care of a certain Linus? I did not mention this to thee, for thou wert composing thy hymn, and that was more important than all besides. Vinicius wanted her as a mistress; but when she turned out to be as virtuous as Lucretia, he fell in love with her virtue, and now his desire is to marry her. She is a king's daughter, hence she will cause him no detriment; but he is a real soldier: he sighs and withers and groans, but he is waiting for the permission of his Imperator."

"The Imperator does not choose wives for his soldiers. What good is my permission to Vinicius?"

"I have told thee, O lord, that he deifies thee."

"All the more may he be certain of permission. That is a comely maiden, but too narrow in the hips. The Augusta Poppæa has complained to me that she enchanted our child in the gardens of the Palatine."

"But I told Tigellinus that the gods are not subject to evil charms. Thou rememberest, divinity, his confusion and thy exclamation, 'Habet!'"

"I remember."

Here he turned to Vinicius:—

"Dost thou love her, as Petronius says?"

"I love her, lord," replied Vinicius.

"Then I command thee to set out for Rome to-morrow, and marry her. Appear not again before my eyes without the marriage ring."

"Thanks to thee, lord, from my heart and soul."

"Oh, how pleasant it is to make people happy!" said Nero. "Would that I might do nothing else all my life!"

"Grant us one favor more, O divinity," said Petronius: "declare thy will in this matter before the Augusta. Vinicius would never venture to wed a woman displeasing to the Augusta; thou wilt dissipate her prejudice, O lord, with a word, by declaring that thou hast commanded this marriage."

"I am willing," said Cæsar. "I could refuse nothing to thee or Vinicius."

He turned toward the villa, and they followed. Their hearts were filled with delight over the victory; and Vinicius had to use self-restraint to avoid throwing himself on the neck of Petronius, for it seemed now that all dangers and obstacles were removed.

In the atrium of the villa young Nerva and Tullius Senecio were entertaining the Augusta with conversation. Terpnos and Diodorus were tuning citharæ.

Nero entered, sat in an armchair inlaid with tortoise shell, whispered something in the ear of a Greek slave near his side, and waited.

The page returned soon with a golden casket. Nero opened it and took out a necklace of great opals.

"These are jewels worthy of this evening," said he.

"The light of Aurora is playing in them," answered Poppæa, convinced that the necklace was for her.

Cæsar, now raising, now lowering, the rosy stones, said at last: —

"Vinicius, thou wilt give, from me, this necklace to her whom I command thee to marry, the youthful daughter of the Lygian king."

Poppæa's glance, filled with anger and sudden amazement, passed from Cæsar to Vinicius. At last it rested on Petronius. But he, leaning carelessly over the arm of the chair, passed his hand along the back of the harp as if to fix its form firmly in his mind.

Vinicius gave thanks for the gift, approached Petronius, and asked: —

"How shall I thank thee for what thou hast done this day for me?"

"Sacrifice a pair of swans to Euterpe," replied Petronius, "praise Cæsar's songs, and laugh at omens. Henceforth the

roaring of lions will not disturb thy sleep, I trust, nor that of thy Lygian lily."

"No," said Vinicius; "now I am perfectly at rest."

"May Fortune favor thee! But be careful, for Cæsar is taking his lute again. Hold thy breath, listen, and shed tears."

In fact Cæsar had taken the lute and raised his eyes. In the hall conversation had stopped, and people were as still as if petrified. Terpnos and Diodorus, who had to accompany Cæsar, were on the alert, looking now at each other and now at his lips, waiting for the first tones of the song.

Just then a movement and noise began in the entrance; and after a moment Cæsar's freedman, Phaon, appeared from beyond the curtain. Close behind him was the consul Lecanius.

Nero frowned.

"Pardon, divine Imperator," said Phaon, with panting voice, "there is a conflagration in Rome! The greater part of the city is in flames!"

At this news all sprang from their seats.

"O gods! I shall see a burning city and finish the Troyad," said Nero, setting aside his lute.

Then he turned to the consul: —

"If I go at once, shall I see the fire?"

"Lord," answered Lecanius, as pale as a wall, "the whole city is one sea of flame; smoke is suffocating the inhabitants, and people faint, or cast themselves into the fire from delirium. Rome is perishing, lord."

A moment of silence followed, which was broken by the cry of Vinicius: —

"*Væ misero mihi!*"

And the young man, casting his toga aside, rushed forth in his tunic.

Nero raised his hands and exclaimed: —

"Woe to thee, sacred city of Priam!"

Light from the burning city filled the sky as far as human eye could reach. The moon rose large and full from behind the mountains, and inflamed at once by the glare took on the color of heated brass. It seemed to look with amazement on the world-ruling city which was perishing. In the rose-colored abysses of heaven rose-colored stars were glittering; but in distinction from usual nights the earth was brighter than the heavens. Rome, like a giant pile, illuminated the whole Cam-

pania. In the bloody light were seen distant mountains, towns, villas, temples, monuments, and the aqueducts stretching toward the city from all the adjacent hills; on the aqueducts were swarms of people, who had gathered there for safety or to gaze at the burning.

Meanwhile the dreadful element was embracing new divisions of the city. It was impossible to doubt that criminal hands were spreading the fire, since new conflagrations were breaking out all the time in places remote from the principal fire. From the heights on which Rome was founded the flames flowed like waves of the sea into the valleys densely occupied by houses, — houses of five and six stories, full of shops, booths, movable wooden amphitheaters, built to accommodate various spectacles; and finally storehouses of wood, olives, grain, nuts, pine cones, the kernels of which nourished the more needy population, and clothing, which through Cæsar's favor was distributed from time to time among the rabble huddled into narrow alleys. In those places the fire, finding abundance of inflammable materials, became almost a series of explosions, and took possession of whole streets with unheard-of rapidity. People encamping outside the city, or standing on the aqueducts, knew from the color of the flame what was burning. The furious power of the wind carried forth from the fiery gulf thousands and millions of burning shells of walnuts and almonds, which, shooting suddenly into the sky, like countless flocks of bright butterflies, burst with a crackling, or, driven by the wind, fell in other parts of the city, on aqueducts, and fields beyond Rome. All thought of rescue seemed out of place; confusion increased every moment, for on one side the population of the city was fleeing through every gate to places outside; on the other the fire had lured in thousands of people from the neighborhood, such as dwellers in small towns, peasants, and half-wild shepherds of the Campania, brought in by hope of plunder. The shout, "Rome is perishing!" did not leave the lips of the crowd; the ruin of the city seemed at that time to end every rule, and loosen all bonds which hitherto had joined people in a single integrity. The mob, in which slaves were more numerous, cared nothing for the lordship of Rome. Destruction of the city could only free them; hence here and there they assumed a threatening attitude. Violence and robbery were extending. It seemed that only the spectacle of the perishing city arrested attention, and restrained for the

moment an outburst of slaughter, which would begin as soon as the city was turned into ruins. Hundreds of thousands of slaves, forgetting that Rome, besides temples and walls, possessed some tens of legions in all parts of the world, appeared merely waiting for a watchword and a leader. People began to mention the name of Spartacus; but Spartacus was not alive. Meanwhile citizens assembled, and armed themselves each with what he could. The most monstrous reports were current at all the gates. Some declared that Vulcan, commanded by Jupiter, was destroying the city with fire from beneath the earth; others that Vesta was taking vengeance for Rubria. People with these convictions did not care to save anything, but, besieging the temples, implored mercy of the gods. It was repeated most generally, however, that Cæsar had given command to burn Rome, so as to free himself from odors which rose from the Subura, and build a new city under the name of Neronia. Rage seized the populace at thought of this; and if, as Vinicius believed, a leader had taken advantage of that outburst of hatred, Nero's hour would have struck whole years before it did.

It was said also that Cæsar had gone mad, that he would command pretorians and gladiators to fall upon the people and make a general slaughter. Others swore by the gods that wild beasts had been let out of all the vivaria at Bronzebeard's command. Men had seen on the streets lions with burning manes, and mad elephants and bisons, trampling down people in crowds. There was even some truth in this; for in certain places elephants, at sight of the approaching fire, had burst the vivaria, and, gaining their freedom, rushed away from the fire in wild fright, destroying everything before them like a tempest. Public report estimated at tens of thousands the number of persons who had perished in the conflagration. In truth a great number had perished. There were people who, losing all their property, or those dearest their hearts, threw themselves willingly into the flames, from despair. Others were suffocated by smoke. In the middle of the city, between the Capitol, on one side, and the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Esquiline on the other, as also between the Palatine and the Cælian Hill, where the streets were most densely occupied, the fire began in so many places at once that whole crowds of people, while fleeing in one direction, struck unexpectedly on a new wall of fire in front of them, and died a dreadful death in a deluge of flame.

In terror, in distraction, and bewilderment, people knew not where to flee. The streets were obstructed with goods, and in many narrow places were simply closed. Those who took refuge in those markets and squares of the city, where the Flavian Amphitheater stood afterward, near the temple of the Earth, near the Portico of Silvia, and higher up, at the temples of Juno and Lucinia, between the Clivus Virbius and the old Esquiline Gate, perished from heat, surrounded by a sea of fire. In places not reached by the flames were found afterward hundreds of bodies burned to a crisp, though here and there unfortunates tore up flat stones and half buried themselves in defense against the heat. Hardly a family inhabiting the center of the city survived in full; hence along the walls, at the gates, on all roads, were heard howls of despairing women, calling on the dear names of those who had perished in the throng or the fire.

And so, while some were imploring the gods, others blasphemed them because of this awful catastrophe. Old men were seen coming from the temple of Jupiter Liberator, stretching forth their hands, and crying, "If thou be a liberator, save thy altars and the city!" But despair turned mainly against the old Roman gods, who, in the minds of the populace, were bound to watch over the city more carefully than others. They had proved themselves powerless; hence were insulted. On the other hand it happened on the Via Asinaria that when a company of Egyptian priests appeared conducting a statue of Isis, which they had saved from the temple near the Porta Cælimontana, a crowd of people rushed among the priests, attached themselves to the chariot, which they drew to the Appian Gate, and seizing the statue placed it in the temple of Mars, overwhelming the priests of that deity who dared to resist them. In other places people invoked Serapis, Baal, or Jehovah, whose adherents, swarming out of the alleys in the neighborhood of the Subura and the Trans-Tiber, filled with shouts and uproar the fields near the walls. In their cries were heard tones as if of triumph; when, therefore, some of the citizens joined the chorus and glorified "the Lord of the World," others, indignant at this glad shouting, strove to repress it by violence. Here and there hymns were heard, sung by men in the bloom of life, by old men, by women and children,—hymns wonderful and solemn, whose meaning they understood not, but in which were repeated from moment to moment the

words, "Behold the Judge cometh in the day of wrath and disaster." Thus this deluge of restless and sleepless people encircled the burning city, like a tempest-driven sea.

But neither despair nor blasphemy nor hymn helped in any way. The destruction seemed as irresistible, perfect, and pitiless as Predestination itself. Around Pompey's Amphitheater stores of hemp caught fire, and ropes used in circuses, arenas, and every kind of machine at the games, and with them the adjoining buildings containing barrels of pitch with which ropes were smeared. In a few hours all that part of the city beyond which lay the Campus Martius was so lighted by bright yellow flames that for a time it seemed to the spectators, only half conscious from terror, that in the general ruin the order of night and day had been lost, and that they were looking at sunshine. But later a monstrous bloody gleam extinguished all other colors of flame. From the sea of fire shot up to the heated sky gigantic fountains, and pillars of flame spreading at their summits into fiery branches and feathers; then the wind bore them away, turned them into golden threads, into hair, into sparks, and swept them on over the Campania toward the Alban Hills. The night became brighter; the air itself seemed penetrated, not only with light, but with flame. The Tiber flowed on as living fire. The hapless city was turned into one pandemonium. The conflagration seized more and more space, took hills by storm, flooded level places, drowned valleys, raged, roared, and thundered.

The city burned on. The Circus Maximus had fallen in ruins. Entire streets and alleys in parts which began to burn first were falling in turn. After every fall pillars of flame rose for a time to the very sky. The wind had changed, and blew now with mighty force from the sea, bearing toward the Cælian, the Esquiline, and the Viminal rivers of flame, brands, and cinders. Still the authorities provided for rescue. At command of Tigellinus, who had hastened from Antium the third day before, houses on the Esquiline were torn down so that the fire, reaching empty spaces, died of itself. That was, however, undertaken solely to save a remnant of the city; to save that which was burning was not to be thought of. There was need also to guard against further results of the ruin. Incalculable wealth had perished in Rome; all the property of its citizens had vanished; hundreds of thousands of people were wander-

ing in utter want outside the walls. Hunger had begun to pinch this throng the second day, for the immense stores of provisions in the city had burned with it. In the universal disorder and in the destruction of authority no one had thought of furnishing new supplies. Only after the arrival of Tigellinus were proper orders sent to Ostia; but meanwhile the people had grown more threatening.

The house at Aqua Appia, in which Tigellinus lodged for the moment, was surrounded by crowds of women, who from morning till late at night cried, "Bread and a roof!" Vainly did pretorians, brought from the great camp between the Via Salaria and the Nomentana, strive to maintain order of some kind. Here and there they were met by open, armed resistance. In places weaponless crowds pointed to the burning city, and shouted, "Kill us in view of that fire!" They abused Cæsar, the Augustians, the pretorians; excitement rose every moment, so that Tigellinus, looking at night on the thousands of fires around the city, said to himself that those were fires in hostile camps.

Besides flour, as much baked bread as possible was brought at his command, not only from Ostia, but from all towns and neighboring villages. When the first installment came at night to the Emporium, the people broke the chief gate toward the Aventine, seized all supplies in the twinkle of an eye, and caused terrible disturbance. In the light of the conflagration they fought for loaves, and trampled many of them into the earth. Flour from torn bags whitened like snow the whole space from the granary to the arches of Drusus and Germanicus. The uproar continued till soldiers seized the building and dispersed the crowd with arrows and missiles.

Never since the invasion by the Gauls under Brennus had Rome beheld such disaster. People in despair compared the two conflagrations. But in the time of Brennus the Capitol remained. Now the Capitol was encircled by a dreadful wreath of flame. The marbles, it is true, were not blazing; but at night, when the wind swept the flames aside for a moment, rows of columns in the lofty sanctuary of Jove were visible, red as glowing coals. In the days of Brennus, moreover, Rome had a disciplined integral people, attached to the city and its altars; but now crowds of a many-tongued populace roamed nomad-like around the walls of burning Rome, — people composed for the greater part of slaves and freedmen, excited, disorderly, and

ready, under the pressure of want, to turn against authority and the city.

But the very immensity of the fire, which terrified every heart, disarmed the crowd in a certain measure. After fire might come famine and disease; and to complete the misfortune the terrible heat of July had appeared. It was impossible to breathe air inflamed both by fire and the sun. Night brought no relief, on the contrary it presented a hell. During daylight an awful and ominous spectacle met the eye. In the center a giant city on heights was turned into a roaring volcano; round about as far as the Alban Hills was one boundless camp, formed of sheds, tents, huts, vehicles, bales, packs, stands, fires, all covered with smoke and dust, lighted by sun rays reddened by passing through smoke, — everything filled with roars, shouts, threats, hatred and terror, a monstrous swarm of men, women, and children. Mingled with Quirites were Greeks, shaggy men from the North with blue eyes, Africans, and Asiatics; among citizens were slaves, freedmen, gladiators, merchants, mechanics, servants, and soldiers, — a real sea of people, flowing around the island of fire.

Various reports moved this sea as wind does a real one. These reports were favorable and unfavorable. People told of immense supplies of wheat and clothing to be brought to the Emporium and distributed gratis. It was said, too, that provinces in Asia and Africa would be stripped of their wealth at Cæsar's command, and the treasures thus gained be given to the inhabitants of Rome, so that each man might build his own dwelling. But it was noised about also that water in the aqueducts had been poisoned; that Nero intended to annihilate the city, destroy the inhabitants to the last person, then move to Greece or to Egypt, and rule the world from a new place. Each report ran with lightning speed, and each found belief among the rabble, causing outbursts of hope, anger, terror, or rage. Finally a kind of fever mastered those nomadic thousands. The belief of Christians that the end of the world by fire was at hand, spread even among adherents of the gods, and extended daily. People fell into torpor or madness. In clouds lighted by the burning, gods were seen gazing down on the ruin; hands were stretched toward those gods then to implore pity or send them curses.

Meanwhile soldiers, aided by a certain number of inhabitants, continued to tear down houses on the Esquiline and the

Cælian, as also in the Trans-Tiber; these divisions were saved therefore in considerable part. But in the city itself were destroyed incalculable treasures accumulated through centuries of conquest; priceless works of art, splendid temples, the most precious monuments of Rome's past and Rome's glory. They foresaw that of all Rome there would remain barely a few parts on the edges, and that hundreds of thousands of people would be without a roof. Some spread reports that the soldiers were tearing down houses not to stop the fire, but to prevent any part of the city from being saved. Tigellinus sent courier after courier to Antium, imploring Cæsar in each letter to come and calm the despairing people with his presence. But Nero moved only when fire had seized the "domus transitoria," and he hurried so as not to miss the moment in which the conflagration should be at its highest.

Meanwhile fire had reached the Via Nomentana, but turned from it at once with a change of wind toward the Via Lata and the Tiber. It surrounded the Capitol, spread along the Forum Boarium, destroyed everything which it had spared before, and approached the Palatine a second time.

Tigellinus, assembling all the pretorian forces, dispatched courier after courier to Cæsar with an announcement that he would lose nothing of the grandeur of the spectacle, for the fire had increased.

But Nero, who was on the road, wished to come at night, so as to sate himself all the better with a view of the perishing capital. Therefore he halted, in the neighborhood of Aqua Albana, and, summoning to his tent the tragedian Aliturus, decided with his aid on posture, look, and expression; learned fitting gestures, disputing with the actor stubbornly whether at the words "O sacred city, which seemed more enduring than Ida," he was to raise both hands, or, holding in one the forminga, drop it by his side, and raise only the other. This question seemed to him then more important than all others. Starting at last about nightfall, he took counsel of Petronius also whether to the lines describing the catastrophe he might add a few magnificent blasphemies against the gods, and whether, considered from the standpoint of art, they would not have rushed spontaneously from the mouth of a man in such a position, a man who was losing his birthplace.

At length he approached the walls about midnight with his numerous court, composed of whole detachments of nobles,

senators, knights, freedmen, slaves, women, and children. Sixteen thousand pretorians, arranged in line of battle along the road, guarded the peace and safety of his entrance, and held the excited populace at a proper distance. The people cursed, shouted, and hissed on seeing the retinue, but dared not attack it. In many places, however, applause was given by the rabble, which, owning nothing, had lost nothing in the fire, and which hoped for a more bountiful distribution than usual of wheat, olives, clothing, and money. Finally, shouts, hissing, and applause were drowned in the blare of horns and trumpets, which Tigellinus had caused to be sounded.

Nero, on arriving at the Ostian Gate, halted, and said, "Houseless ruler of a houseless people, where shall I lay my unfortunate head for the night?"

After he had passed the Clivus Delphini, he ascended the Appian aqueduct on steps prepared purposely. After him followed the Augustians and a choir of singers, bearing citharæ, lutes, and other musical instruments.

And all held the breath in their breasts, waiting to learn if he would say some great words, which for their own safety they ought to remember. But he stood solemn, silent, in a purple mantle and a wreath of golden laurels, gazing at the raging might of the flames. When Terpnos gave him a golden lute, he raised his eyes to the sky, filled with the conflagration, as if he were waiting for inspiration.

The people pointed at him from afar as he stood in the bloody gleam. In the distance fiery serpents were hissing. The ancient and most sacred edifices were in flames: the temple of Hercules, reared by Evander, was burning; the temple of Jupiter Stator was burning, the temple of Luna, built by Servius Tullius, the house of Numa Pompilius, the sanctuary of Vesta with the penates of the Roman people; through waving flames the Capitol appeared at intervals; the past and the spirit of Rome was burning. But he, Cæsar, was there with a lute in his hand and a theatrical expression on his face, not thinking of his perishing country, but of his posture and the prophetic words with which he might describe best the greatness of the catastrophe, rouse most admiration, and receive the warmest plaudits. He detested that city, he detested its inhabitants, he loved only his own songs and verses; hence he rejoiced in heart that at last he saw a tragedy like that which he was writing. The verse maker was happy, the declaimer felt inspired,

the seeker for emotions was delighted at the awful sight, and thought with rapture that even the destruction of Troy was as nothing if compared with the destruction of that giant city. What more could he desire? There was world-ruling Rome in flames, and he, standing on the arches of the aqueduct with a golden lute, conspicuous, purple, admired, magnificent, poetic. Down below, somewhere in the darkness, the people are muttering and storming. But let them mutter! Ages will pass, thousands of years will go by, but mankind will remember and glorify the poet, who in that night sang the fall and the burning of Troy. What was Homer compared with him? What Apollo himself with his hollowed-out lute?

Here he raised his hands, and, striking the strings, pronounced the words of Priam.

"O nest of my fathers, O dear cradle!" His voice in the open air, with the roar of the conflagration, and the distant murmur of crowding thousands, seemed marvelously weak, uncertain, and low, and the sound of the accompaniment like the buzzing of insects. But senators, dignitaries, and Augustians, assembled on the aqueduct, bowed their heads and listened in silent rapture. He sang long, and his motive was ever sadder. At moments, when he stopped to catch breath, the chorus of singers repeated the last verse; then Nero cast the tragic "syrma" from his shoulder with a gesture learned from Alitурus, struck the lute, and sang on. When at last he had finished the lines composed, he improvised, seeking grandiose comparisons in the spectacle unfolded before him. His face began to change. He was not moved, it is true, by the destruction of his country's capital; but he was delighted and moved with the pathos of his own words to such a degree that his eyes filled with tears on a sudden. At last he dropped the lute to his feet with a clatter, and, wrapping himself in the "syrma" stood as if petrified, like one of those statues of Niobe which ornamented the courtyard of the Palatine.

Soon a storm of applause broke the silence. But in the distance this was answered by the howling of multitudes. No one doubted then that Cæsar had given command to burn the city, so as to afford himself a spectacle and sing a song at it. Nero, when he heard that cry from hundreds of thousands, turned to the Augustians with the sad, resigned smile of a man who is suffering from injustice.

"See," said he, "how the Quirites value poetry and me."

"Scoundrels!" answered Vatinius. "Command the pretorians, lord, to fall on them."

Nero turned to Tigellinus: —

"Can I count on the loyalty of the soldiers?"

"Yes, divinity," answered the prefect.

But Petronius shrugged his shoulders, and said: —

"On their loyalty, yes, but not on their numbers. Remain meanwhile where thou art, for here it is safest; but there is need to pacify the people."

Seneca was of this opinion also, as was Licinus the consul. Meanwhile the excitement below was increasing. The people were arming with stones, tent poles, sticks from the wagons, planks, and various pieces of iron. After a while some of the pretorian leaders came, declaring that the cohorts, pressed by the multitude, kept the line of battle with extreme difficulty, and, being without orders to attack, they knew not what to do.

"O gods," said Nero, "what a night!" On one side a fire, on the other a raging sea of people. And he fell to seeking expressions the most splendid to describe the danger of the moment, but, seeing around him alarmed looks and pale faces, he was frightened, with the others.

"Give me my dark mantle with a hood!" cried he; "must it come really to battle?"

"Lord," said Tigellinus, in an uncertain voice, "I have done what I could, but danger is threatening. Speak, O lord, to the people, and make them promises."

"Shall Cæsar speak to the rabble? Let another do that in my name. Who will undertake it?"

"I!" answered Petronius, calmly.

"Go, my friend; thou art most faithful to me in every necessity. Go, and spare no promises."

Petronius turned to the retinue with a careless, sarcastic expression: —

"Senators here present, also Piso, Nerva, and Senecio, follow me."

Then he descended the aqueduct slowly. Those whom he had summoned followed, not without hesitation, but with a certain confidence which his calmness had given them. Petronius, halting at the foot of the arches, gave command to bring him a white horse, and, mounting, rode on, at the head of the cavalcade, between the deep ranks of pretorians, to the

black, howling multitude; he was unarmed, having only a slender ivory cane which he carried habitually.

When he had ridden up, he pushed his horse into the throng. All around, visible in the light of the burning, were upraised hands, armed with every manner of weapon, inflamed eyes, sweating faces, bellowing and foaming lips. A mad sea of people surrounded him and his attendants; round about was a sea of heads, moving, roaring, dreadful.

The outbursts increased and became an unearthly roar; poles, forks, and even swords were brandished above Petronius; grasping hands were stretched toward his horse's reins and toward him, but he rode farther, cool, indifferent, contemptuous. At moments he struck the most insolent heads with his cane, as if clearing a road for himself in an ordinary crowd; and that confidence of his, that calmness, amazed the raging rabble. They recognized him at length, and numerous voices began to shout: —

"Petronius! Arbiter Elegantiarum! Petronius! Petronius!" was heard on all sides. And as that name was repeated, the faces about became less terrible, the uproar less savage: for that exquisite patrician, though he had never striven for the favor of the populace, was still their favorite. He passed for a humane and magnanimous man; and his popularity had increased, especially since the affair of Pedanius Secundus, when he spoke in favor of mitigating the cruel sentence condemning all the slaves of that prefect to death. The slaves more especially loved him thenceforward with that unbounded love which the oppressed or unfortunate are accustomed to give those who show them even small sympathy. Besides, in that moment was added curiosity as to what Cæsar's envoy would say, for no one doubted that Cæsar had sent him.

He removed his white toga, bordered with scarlet, raised it in the air, and waved it above his head, in sign that he wished to speak.

"Silence! silence!" cried the people on all sides.

After a while there was silence. Then he straightened himself on the horse and said in a clear, firm voice: —

"Citizens, let those who hear me repeat my words to those who are more distant, and bear yourselves, all of you, like men, not like beasts in the arena."

"We will, we will!"

"Then listen. The city will be rebuilt. The gardens of Lucullus, Mæcenas, Cæsar, and Agrippina will be opened to you. To-morrow will begin the distribution of wheat, wine, and olives, so that every man may be full to the throat. Then Cæsar will have games for you, such as the world has not seen yet; during these games banquets and gifts will be given you. Ye will be richer after the fire than before it."

A murmur answered him, which spread from the center in every direction, as a wave rises on water in which a stone has been cast. Those nearer repeated his words to those more distant. Afterward were heard here and there shouts of anger or applause, which turned at length into one universal call of "Panem et circenses ! ! !"

Petronius wrapped himself in his toga and listened for a time without moving, resembling in his white garment a marble statue. The uproar increased, drowned the roar of the fire, was answered from every side and from ever-increasing distances. But evidently the envoy had something to add, for he waited. Finally, commanding silence anew, he cried: —

"I promised you panem et circenses; and now give a shout in honor of Cæsar, who feeds and clothes you; then go to sleep, dear populace, for the dawn will begin before long."

He turned his horse then, and, tapping lightly with his cane the heads and faces of those who stood in his way, he rode slowly to the pretorian ranks. Soon he was under the aqueduct. He found almost a panic above, where they had not understood the shout "Panem et circenses," and supposed it to be a new outburst of rage. They had not even expected that Petronius would save himself; so Nero, when he saw him, ran to the steps, and with face pale from emotion, inquired: —

"Well, what are they doing? Is there a battle?"

Petronius drew air into his lungs, breathed deeply, and answered: —

"By Pollux ! they are sweating ! and such a stench ! Will some one give me an epilimma? — for I am faint." Then he turned to Cæsar.

"I promised them," said he, "wheat, olives, the opening of the gardens, and games. They worship thee anew, and are howling in thy honor. Gods, what a foul odor those plebeians have ! "

"I had pretorians ready," cried Tigellinus; "and hadst

thou not quieted them, the shouters would have been silenced forever. It is a pity, Cæsar, that thou didst not let me use force."

Petronius looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, and added:—

"The chance is not lost. Thou mayst have to use it to-morrow."

"No, no!" cried Cæsar, "I will give command to open the gardens to them, and distribute wheat. Thanks to thee, Petronius, I will have games; and that song which I sang to-day, I will sing publicly."

Then he placed his hands on the arbiter's shoulder, was silent a moment, and starting up at last inquired:—

"Tell me sincerely, how did I seem to thee while I was singing?"

"Thou wert worthy of the spectacle, and the spectacle was worthy of thee," said Petronius.

"But let us look at it again," said he, turning to the fire, "and bid farewell to ancient Rome."

Evening exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time, both in the circus and amphitheater. The Augustians liked them, frequently because they were followed by feasts and drinking bouts which lasted till daylight. Though the people were sated already with blood spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheater. The Augustians came to a man, for they understood that it would not be a common spectacle; they knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Vinicius. Tigellinus had kept secret the kind of punishment intended for the betrothed of the young tribune; but that merely roused general curiosity. Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty. Others were occupied above all with the question, would they see her really on the arena that day; for many of those who had heard the answer given Petronius and Nerva by Cæsar explained it in two ways: some supposed simply that Nero would give or perhaps had given the maiden to Vinicius; they remembered that she was a hostage, hence free to worship whatever divinities she liked, and that the law of nations did not permit her punishment.

NERO'S TORCHES

From a painting by H. Siemiradzki

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Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side, — for example, when he desired night expeditions to the Subura, where he arranged the amusement called "sagatio," which consisted in tossing on a soldier's mantle maidens met on the way. It was noted also that certain precautions had been taken in the amphitheater itself. The pretorian guards were increased; command over them was held, not by a centurion, but by the tribune Subrius Flavius, known hitherto for blind attachment to Nero. It was understood, then, that Cæsar wished in every case to guard himself against an outburst of despair from Vinicius, and curiosity rose all the more.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat; he was in as much doubt as were other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Petronius knew not what would happen; he was silent, except that, while turning from Nerva, he asked Vinicius whether he was ready for everything, and next, whether he would remain at the spectacle. To both questions Vinicius answered "Yes," but a shudder passed through his whole body; he divined that Petronius did not ask without reason. For some time he had lived with only half his life, — he had sunk in death, and reconciled himself to Lygia's death, since for both it was to be liberation and marriage; but he learned now that it was one thing to think of the last moment when it was distant as of a quiet dropping asleep, and another to look at the torment of a person dearer to one than life. All sufferings endured formerly rose in him anew. Despair, which had been set at rest, began again to cry in his soul; the former desire to save Lygia at any price seized him anew. Beginning with the morning, he had tried to go to the cunicula to be sure that she was there; but the pretorians watched every entrance, and orders were so strict that the soldiers, even those whom he knew, would not be softened by prayers or gold. It seemed to the tribune that uncertainty would kill him before he should see the spectacle. Somewhere at the bottom of his heart the

hope was still throbbing, that perhaps Lygia was not in the amphitheater, that his fears were groundless. At times he seized on this hope with all his strength. He said in his soul that Christ might take her to Himself out of the prison, but could not permit her torture in the Circus. Formerly he was resigned to the divine will in everything; now, when repulsed from the doors of the cunicula, he returned to his place in the amphitheater, and when he learned, from the curious glances turned on him, that the most dreadful suppositions might be true, he began to implore in his soul with passionateness almost approaching a threat. "Thou canst!" repeated he, clenching his fists convulsively, "Thou canst!" Hitherto he had not supposed that that moment when present would be so terrible. Now, without clear consciousness of what was happening in his mind, he had the feeling that if he should see Lygia tortured, his love for God would be turned to hatred, and his faith to despair. But he was amazed at the feeling, for he feared to offend Christ, whom he was imploring for mercy and miracles. He implored no longer for her life; he wished merely that she should die before they brought her to the arena, and from the abyss of his pain he repeated in spirit: "Do not refuse even this, and I will love Thee still more than hitherto." And then his thoughts raged as a sea torn by a whirlwind. A desire for blood and vengeance was roused in him. He was seized by a mad wish to rush at Nero and stifle him there in presence of all the spectators; but he felt that desire to be a new offense against Christ, and a breach of His command. To his head flew at times flashes of hope that everything before which his soul was trembling would be turned aside by an almighty and merciful hand; but they were quenched at once, as if in measureless sorrow that He who could destroy that Circus with one word and save Lygia had abandoned her, though she trusted in Him and loved Him with all the strength of her pure heart. And he thought, moreover, that she was lying there in that dark place, weak, defenseless, deserted, abandoned to the whim or disfavor of brutal guards, drawing her last breath, perhaps, while he had to wait, helpless, in that dreadful amphitheater, without knowing what torture was prepared for her, or what he would witness in a moment. Finally, as a man falling over a precipice grasps at everything which grows on the edge of it, so did he grasp with both hands at the thought that faith of itself could save her.

That one method remained! Peter had said that faith could move the earth to its foundation.

Hence he rallied; he crushed doubt in himself, he compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

But as an overdrawn cord may break, so exertion broke him. The pallor of death covered his face, and his body relaxed. He thought then that his prayer had been heard, for he was dying. It seemed to him that Lygia must surely die too, and that Christ would take them to Himself in that way. The arena, the white togas, the countless spectators, the light of thousands of lamps and torches, all vanished from his vision.

But his weakness did not last long. After a while he roused himself, or rather the stamping of the impatient multitude roused him.

"Thou art ill," said Petronius; "give command to bear thee home."

And without regard to what Cæsar would say, he rose to support Vinicius and go out with him. His heart was filled with pity, and, moreover, he was irritated beyond endurance because Cæsar was looking through the emerald at Vinicius, studying his pain with satisfaction, to describe it afterwards, perhaps, in pathetic strophes, and win the applause of hearers.

Vinicius shook his head. He might die in that amphitheater, but he could not go out of it. Moreover the spectacle might begin any moment.

In fact, at that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustians and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence at sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his

arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: "Where do the people live who can produce such a giant?" He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheater, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come.

At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought that he was unworthy of such favor, — that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents: —

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head

that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness: —

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first, — that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar

himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him;" so they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming, till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles

there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say: —

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of knights and Senators. Her slender form, as white as if chiseled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clinched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him;

but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination and deformed desires found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked into Nero's face almost challengingly. Vestinius, superstitious but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the Senator; so did Nerva, so did Tullius Senecio, so did the famous leader Ostorius Scapula, and Antistius, and Piso, and Vetus, and Crispinus, and Minucius Thermus, and Pontius Telesinus, and the most important of all, one honored by the people, Thrasea.

In view of this, Cæsar took the emerald from his eye with an expression of contempt and offense; when Tigellinus, whose desire was to spite Petronius, turned to him and said:—

"Yield not, divinity; we have the pretorians."

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheater. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus! matricide! incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. Romans were absolute lords in the Circus. Former Cæsars, and especially Caligula, had permitted themselves sometimes to act against the will of the people; this, however, called forth disturbance always, going sometimes to bloodshed. But Nero was in a different position. First, as a comedian and a singer he needed the people's favor; second, he wanted it on his side against the Senate and the patricians, and especially after the burning of Rome he strove by all means to win it, and turn their anger against the Christians. He understood, besides, that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance begun in the Circus might seize the whole city, and have results incalculable.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevinus the centurion, a relative of the Senator, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.

FROM "THE GLADIATORS."

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

[GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE, English novelist, was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1821; educated at Eton, and became a major in the army, serving in the Crimean War; was killed by a fall from his horse, in 1878. He attained great popularity as a novelist of country-gentleman and sporting life, and writer of songs of the hunting field, and some historical novels, as "The Gladiators," "Sarchedon," etc. His first novel was "Digby Grand" (1853); others are: "Tilbury Nogo," "General Bounce," "Kate Coventry," "Holmby House," "Good for Nothing," "The Brookes of Bridlemere," "Cerise," "Bones and I," "M or N," "Satanella," "Uncle John," "Katerfelto," "Sister Louise," "Black but Comely."]

THE GERMAN GUARD.

ALL was in confusion at the palace of the Cæsars. The civil war that had now been raging for several hours in the capital, the tumults that pervaded every quarter of the city, had roused the alarm, and to a certain extent the vigilance, of such troops as still owned allegiance to Vitellius. But late events had much slackened the discipline for which Roman soldiers were so famous, and that could be but a spurious loyalty which depended on amount of pay and opportunities for plunder, which was accustomed moreover to see the diadem transferred from one successful general to another at a few months' interval. Perhaps his German guards were the only soldiers of Vitellius on whom he could place any reliance; but even these had been reduced to a mere handful by slaughter and desertion, while the few who remained, though unimpeachable in their fidelity, were wanting in every quality

that constitutes military efficiency, except the physical strength and desperate courage they brought with them from the North.

They were, however, the Emperor's last hope. They occupied palace gardens to-night, feeding their bivouac fires with branches from its stately cedars, or uprooting its exotic shrubs to hurl them crackling in the blaze. The Roman citizens looking on their gigantic forms moving to and fro in the glare, shuddered and whispered, and pointed them out to each other as being half men, half demons, while a passing soldier would raise his eagle crest more proudly, relating how those were the foes over whom the legions had triumphed, and would turn forthwith into a wine shop to celebrate his prowess at the expense of some admiring citizen in the crowd.

One of these German mercenaries may be taken as a sample of the rest. He was standing sentry over a narrow wicket that afforded entrance to the palace gardens, and was the first obstacle encountered by Esca, after the latter had hastened from the Esquiline to give intelligence of the design against Cæsar's life.

Leaning on his spear, with his tall frame and large muscles thrown into strong relief by the light of the bivouac fire behind him, he brought to the Briton's mind many a stirring memory of his own warlike boyhood, when by the side of just such champions, armed in such a manner, he had struggled, though in vain, against the discipline and the strategy of the invader.

Scarcely older than himself, the sentry possessed the comely features and the bright coloring of youth, with a depth of chest and squareness of shoulder that denoted all the power of mature manhood. He seemed indeed a formidable antagonist for any single foe, and able to keep at bay half a score of the finest men who stood in the front rank of the legions. He was clad in a long white garment of linen, reaching below the knee, and fastened at the neck by a single clasp of gold; his shield and helmet too, although this was no state occasion, but one on which he would probably be massacred before morning, were of the same metal, his spearhead and sword of the finest tempered steel. The latter, especially, was a formidable weapon. Considerably longer than the Roman's, which was only used for the thrust at close quarters, it could deal sweeping blows that would cleave a headpiece or lop a limb, and

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managed lightly as a riding wand by the German's powerful arm, would hew fearful gaps in the ranks of an enemy, if their line wavered, or their order was in any degree destroyed.

Notwithstanding the warlike nature of his arms and bearing, the sentry's face was fair and smooth as a woman's; the flaxen down was scarcely springing on his chin, and the golden locks escaped beneath his helmet, and clustered in curls upon his neck. His light blue eye, too, had a mild, and rather vacant expression as it roved carelessly around; but the Romans had long ago learned that those light blue eyes could kindle into sparks of fire when steel was crossed, could glare with invincible hatred and defiance even when fixed in death.

Esca's heart warmed to the barbarian guardsman with a feeling of sympathy and kindred. The latter sentiment may have suggested the plan by which he obtained entrance to the palace, for the difficulty of so doing had presented itself to him in brighter colors every moment as he approached. Pausing, therefore, at a few paces from the sentry, who leveled his spear and challenged when he heard footsteps, the Briton unbuckled his sword and cast it down between them, to indicate that he claimed protection and had no intention of offense.

The other muttered some unintelligible words in his own language. It was obvious that he knew no Latin and that their conversation must be carried on by signs. This, however, rather smoothed than enhanced the difficulty; and it was a relief to Esca that the first impulse of the German had not been to alarm his comrades and resort to violence.

The latter seemed to entertain no apprehension from any single individual, whether friend or foe, and looked, moreover, with favorable eyes on Esca's appearance, which bore a certain family likeness to that of his own countrymen. He suffered him therefore to approach his post, questioning him by signs, to which the Briton replied in the same manner, perfectly ignorant of their meaning, but with a fervent hope that the result of these mysterious gestures might be his admission within the wall.

Under such circumstances the two were not likely to arrive at a clear understanding. After a while the German looked completely puzzled, and passed the word in his own language to a comrade within hearing, apparently for assistance. Esca heard the sound repeated in more than one voice, till it died

away under the trees; there was obviously a strong chain of sentries round Cæsar's palace.

In the mean time the German would not permit Esca to approach within spear's length of his post, though he kept him back good-humoredly with the butt end of that weapon, nor would he suffer him to pick his sword up and gird it round his waist again — making nevertheless, all the while, signs of cordiality and friendship; but though Esca responded to these with equal warmth, he was no nearer the inside than at first.

Presently the heavy tramp of armed men smote his ear, and a centurion, accompanied by half a dozen soldiers, approached the wicket. These bore a strong resemblance, both in form and features, to the sentry who had summoned them; but their officer spoke Latin, and Esca, who had gained a little time to mature his plan, answered the German centurion's questions without hesitation.

"I belong to your own division," said he, "though I come from farther north than your troop, and speak a different dialect. We were disbanded but yesterday, by a written order from Cæsar. It has turned out to be a forgery. We have been scattered through half the wine shops in Rome, and a herald came round and found me drinking, and bade me return to my duty without delay. He said we were to muster somewhere hereabouts, that we should find a post at the palace, and could join it till our own officers came back. I am but a barbarian, I know little of Rome, but this is the palace, is it not? and you are a centurion of the German guard?"

He drew himself up as he spoke with military respect, and the officer had no hesitation in believing his tale, the more so that certain of Cæsar's troops had lately been disbanded at a time when their services seemed to be most in requisition. Taking charge of Esca's weapon, he spoke a few words in his own language to the sentry, and then addressed the Briton.

"You may come to the main guard," said he. "I should not mind a few more of the same maniple. We are likely to want all we can get to-night."

As he conducted him through the gardens, he asked several questions concerning the strength of the opposing party, the state of the town, and the general feeling of the citizens towards Vitellius, all which Esca parried to the best of his abilities, hazarding a guess where he could, and accounting for his ignorance where he could not, on the plea that he had spent

his whole time since his dismissal in the wine shops — an excuse which the centurion's knowledge of the tastes and habits of his division caused him to accept without suspicion of its truth.

Arrived at the watch fire, Esca's military experience, slight as it had been, was enough to apprise him of the imminent dangers that threatened the palace in the event of an attack. The huge Germans lounged and lay about in the glare of the burning logs, as though feast, and song, and revelry were the objects for which they were mustered. Wine was flowing freely in large flagons, commensurate to the noble thirst of these Scandinavian warriors; and even the sentries, leaving their posts at intervals, as caprice or indolence prompted, strode up to the watch fire, laughed a loud laugh, drained a full beaker, and walked quietly back again, none the worse, to their beat. All hailed a new comrade with the utmost glee, as a further incentive to drink; and although Esca was pleased to find that none but their centurion was familiar with Latin, and that he was consequently free from much inconvenient cross-examination, it was obvious that there was no intention of letting him depart without pledging them in deep draughts of the rough and potent Sabine wine.

With youth, health, and a fixed resolve to keep his wits about him, the Briton managed to perform this part of a soldier's duty to the satisfaction of his entertainers. The moments seemed very long, but whilst the Germans were singing, drinking, and making their remarks upon him in their own language, he had time to think of his plans. To have declared at once that he knew of a plot against Cæsar, and to call upon the centurion to obtain his admittance to the person of the Emperor, would, he was well aware, only defeat his own object, by throwing suspicion on himself as a probable assassin, and confederate of the conspirators. To put the officer on the alert, would cause him, perhaps, to double his sentries, and to stop the allowance of wine in course of consumption; but Esca saw plainly that no resistance from within the palace could be made to the large force his late master would bring to bear upon it. The only chance for the Emperor was to escape. If he could himself reach his presence, and warn him personally, he thought he could prevail upon him to fly. This was the difficulty. A monarch in his palace is not visible to every one who may wish to see him, even when his own safety is concerned; but Esca

had already gained the interior of the gardens, and that success encouraged him to proceed.

The Germans, though believing themselves more vigilant than usual (to such a low state the boasted discipline of Cæsar's bodyguard had fallen), were confused and careless under the influence of wine, and their attention to the newcomer was soon distracted by a fresh chorus and a fresh flagon. Esca, under pretense that he required repose, managed to withdraw himself from the glare of the firelight, and borrowing a cloak from a ruddy comrade with a stentorian voice, lay down in the shadow of an arbutus, and affected profound repose. By degrees, coiling himself along the sward like a snake, he slipped out of sight, leaving his cloak so arranged as to resemble a sleeping form, and sped off in the direction of the palace, to which he was guided by numerous distant lights.

Some alarm had evidently preceded him even here. Crowds of slaves, both male and female, chiefly Greeks and Asiatics, were pouring from its egresses and hurrying through the gardens in obvious dismay. The Briton could not but remark that none were empty-handed, and the value of their burdens denoted that those who now fled had no intention ever to return. They took little notice of him when they passed, save that a few of the more timid, glancing at his stalwart figure, turned aside and ran the swifter; while others, perceiving that he was unarmed, for he had left his sword with the Germans, shot at him some contemptuous gesture or ribald jest, which they thought the barbarian would not understand in time to resent.

Thus he reached the spacious front of the palace, and here, indeed, the trumpets were sounding, and the German guard forming, evidently for resistance to an attack. There was no mistaking the expression of the men's faces, nor the clang of their heavy weapons. Though they filled the main court, however, a stream of fugitives still poured from the side doors, and through one of these, the Briton determined he would find no difficulty in effecting an entrance. Glancing at the fine men getting under arms with such businesslike rapidity, he thought how even that handful might make such a defense as would give Cæsar time to escape, either at the back of the palace, or, if that were invested, disguised as one of the slaves who were still hurrying off in motley crowds; and notwithstanding his newborn feelings, he could not help, from old association, wish-

ing that he might strike a blow by the side of these stalwart guardsmen, even for such a cause as theirs.

Observing a door opening on a terrace which had been left completely undefended, Esca entered the palace unopposed, and roamed through hall after hall without meeting a living creature. Much of value had already been cleared away, but enough remained to have excited the cupidity of the richest subject in Rome. Shawls, arms, jewels, vases, statues, caskets, and drinking cups were scattered about in a waste of magnificent confusion, while in many instances, rapacious ignorance had carried off that which was comparatively the dross, and left the more precious articles behind. Esca had never even dreamed of such gorgeous luxury as he now beheld. For a few minutes his mind was no less stupefied than his eye was dazzled, and he almost forgot his object in sheer wonder and admiration; but there was no time to be lost, and he looked about in vain for some clew to guide him through this glittering wilderness to the presence of the Emperor.

The rooms seemed endless, opening one into another, and each more splendid than the last. At length he heard the sound of voices, and darting eagerly forward, found himself in the midst of half a dozen persons clad in robes of state, with garlands on their heads, reclining round the fragments of a feast, a flagon or two of wine, and a golden cornucopia of fruit and flowers.

As he entered, these started to their feet, exclaiming, "They are upon us!" and huddled together in a corner, like a flock of sheep when terrified by a dog. Observing, however, that the Briton was alone and unarmed, they seemed to take courage, and a fat figure thrusting itself forward, exclaimed in one breath, "He is not to be disturbed! Cæsar is busy. Are the Germans firm?"

His voice shook and his whole frame quivered with fear; nevertheless Esca recognized the speaker. It was his old antagonist Spado, a favorite eunuch of the household, in dire terror for his life, yet showing the one redeeming quality of fidelity to the hand that fed him.

His comrades kept behind him, taking their cue from his conduct as the bellwether of the flock, yet trusting fervently his wisdom would counsel immediate flight.

"I know you," said Esca, hurriedly. "I struck you that night in anger. It is all over now. I have come to save your lives, all of you, and to rescue Cæsar."

"How?" said Spado, ignoring his previous injuries in the alarm of the hour. "You can save us? You can rescue Cæsar? Then it *is* true. The tumult is grown to a rebellion! The Germans are driven in, and the game is lost!"

The others caught up their mantles, girded themselves, and prepared for instant flight.

"The guard can hold the palace for half an hour yet," replied Esca, coolly. "But the Emperor must escape. Julius Placidus will be here forthwith, at the head of two hundred gladiators, and the Tribune means to murder his master as surely as you stand trembling there."

Ere he had done speaking, he was left alone in the room with Spado. The Tribune's character was correctly appreciated, even by the eunuchs of the palace, and they stayed to hear no more; but Spado only looked blankly in the Briton's face, wringing his fat hands, and answered to the other's urgent appeals, "His orders were explicit. Cæsar is busy. He must not be disturbed. He said so himself. Cæsar is busy!"

The Business of Cæsar.

Thrusting Spado aside without ceremony, and disregarding the eunuch's expostulations in obedience to the orders he had received, Esca burst through a narrow door, tore down a velvet curtain, and found himself in the private apartment of the Emperor. Cæsar's business was at that moment scarcely of an urgency to weigh against the consideration of Cæsar's life. Vitellius was reclining on a couch, his dress disordered and ungirt, a garland of roses at his feet, his heavy face, of which the swollen features had lost all their early comeliness, expressing nothing but sullen torpid calm; his eye fixed on vacancy, his weak nerveless hands crossed in front of his unwieldy person, and his whole attitude that of one who had little to occupy his attention, save his own personal indulgence and comfort.

Yet for all this, the mind was busy within that bloated form. There are moments in existence, when the past comes back to us day by day, and incident by incident, shining out in colors vivid and lifelike as the present. On the eve of an important crisis, during the crisis itself if we are not permitted to take an active part in it but compelled to remain passive, the mere sport of its contingencies, for the few minutes that succeed a complete demolition of the fabric we have been build-

ing all our lives, we become possessed of this faculty, and seem, in a strange dreamlike sense, to live our time over again.

For the last few days, even Vitellius had awoke to the conviction that his diadem was in danger, for the last few hours he had seen cause to tremble for his life; nevertheless, none of the usual habits of the palace had been altered; and even when Primus, the successful general of his dangerous rival, Vespasian, occupied the suburbs, his reverses did but elicit from the Emperor a call for more wine and a heartless jest.

To-day he must have seen clearly that all was lost, yet the supper to which he sat down with half a dozen favorite eunuchs was no less elaborate than usual, the wine flowed as freely, the Emperor ate as enormously, and when he could eat no more, retired to pass his customary half hour in perfect silence and repose, nor suffered the important process of digestion to be disturbed by the fact that his very gates must ere midnight be in possession of the enemy.

Nevertheless, as if in warning of what was to come, the pageant of his life seemed to move past his half-closed eyes; and who shall say how vain and empty such a pageant may have appeared even to the besotted glutton, who, though he had the address to catch the diadem of the Cæsars, when it was thrown to him by chance, knew but too well that he had no power to retain it on his head, when wrested by the grasp of force. Though feeble and worn out, he was not old, far short of threescore years, yet what a life of change and turmoil and vicissitudes his had been!

Proconsul of Africa, favorite of four emperors, it must have been a certain versatility of talent, that enabled him to rule such an important province with tolerable credit, and yet retain the good graces of successive tyrants, resembling each other in nothing save incessant caprice. An informer with Tiberius; a pander to the crimes, and a proselyte to the divinity, of mad Caligula; a screen for Messalina's vices, and an easy adviser to her easy and timid lord; lastly, everything in turn with Nero — chariot driver, singer, parasite, buffoon, and in all these various parts preserving the one unfailing characteristic of a consummate and systematic debauchee.

It seemed but yesterday that he had thrown the dice with Claudius, staking land and villas as freely as jewels and gold, losing heavily to his imperial master; and, though he had to

borrow the money at high usury, quick-witted enough to perceive the noble reversion he had thus a chance of purchasing.

It seemed but yesterday that he flew round the dusky circus, grazing the goal with practiced skill, and, by a happy dexterity, suffering Caligula to win the race so narrowly, as to enhance the pleasure of imperial triumph.

It seemed but yesterday that he sang with Nero, and flattered the monster by comparing him with the sirens, whose voices charmed mariners to their destruction.

And now was it all over? Must he indeed give up the imperial purple and the throne of blazing gold? — the luxurious banquets and the luscious wines? He shuddered and sickened while he thought of a crust of brown bread and a pitcher of water. Nay, worse than this, was he sure his life was safe? He had seen death often — what Roman had not? But at his best, in the field, clad in corselet and headpiece, and covered with a buckler, he had thought him an ugly and unwelcome visitor.

Even at Bedriacum, when he told his generals as he rode over the slain, putrefying on the ground, that "a dead enemy smelt sweet, and the sweeter for being a citizen," he remembered now that his gorge had risen while he spoke. He remembered, too, the German bodyguard that had accompanied him, and the faithful courage with which his German levies fought. There were a few of them in the palace yet. It gave him confidence to recollect this. For a moment the soldier spirit kindled up within, and he felt as though he could put himself at the head of those blue-eyed giants, lead them into the very center of the enemy, and die there like a man. He rose to his feet, and snatched at one of the weapons hanging for ornament against the wall, but the weak limbs failed, the pampered body asserted itself, and he sank back helpless on the couch.

It was at this moment that Esca burst so unceremoniously into the Emperor's presence.

Vitellius did not rise again, less alarmed, perhaps, than astonished. The Briton threw himself upon his knees, and touched the broad crimson binding of the imperial gown.

"There is not a moment to lose!" said he. "They are forcing the gates. The guard has been driven back. It is too late for resistance; but Cæsar may yet escape if he will trust himself to me."

Vitellius looked about him, bewildered. At that moment a shout was heard from the palace gardens, accompanied by a rush of many feet, and the ominous clash of steel. Esca knew that the assailants were gladiators. If they came in with their blood up, they would give no quarter.

"Cæsar must disguise himself," he insisted earnestly. "The slaves have been leaving the palace in hundreds. If the Emperor would put on a coarse garment and come with me, I can show him the way to safety; and Placidus, hastening to this apartment, will find it empty."

With all his sensual vices, there was yet something left of the old Roman spirit in Vitellius, which sparkled out in an emergency. After the first sudden surprise of Esca's entrance, he became cooler every moment. At the mention of the Tribune's name he seemed to reflect.

"Who are you?" said he, after a pause; "and how came you here?"

Short as had been his reign he had acquired the tone of royalty; and he could even assume a certain dignity, notwithstanding the urgency of his present distress.

In a few words Esca explained to him his danger, and his enemies.

"Placidus," repeated the Emperor, thoughtfully, and as if more concerned than surprised; "then there is no chance of the design failing; no hope of mercy when it has succeeded. Good friend! I will take your advice. I will trust you, and go with you where you will. If I am an Emperor to-morrow, you will be the greatest man in Rome."

Hitherto he had been leaning indolently back on the couch. Now he seemed to rouse himself for action, and stripped the crimson-bordered gown from his shoulders, the signet ring from his hand. "They will make a gallant defense," said he, "but if I know Julius Placidus, he will outnumber them ten to one. Nevertheless they may hold him at bay with their long swords till we get clear of the palace. The gardens are dark and spacious; we can hide there for a time, and take an opportunity of reaching my wife's house on Mount Aventine; Galeria will not betray me, and they will never think of looking for me there."

Speaking thus coolly and deliberately, but more to himself than his companion, Cæsar, divested of all marks of splendor in his dress and ornaments, stripped to a plain linen garment,

turning up his sleeves and girding himself the while, like a slave busied in some household work requiring activity and dispatch, suffered the Briton to lead him into the next apartment, where, deserted by his comrades, and sorely perplexed between a vague sense of duty and a strong inclination to run away, Spado was pacing to and fro in a ludicrous state of perturbation and dismay.

Already the noise of fighting was plainly distinguished in the outer court. The gladiators, commanded by Hippias and guided by the treacherous Tribune, had overpowered the main body of the Germans who occupied the imperial gardens, and were now engaged with the remnant of these faithful barbarians at the very doors of the palace.

The latter, though outnumbered, fought with the desperate courage of their race. The Roman soldier, in his cool methodical discipline, was sometimes puzzled to account for that frantic energy which acknowledged no superiority either of position or numbers, which seemed to gather a fresher and more stubborn courage from defeat; and even the gladiators, men whose very livelihood was slaughter, and whose weapons were never out of their hands, found themselves no match for these large savage warriors in the struggle of a hand-to-hand combat,— recoiled more than once in baffled rage and astonishment from the long swords, and the blue eyes, and the tall forms that seemed to tower and dilate in the fierce revelry of battle.

The military skill of Placidus, exercised before many a Jewish rampart, and on many a Syrian plain, had worsted the main body of the Germans by taking them in flank. Favored by the darkness of the shrubberies, he had contrived to throw a hundred practiced swordsmen unexpectedly on their most defenseless point. Surprised and outnumbered, they retreated nevertheless in good order, though sadly diminished, upon their comrades at the gate. Here the remaining handful made a desperate stand, and here Placidus, wiping his bloody sword upon his tunic, whispered to Hippias, "We must put Hirpinus and the supper party in front! If we can but carry the gate, there are a score of entrances into the palace. Remember! we give no quarter, and we recognize no one."

Whilst the chosen band who had left the Tribune's table were held in check by the guard, there was a moment's respite, during which Cæsar might possibly escape. Esca, rapidly calculating the difficulties in his own mind, had resolved to hurry

him through the most secluded part of the gardens into the streets, and so running the chance of recognition which in the darkness of night, and under the coarse garb of a household slave, was but a remote contingency, to convey him by a circuitous route to Galeria's house, of which he knew the situation, and where he might be concealed for a time without danger of detection. The great obstacle was to get him out of the palace without being seen. The private door by which he had himself entered, he knew must be defended, or the assailants would have taken advantage of it ere this, and he dared not risk recognition, to say nothing of the chances of war, by endeavoring to escape through the midst of the conflict at the main gate. He appealed to Spado for assistance.

"There is a terrace at the back here," stammered the eunuch; "if Cæsar can reach it, a pathway leads directly down to the summer house in the thickest part of the gardens; thence he can go between the fish ponds straight to the wicket that opens on the Appian Way."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the Emperor, angrily, "how am I to reach the terrace? There is no door, and the window must be a man's height at least from the ground."

"It is your only chance of life, illustrious!" observed Esca, impatiently. "Guide us to the window, friend," he added, turning to Spado, who looked from one to the other in helpless astonishment, "and tear that shawl from the couch; we may want it for a rope to let the Emperor down."

A fresh shout from the combatants at the gate, while it completely paralyzed the eunuch, seemed to determine Vitellius. He moved resolutely forward, followed by his two companions, Spado whispering to the Briton, "You are a brave young man. We will all escape together, I — I will stand by you to the last!"

They needed but to cross a passage and traverse another room. Cæsar peered over the window sill into the darkness below, and drew back.

"It is a long way down," said he. "What if I were to break a limb?" Esca produced the shawl he had brought with him from the adjoining apartment, and offered to place it under his arms and round his body.

"Shall I go first?" said Spado. "It is not five cubits from the ground."

But the Emperor thought of his brother Lucius and the

cohorts at Terracina. Could he but gain the camp there he would be safe, nay more, he could make head against his rival; he would return to Rome with a victorious army; he would retrieve the diadem and the purple, and the suppers at the palace once more.

"Stay where you are!" he commanded Spado, who was looking with an eager eye at the window. "I will risk it. One draught of Falernian, and I will risk it and begone."

He turned back towards the banqueting room, and while he did so another shout warned him that the gate was carried, and the palace in possession of the conspirators.

Esca followed the Emperor, vainly imploring him to fly. Spado, taking one more look from the window ere he risked his bones, heard the ring of armor and the tramp of feet coming round the corner of the palace, on the very terrace he desired to reach. White and trembling, he tore the garland from his head and gnawed its roses with his teeth in the impotence of his despair. He knew the last chance was gone now, and they must die.

The Emperor returned to the room where he had supped, seized a flagon of Falernian, filled himself a large goblet which he half emptied at a draught, and set it down on the board with a deep sigh of satisfaction. The courtyard had been taken at last, and the palace surrounded. Resistance was hopeless, and escape impossible. The Germans were still fighting, indeed, within the rooms, disputing inch by inch the glittering corridors and the carved doorways and the shining polished floors, now more slippery than ever with blood. Pictures and statues seemed to look down in calm amazement at thrust and blow and death grapple, and all the reeling confusion of mortal strife. But the noise came nearer and nearer; the Germans, falling man by man, were rapidly giving ground. Esca knew the game was lost at last, and he turned to his companions in peril with a grave and clouded brow.

"There is nothing for it left," said he, "but to die like men. Yet if there be any corner in which Cæsar can hide," he added, with something of contempt in his tone, "I will gain him five minutes more of life, if this glittering toy holds together so long."

Then he snatched from the wall an Asiatic javelin, all lacquered and ornamented with gold, cast one look at the others, as if to bid them farewell, and hurried from the room.

Spado, a mass of shaking flesh, and tumbled garments and festive ornaments strangely out of keeping with his attitude, cowered down against the wall, hiding his face in his hands; but Vitellius, with something akin even to gratification on his countenance, returned to the half-emptied cup, and raising it to his lips, deliberately finished his Falernian.

At Bay.

It was not in Esca's nature to be within hearing of shrewd blows and yet abstain from taking part in the fray.

His recent sentiments had indeed undergone a change that would produce timely fruit; and neither the words of the preacher in the Esquiline, nor the example of Calchas, nor the sweet influence of Mariamne, had been without their effect. But it was ingrained in his very character to love the stir and tumult of a fight. From a boy his blood leaped and tingled at the clash of steel. His was the courage which is scarcely exercised in the tide of personal conflict, and must be proved rather in endurance than in action — so naturally does it force itself to the front when men are dealing blow for blow.

His youth, too, had been spent in warfare, and in that most ennobling of all warfare which defends home from the aggression of an invader. He had long ago learned to love danger for its own sake, and now he experienced besides a morbid desire to have his hand on the Tribune's throat, so he felt the point and tried the shaft of his javelin with a thrill of savage joy, while, guided by the sounds of combat, he hurried along the corridor to join the remnant of the faithful German Guard.

Not a score of them were left, and of these scarce one but bled from some grievous wound. Their white garments were stained with crimson, their gaudy golden armor was hacked and dinted, their strength was nearly spent, and every hope of safety gone; but their courage was still unquenched, and as man after man went down, the survivors closed in and fought on, striking desperately with their faces to the foe.

The Tribune and his chosen band, supported by a numerous body of inferior gladiators, were pressing them sore. Placidus, an expert swordsman, and in no way wanting physical courage, was conspicuous in the front. Hippias alone seemed to vie with the Tribune in reckless daring, though Hirpinus, Eumolpus, Lutorius, and the others were all earning their wages

with scrupulous fidelity, and bearing themselves according to custom, as if fighting were the one business of their lives.

When Esca reached the scene of conflict, the Tribune had just closed with a gigantic adversary. For a minute they reeled in the death grapple, then parted as suddenly as they met, the German falling backward with a groan, the Tribune's blade as he brandished it aloft dripping with blood to the very hilt. "Euge!" shouted Hippias, who was at his side, parrying at the same moment, with consummate address, a sweeping sword cut, dealt at him from the dead man's comrade. "That was prettily done, Tribune, and like an artist!"

Esca, catching sight of his enemy's hated face, dashed in with the bound of a tiger, and taking him unawares, delivered at him so fierce and rapid a thrust as would have settled accounts between them, had Placidus possessed no other means of defense than his own skillful swordsmanship; but the fencing master, whose eye seemed to take in all the combatants at once, cut through the curved shaft of the Briton's weapon with one turn of his short sword, and its head fell harmless on the floor. His hand was up for a deadly thrust when Esca found himself felled to the ground by some powerful fist, while a ponderous form holding him down with its whole weight, made it impossible for him to rise.

"Keep quiet, lad," whispered a friendly voice in his ear; "I was forced to strike hard to get thee down in time. Faith! the Master gives short warning with his thrusts. Here thou'rt safe, and here I'll take care thou shalt remain till the tide has rolled over us, and I can pass thee out unseen. Keep quiet! I tell thee, lest I have to strike thee senseless for thine own good."

In vain the Briton struggled to regain his feet; Hirpinus kept him down by main force. No sooner had the gladiator caught sight of his friend, than he resolved to save him from the fate which too surely threatened all who were found in the palace, and with characteristic promptitude used the only means at his disposal for the fulfillment of his object.

A moment's reflection satisfied Esca of his old comrade's good faith. Life is sweet, and with the hope of its preservation came back the thought of Mariamne. He lay still for a few minutes, and by that time the tide of fight had rolled on, and they were left alone.

Hirpinus rose first with a jovial laugh. "Why, you went

down, man," said he, "like an ox at an altar. I would have held my hand a little — in faith I would — had there been time. Well, I must help thee up, I suppose, seeing that I put thee down. Take my advice, lad, get outside as quick as thou canst. Keep the first turning to the right of the great gate, stick to the darkest part of the gardens, and run for thy life!"

So speaking, the gladiator helped Esca to his feet, and pointed down the corridor, where the way was now clear. The Briton would have made one more effort to save the Emperor, but Hirpinus interposed his burly form, and finding his friend so refractory, half led, half pushed him to the door of the palace. Here he bade him farewell, looking wistfully out into the night, as though he would fain accompany him.

"I have little taste for the job here, and that's the truth," said he, in the tone of a man who has been unfairly deprived of some expected pleasure. "The Germans made a pretty good stand for a time, but I thought there were more of them, and that the fight would have lasted twice as long. Good luck go with thee, lad, I shall perhaps never see thee again. Well, well, it can't be helped. I have been bought and paid for, and must go back to my work."

So, while Esca, hopeless of doing any more good, went his way into the gardens, Hirpinus reëntered the palace to follow his comrades, and assist in the search for the Emperor.

He was somewhat surprised to hear loud shouts of laughter echoing from the end of the corridor. Hastening on to learn the cause of such strangely timed mirth, he came upon Rufus lying across the prostrate body of a German, and trying hard to stanch the blood that welled from a fatal gash inflicted by his dead enemy, ere he went down.

Hirpinus raised his friend's head, and knew it was all over.

"I have got it," said Rufus, in a faint voice; "my foot slipped and the clumsy barbarian lunged in over my guard. Farewell, old comrade! Bid the wife keep heart. There is a home for her at Picenum, and — the boys — keep them out of the Family. When you close with these Germans, — disengage — at half distance, and turn your wrist down with the — old — thrust, so as to ——"

Weaker and weaker came the gladiator's last syllables, his head sank, his jaw dropped, and Hirpinus, turning for a farewell look at the comrade with whom he had trained, and toiled,

and drunk, and fought, for half a score of years, dashed his hand angrily to his shaggy eyelashes, for he saw him through a mist of tears.

Another shout of laughter, louder still and nearer, roused him to action. Turning into the room whence it proceeded, he came upon a scene of combat, nearly as ludicrous as the last was pitiful.

Surrounded by a circle of gladiators, roaring out their applause and holding their sides with mirth, two most unwilling adversaries were pitted against each other. They seemed, indeed, very loath to come to close quarters, and stood face to face with excessive watchfulness and caution.

In searching for the Emperor, Placidus and his myrmidons had scoured several apartments without success. Finding the palace thus unoccupied, and now in their own hands, the men had commenced loading themselves with valuables, and prepared to decamp with their plunder, each to his home, as having fulfilled their engagement, and earned their reward. But the Tribune well knew that if Vitellius survived the night, his own head would be no longer safe on his shoulders, and that it was indispensable to find the Emperor at all hazards; so, gathering a handful of gladiators round him, persuading some and threatening others, he instituted a strict search in one apartment after another, leaving no hole nor corner untried, persuaded that Cæsar must be still inside the palace, and consequently within his grasp.

He entertained, nevertheless, a lurking mistrust of treachery, roused by the late appearance of Euchenor at supper, which was rather strengthened than destroyed by the Greek's unwillingness to engage in personal combat with the Germans. Whilst he was able to do so, the Tribune had kept a wary eye upon the pugilist, and had indeed prevented him more than once from slipping out of the conflict altogether. Now that the Germans were finally disposed of, and the palace in his power, he kept the Greek close at hand with less difficulty, jeering him, half in jest and half in earnest, on the great care he had taken of his own person in the fray.

Thus, with Euchenor at his side, followed by Hippias, and some half-dozen gladiators, the Tribune entered the room in which the Emperor had supped, and from which a door, concealed by a heavy curtain, led into a dark recess originally intended for a bath. At the foot of this curtain, half lying,

half sitting, groveled an obese unwieldy figure, clad in white, which moaned and shook and rocked itself to and fro, in a paroxysm of abject fear.

The Tribune leapt forward with a gleam of diabolical triumph in his eyes. The next instant his face fell, as the figure, looking up, presented the scared features of the bewildered Spado.

But even in his wrath and disappointment Placidus could indulge himself with a brutal jest.

"Euchenor," said he, "thou hast hardly been well blooded to-night. Drive thy sword through this carrion, and draw it out of our way."

The Greek was only averse to cruelty, when it involved personal danger. He rushed in willingly enough, his blade up, and his eyes glaring like a tiger's; but the action roused whatever was left of manhood in the victim, and Spado sprang to his feet with the desperate courage of one who has no escape left.

Close at his hand lay a Parthian bow, one of the many curiosities in arms that were scattered about the room, together with a sandalwood quiver of puny painted arrows.

"Their points are poisoned," he shouted; "and a touch is death!"

Then he drew the bow to its full compass, and glared about him like some hunted beast brought to bay.

Euchenor checked in his spring stood rigid as if turned to stone. His beautiful form indeed, motionless in that lifelike attitude, would have been a fit study for one of his own country's sculptors; but the surrounding gladiators, influenced only by the ludicrous points of the situation, laughed till their sides shook, at the two cowards thus confronting each other.

"To him, Euchenor!" said they, with the voice and action by which a man encourages his dog at its prey. "To him, lad! Here's old Hirpinus come to back thee. He always voted thee a cur. Show him some of thy mettle now!"

Goaded by their taunts, Euchenor made a rapid feint, and crouched for another dash. Terrified and confused, the eunuch let the bowstring escape from his nerveless fingers, and the light gaudy arrow, grazing the Greek's arm and scarcely drawing blood, fell, as it seemed, harmless to the floor between his feet.

Again there was a loud shout of derision, for Euchenor, dropping his weapon, applied this trifling scratch to his mouth;

ere the laugh subsided, however, the Greek's face contracted and turned pale. With a wild yell he sprang bolt upright, raising his arms above his head, and fell forward on his breast, dead.

The gladiators leaping in, passed half a dozen swords through the eunuch's body, almost ere their comrade touched the floor. Then Lutorius and Eumolpus tearing down the curtain disappeared in the dark recess behind. There was an exclamation of surprise, a cry for mercy, a scuffling of feet, the fall of some heavy piece of furniture, and the two emerged again, dragging between them, pale and gasping, a bloated and infirm old man.

"Cæsar is fled!" said he, looking wildly round. "You seek Cæsar?" Then perceiving the dark smile on the Tribune's face, and abandoning all hope of disguise, he folded his arms with a certain dignity that his coarse garments and disordered state could not wholly neutralize, and added :—

"I *am* Cæsar! Strike! since there is no mercy and no escape!"

The Tribune paused an instant and pondered. Already the dawn was stealing through the palace, and the dead upturned face of Spado looked gray and ghastly in the pale cold light. Master of the situation, he did but deliberate whether he should slay Cæsar with his own hand, thus bidding high for the gratitude of his successor, or whether, by delivering him over to an infuriated soldiery, who would surely massacre him on the spot, he should make his death appear an act of popular justice, in the furtherance of which he was himself a mere dutiful instrument. A few moments' reflection on the character of Vespasian, decided him to pursue the latter course. He turned to the gladiators, and bade them secure their prisoner.

Loud shouts, and the tramp of many thousand armed feet, announced that the disaffected legions were converging on the palace, and had already filled its courtyard with masses of disciplined men, ranged under their eagles in all the imposing precision and the glittering pomp of war. The increasing daylight showed their serried files, extending far beyond the gate, over the spacious gardens of the palace, and the cold morning breeze unfurled a banner here and there, on which were already emblazoned the initials of the new Emperor, "Titus Flavius Vespasian Cæsar."

As Vitellius with his hands bound, led between two gladiators, passed out of the gate which at midnight had been his

"He put his own sword beneath the Emperor's chin"

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own, one of these gaudy devices glittered in the rising sun before his eyes. Then his whole frame seemed to collapse, and his head sank upon his breast, for he knew that the bitterness of death had indeed come at last.

But it was no part of the Tribune's scheme that his victim's lineaments should escape observation. He put his own sword beneath the Emperor's chin, and forced him to hold his head up while the soldiers hooted and reviled, and ridiculed their former lord.

"Let them see thy face," said the Tribune, brutally. "Even now thou art still the most notorious man in Rome."

Obese in person, lame in gait, pale, bloated, disheveled, and a captive, there was yet a certain dignity about the fallen Emperor, while he drew himself up, and thus answered his enemy: —

"Thou hast eaten of my bread and drunk from my cup. I have loaded thee with riches and honors. Yesterday I was thine Emperor and thy host. To-day I am thy captive and thy victim. But here, in the jaws of death, I tell thee that not to have my life and mine empire back again, would I change places with Julius Placidus the Tribune!"

They were the last words he ever spoke, for while they paraded him along the Sacred Way, the legions gathered in and struck him down, and hewed him in pieces, casting the fragments of his body into the stream of Father Tiber, stealing calm and noiseless by the walls of Rome. And though the faithful Galeria collected them for decent interment, few cared to mourn the memory of Vitellius the glutton; for the good and temperate Vespasian reigned in his stead.

MARCUS AURELIUS AT HOME.

By WALTER PATER.

(From "Marius the Epicurean.")

[Walter Horatio Pater: An English critic and author; born in London, August 4, 1839. Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, he became a Fellow of Brasenose College (1865), where he spent the greater portion of his life. He died in 1894. Among his publications, which are distinguished for critical insight and exquisite style, may be men-

tioned: "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" (1873), "Marius the Epicurean," "Imaginary Portraits," "Appreciations," "Plato and Platonism."]

AFTER that sharp, brief winter, the sun was already at work, softening leaf and bud, as you might feel by a faint sweetness in the air; but he did his work behind an evenly white sky, against which the abode of the Cæsars, its cypresses and bronze roofs, seemed like a picture in beautiful but melancholy color, as Marius climbed the long flights of steps to be introduced to the emperor Aurelius. Attired in the newest mode, his legs wound in dainty *fasciæ* of white leather, with the heavy gold ring of the *ingenuus*, and in his toga of ceremony, he still retained all his country freshness of complexion. The eyes of the "golden youth" of Rome were upon him as the chosen friend of Cornelius, and the destined servant of the emperor; but not jealously. In spite of, perhaps partly because of, his habitual reserve of manner, he had become "the fashion," even among those who felt instinctively the irony which lay beneath that remarkable self-possession, as of one taking all things with a difference from other people, perceptible in voice, in expression, and even in his dress. It was, in truth, the air of one who, entering vividly into life, and relishing to the full the delicacies of its intercourse, yet feels all the while, from the point of view of an ideal philosophy, that he is but conceding reality to suppositions, choosing of his own will to walk in a daydream, of the illusiveness of which he at least is aware.

In the house of the chief chamberlain Marius waited for the due moment of admission to the emperor's presence. He was admiring the peculiar decoration of the walls, colored like rich old red leather. In the midst of one of them was depicted, under a trellis of fruit you might have gathered, the figure of a woman knocking at a door, with wonderful reality of perspective. Then the summons came; and in a few minutes, the etiquette of the imperial household being still a simple matter, he had passed the curtains which divided the central hall of the palace into three parts — three degrees of approach to the sacred person — and was speaking to Aurelius himself; not in Greek, in which the emperor oftenest conversed with the learned, but, more familiarly, in Latin, adorned however, or disfigured, by many a Greek phrase, as now and again French phrases have made the adornment of fashionable English. It was with real kindliness that Marcus Aurelius looked upon

Marius, as a youth of great attainments in Greek letters and philosophy; and he liked also his serious expression, being, as we know, a believer in the doctrine of physiognomy — that, as he puts it, not love only, but every other affection of man's soul, looks out very plainly from the window of the eyes.

The apartment in which Marius found himself was of ancient aspect, and richly decorated with the favorite toys of two or three generations of imperial collectors, now finally revised by the high connoisseurship of the Stoic emperor himself, though destined not much longer to remain together there. It is the repeated boast of Aurelius that he had learned from old Antoninus Pius to maintain authority without the constant use of guards, in a robe woven by the handmaids of his own consort, with no processional lights or images, and "that a prince may shrink himself almost into the figure of a private gentleman." And yet, again as at his first sight of him, Marius was struck by the profound religiousness of the surroundings of the imperial presence. The effect might have been due in part to the very simplicity, the discreet and scrupulous simplicity, of the central figure in this splendid abode; but Marius could not forget that he saw before him not only the head of the Roman religion, but one who might actually have claimed something like divine worship, had he cared to do so. Though the fantastic pretensions of Caligula had brought some contempt on that claim, which had become almost a jest under the ungainly Claudius, yet, from Augustus downwards, a vague divinity had seemed to surround the Cæsars even in this life; and the peculiar character of Aurelius, at once a ceremonious polytheist never forgetful of his pontifical calling, and a philosopher whose mystic speculation encircled him with a sort of saintly halo, had restored to his person, without his intending it, something of that divine prerogative, or prestige. Though he would never allow the immediate dedication of altars to himself, yet the image of his *Genius* — his spirituality or celestial counterpart — was placed among those of the deified princes of the past; and his family, including Faustina and the young Commodus, was spoken of as the "holy" or "divine" house. Many a Roman courtier agreed with the barbarian chief, who, after contemplating a predecessor of Aurelius, withdrew from his presence with the exclamation: "I have seen a god to-day!" The very roof of his house, rising into a pediment or gable, like that of the sanctuary of

a god, the laurels on either side its doorway, the chaplet of oak leaves above, seemed to designate the place for religious veneration. And notwithstanding all this, the household of Aurelius was singularly modest, with none of the wasteful expense of palaces after the fashion of Lewis the Fourteenth; the palatial dignity being felt only in a peculiar sense of order, the absence of all that was casual, of vulgarity and discomfort. A merely official residence of his predecessors, the *Palatine* had become the favorite dwelling place of Aurelius; its many-colored memories suiting, perhaps, his pensive character, and the crude splendors of Nero and Hadrian being now subdued by time. The windowless Roman abode must have had much of what to a modern would be gloom. How did the children, one wonders, endure houses with so little escape for the eye into the world outside? Aurelius, who had altered little else, choosing to *live* there, in a genuine homeliness, had shifted and made the most of the level lights, and broken out a quite mediæval window here and there, and the clear daylight, fully appreciated by his youthful visitor, made pleasant shadows among the objects of the imperial collection. Some of these, indeed, by reason of their Greek simplicity and grace, themselves shone out like spaces of a purer, early light, amid the splendors of the Roman manufacture.

Though he looked, thought Marius, like a man who did not sleep enough, he was abounding and bright to-day, after one of those pitiless headaches which since boyhood had been the "thorn in his side," challenging the pretensions of his philosophy to fortify one in humble endurances. At the first moment, to Marius, remembering the spectacle of the emperor in ceremony, it was almost bewildering to be in private conversation with him. There was much in the philosophy of Aurelius — much consideration of mankind at large, of great bodies, aggregates and generalities, after the Stoic manner — which, on a nature less rich than his, might have acted as an inducement to care for people in inverse proportion to their nearness to him. That has sometimes been the result of the Stoic cosmopolitanism. Aurelius, however, determined to beautify by all means, great or little, a doctrine which had in it some potential sourness, had brought all the quickness of his intelligence, and long years of observation, to bear on the conditions of social intercourse. He had early determined "not to make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity — not to

pretend to be too much occupied with important affairs to concede what life with others may hourly demand;" and with such success, that, in an age which made much of the finer points of that intercourse, it was felt that the mere honesty of his conversation was more pleasing than other men's flattery. His agreeableness to his young visitor to-day was, in truth, a blossom of the same wisdom which had made of Lucius Verus really a brother — the wisdom of not being exigent with men, any more than with fruit trees (it is his own favorite figure) beyond their nature. And there was another person, still nearer to him, regarding whom this wisdom became a marvel, of equity — of charity.

The center of a group of princely children, in the same apartment with Aurelius, amid all the refined intimacies of a modern home, sat the empress Faustina, warming her hands over a fire. With her long fingers lighted up red by the glowing coals of the brazier, Marius looked close upon the most beautiful woman in the world, who was also the great paradox of the age, among her boys and girls. As has been truly said of the numerous representations of her in art, so in life, she had the air of one curious, restless, to enter into conversation with the first comer. She had certainly the power of stimulating a very ambiguous sort of curiosity about herself. And Marius found this enigmatic point in her expression, that even after seeing her many times he could never precisely recall her features in absence. The lad of six years, looking older, who stood beside her, impatiently plucking a rose to pieces over the hearth, was, in outward appearance, his father — the young *Verissimus* — over again; but with a certain feminine length of feature, and with all his mother's alertness, or license, of gaze.

Yet rumor knocked at every door and window of the imperial house regarding the adulterers who knocked at them, or quietly left their lovers' garlands there. Was not that likeness of the husband, in the boy beside her, really the effect of a shameful magic, in which the blood of the murdered gladiator, his true father, had been an ingredient? Were the tricks for deceiving husbands which the Roman poet describes, really hers, and her household an efficient school of all the arts of furtive love? Or, was the husband too aware, like every one beside? Were certain sudden deaths which happened there, really the work of apoplexy, or the plague?

The man whose ears, whose soul, those rumors were meant to penetrate, was, however, faithful to his sanguine and optimist philosophy, to his determination that the world should be to him simply what the higher reason preferred to conceive it; and the life's journey Aurelius had made so far, though involving much moral and intellectual loneliness, had been ever in affectionate and helpful contact with other wayfarers, very unlike himself. Since his days of earliest childhood in the Lateran gardens, he seemed to himself, blessing the gods for it after deliberate survey, to have been always surrounded by kinsmen, friends, servants, of exceptional virtue. From the great Stoic idea, that we are all fellow-citizens of one city, he had derived a tenderer, a more equitable estimate than was common among Stoics, of the eternal shortcomings of men and women. Considerations that might tend to the sweetening of his temper it was his daily care to store away, with a kind of philosophic pride in the thought that no one took more good-naturedly than he the "oversights" of his neighbors. For had not Plato taught (it was not paradox, but simple truth of experience) that if people sin, it is because they know no better, and are "under the necessity of their own ignorance"? Hard to himself, he seemed at times, doubtless, to decline too softly upon unworthy persons. Actually, he came thereby upon many a useful instrument. The empress Faustina he would seem at least to have kept, by a constraining affection, from becoming altogether what most people have believed her, and won in her (we must take him at his word in the "Thoughts," abundantly confirmed by letters, on both sides, in his correspondence with Cornelius Fronto) a consolation, the more secure, perhaps, because misknown of others. Was the secret of her actual blamelessness, after all, with him who has at least screened her name? At all events, the one thing quite certain about her, besides her extraordinary beauty, is her sweetness to himself.

No! The wise, who had made due observation on the trees of the garden, would not expect to gather grapes of thorns or fig trees: and he was the vine, putting forth his genial fruit, by natural law, again and again, after his kind, whatever use people might make of it. Certainly, his actual presence never lost its power, and Faustina was glad in it to-day, the birthday of one of her children, a boy who stood at her knee holding in his fingers tenderly a tiny silver trumpet, one of his birthday

gifts. — "For my part, unless I conceive my hurt to be such, I have no hurt at all," — boasts the would-be apathetic emperor: —"and how I care to conceive of the thing rests with me." Yet when his children fall sick or die, this pretense breaks down, and he is broken-hearted: and one of the charms of certain of his letters still extant, is his reference to those childish sicknesses. — "On my return to Lorium," he writes, "I found my little lady — *domnulam meam* — in a fever;" and again, in a letter to one of the most serious of men, "You will be glad to hear that our little one is better, and running about the room — *parvolam nostram melius valere et intra cubiculum discurrere.*"

The young Commodus had departed from the chamber, anxious to witness the exercises of certain gladiators, having a native taste for such company, inherited, according to popular rumor, from his true father — anxious also to escape from the too impressive company of the gravest and sweetest specimen of old age Marius had ever seen, the tutor of the imperial children, who had arrived to offer his birthday congratulations, and now, very familiarly and affectionately, made a part of the group, falling on the shoulders of the emperor, kissing the empress Faustina on the face, the little ones on the face and hands. Marcus Cornelius Fronto, the "Orator," favorite teacher of the emperor's youth, afterwards his most trusted counselor, and now the undisputed occupant of the sophistic throne, whose equipage, elegantly mounted with silver, Marius had seen in the streets of Rome, had certainly turned his many personal gifts to account with a good fortune remarkable even in that age, so indulgent to professors or rhetoricians. The gratitude of the emperor Aurelius, always generous to his teachers, arranging their very quarrels sometimes, for they were not always fair to one another, had helped him to a really great place in the world. But his sumptuous appendages, including the villa and gardens of Mæcenas, had been borne with an air perfectly becoming, by the professor of a philosophy which, even in its most accomplished and elegant phase, presupposed a gentle contempt for such things. With an intimate practical knowledge of manners, physiognomies, smiles, disguises, flatteries, and courtly tricks of every kind — a whole accomplished rhetoric of daily life — he applied them all to the promotion of humanity, and especially of men's family affection. Through a long life of now eighty years, he had been, as it were, surrounded by the gracious and

soothing air of his own eloquence — the fame, the echoes of it — like warbling birds, or murmuring bees. Setting forth in that fine medium the best ideas of matured pagan philosophy, he had become the favorite "director" of noble youth.

Yes! it was the one instance Marius, always eagerly on the lookout for such, had yet seen of a perfectly tolerable, perfectly beautiful, old age — an old age in which there seemed, to one who perhaps habitually overvalued the expression of youth, nothing to be regretted, nothing really lost, in what years had taken away. The wise old man, whose blue eyes and fair skin were so delicate, uncontaminate, and clear, would seem to have replaced carefully and consciously each natural trait of youth, as it departed from him, by an equivalent grace of culture, and had the blitheness, the placid cheerfulness, as he had also the infirmity, the claim on stronger people, of a delightful child. And yet he seemed to be but awaiting his exit from life — that moment with which the Stoics were almost as much preoccupied as the Christians, however differently — and set Marius pondering on the contrast between a placidity like this, at eighty years, and the sort of desperateness he was aware of in his own manner of entertaining that thought. His infirmities nevertheless had been painful and long-continued, with losses of children, of pet grandchildren. What with the crowd, and the wretched streets, it was a sign of affection which had cost him something, for the old man to leave his own house at all that day; and he was glad of the emperor's support, as he moved from place to place among the children he protests so often to have loved as his own.

For a strange piece of literary good fortune, at the beginning of the present century, has set free the long-buried fragrance of this famous friendship of the old world, from below a valueless later manuscript, in a series of letters, wherein the two writers exchange, for the most part, their evening thoughts, especially at family anniversaries, and with entire intimacy, on their children, on the art of speech, on all the various subtleties of the "science of images," — rhetorical images, — above all, of course, on sleep and matters of health. They are full of mutual admiration of each other's eloquence, restless in absence till they see one another again, noting, characteristically, their very dreams of each other, expecting the day which will terminate the office, the business or duty which separates them — "as superstitious people watch for the star, at the rising of which

they may break their fast." To one of the writers, to Aurelius, the correspondence was sincerely of value. We see him once reading his letters with genuine delight on going to rest. Fronto seeks to deter his pupil from writing in Greek. — Why buy, at great cost, a foreign wine, inferior to that from one's own vineyard? Aurelius, on the other hand, with an extraordinary innate susceptibility to words — *la parole pour la parole*, as the French say — despairs, in presence of Fronto's rhetorical perfection.

Like the modern visitor to the Capitoline and some other museums, Fronto had been struck, pleasantly struck, by the family likeness among the Antonines; and it was part of his friendship to make much of it, in the case of the children of Faustina. "Well! I have seen the little ones," he writes to Aurelius, then, apparently, absent from them: "I have seen the little ones — the pleasantest sight of my life; for they are as like yourself as could possibly be. It has well repaid me for my journey over that slippery road, and up those steep rocks; for I beheld you, not simply face to face before me, but, more generously, whichever way I turned, to my right and my left. For the rest, I found them, Heaven be thanked! with healthy cheeks and lusty voices. One was holding a slice of white bread, like a king's son; the other a crust of brown bread, as becomes the offspring of a philosopher. I pray the gods to have both the sower and the seed in their keeping; to watch over this field wherein the ears of corn are so kindly alike. Ah! I heard too their pretty voices, so sweet that, in the childish prattle of one and the other, I seemed somehow to be listening — yes! in that chirping of your pretty chickens — to the limpid and harmonious notes of your own oratory. Take care! you will find me growing independent, having those I could love in your place: — love, on the surety of my eyes and ears.'

"*Magistro meo salutem!*" replies the emperor, "I too have seen my little ones in your sight of them; as, also, I saw yourself in reading your letter. It is that charming letter forces me to write thus:" with reiterations of affection, that is, which are continual in these letters, on both sides, and which may strike a modern reader perhaps as fulsome; or, again, as having something in common with the old Judaic unction of friendship. They were certainly sincere.

To one of those children Fronto had now brought the birthday gift of the silver trumpet, upon which he ventured to blow

softly now and again, turning away with eyes delighted at the sound, when he thought the old man was not listening. It was the well-worn, valetudinarian subject of sleep, on which Fronto and Aurelius were talking together; Aurelius always feeling it a burden, Fronto a thing of magic capacities, so that he had written an *encomium* in its praise, and often by ingenious arguments recommends his imperial pupil not to be sparing of it. To-day, with his younger listeners in mind, he had a story to tell about it: —

"They say that our father Jupiter, when he ordered the world at the beginning, divided time into two parts exactly equal: the one part he clothed with light, the other with darkness: he called them Day and Night; and he assigned rest to the night and to day the work of life. At that time Sleep was not yet born and men passed the whole of their lives awake: only, the quiet of the night was ordained for them, instead of sleep. But it came to pass, little by little, being that the minds of men are restless, that they carried on their business alike by night as by day, and gave no part at all to repose. And Jupiter, when he perceived that even in the nighttime they ceased not from trouble and disputation, and that even the courts of law remained open (it was the pride of Aurelius, as Fronto knew, to be assiduous in those courts till far into the night) resolved to appoint one of his brothers to be the overseer of the night and have authority over man's rest. But Neptune pleaded in excuse the gravity of his constant charge of the seas, and Father Dis the difficulty of keeping in subjection the spirits below; and Jupiter, having taken counsel with the other gods, perceived that the practice of nightly vigils was somewhat in favor. It was then, for the most part, that Juno gave birth to her children: Minerva, the mistress of all art and craft, loved the midnight lamp: Mars delighted in the darkness for his plots and sallies; and the favor of Venus and Bacchus was with those who roused by night. Then it was that Jupiter formed the design of creating Sleep; and he added him to the number of the gods, and gave him the charge over night and rest, putting into his hands the keys of human eyes. With his own hands he mingled the juices wherewith Sleep should soothe the hearts of mortals — herb of Enjoyment and herb of Safety, gathered from a grove in Heaven; and, from the meadows of Acheron, the herb of Death; expressing from it one single drop only, no bigger than a tear one might hide. 'With this juice,' he said,

'pour slumber upon the eyelids of mortals. So soon as it hath touched them they will lay themselves down motionless, under thy power. But be not afraid: they shall revive, and in a while stand up again upon their feet.' Thereafter, Jupiter gave wings to Sleep, attached, not, like Mercury's, to his heels, but to his shoulders, like the wings of Love. For he said, 'It becomes thee not to approach men's eyes as with the noise of chariots, and the rushing of a swift courser, but in placid and merciful flight, as upon the wings of a swallow — nay! with not so much as the flutter of the dove.' Besides all this, that he might be yet pleasanter to men, he committed to him also a multitude of blissful dreams, according to every man's desire. One watched his favorite actor; another listened to the flute, or guided a charioteer in the race: in his dream, the soldier was victorious, the general was borne in triumph, the wanderer returned home. Yes! — and sometimes those dreams come true!"

Just then Aurelius was summoned to make the birthday offerings to his household gods. A heavy curtain of tapestry was drawn back; and beyond it Marius gazed for a few moments into the *Lararium*, or imperial chapel. A patrician youth, in white habit, was in waiting, with a little chest in his hand containing incense for the use of the altar. On richly carved *consoles*, or sideboards, around this narrow chamber, were arranged the rich apparatus of worship and the golden or gilded images, adorned to-day with fresh flowers, among them that image of Fortune from the apartment of Antoninus Pius, and such of the emperor's own teachers as were gone to their rest. A dim fresco on the wall commemorated the ancient piety of Lucius Albinius, who in flight from Rome on the morrow of a great disaster, overtaking certain priests on foot with their sacred utensils, descended from the wagon in which he rode and yielded it to the ministers of the gods. As he ascended into the chapel the emperor paused, and with a grave but friendly look at his young visitor, delivered a parting sentence, audible to him alone: *Imitation is the most acceptable part of worship: the gods had much rather mankind should resemble than flatter them: — Make sure that those to whom you come nearest be the happier by your presence!*

It was the very spirit of the scene and the hour — the hour Marius had spent in the imperial house. How temperate, how tranquilizing! what humanity! Yet, as he left the eminent company concerning whose ways of life at home he had been

so youthfully curious, and sought, after his manner, to determine the main trait in all this, he had to confess that it was a sentiment of mediocrity, though of a mediocrity for once really golden.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, American poet and man of letters, was born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Mass. He graduated from Harvard in 1838; was admitted to the bar in 1840, but never practiced, devoting himself to literature. He began writing for the antislavery cause in 1843, and "The Biglow Papers" appeared in the Boston *Courier* 1846–1848. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (his first critical work) came in 1845, and the "Fable for Critics" in 1848. He traveled in Europe in 1851; in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, traveled two years more to qualify himself, and became a leading authority on Italian, Old French, and Provençal poetry and art. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* edited the *North American Review*, with Charles Eliot Norton, 1863–1872. The second series of the "Biglow Papers," on the Civil War, published in the *Atlantic*, were collected in 1867; "Fireside Travels," 1864; "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows," collected essays, 1870. He also published a "Life of Keats," three commemoration odes, 1875–1876, "Democracy and other Addresses," and other volumes. He was minister to Spain, 1877–1880; to England, 1880–1885. He died August 12, 1891.]

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

  Not only around our infancy
  Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
  Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
  We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives,

"Over his keys the musing organist"

From a painting by George von Hoesslin

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC L I R Y

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
  For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
  'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of a year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;

Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees,
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
  And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek:
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Sending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,
  Singing, in dreary monotone,
  A Christmas carol of its own,
  Whose burden still, as he might guess,
  Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree top bleak
  From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played
And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
  And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
  He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink, —
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

MAXIMS OF EPICTETUS.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. ROLLESTON.

[EPICTETUS, the Stoic philosopher, was born at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, about 50 A.D. He was a slave of Epaphroditus, a favorite of Nero. Afterwards manumitted, he studied philosophy, and when banished from Rome with other philosophers by an edict of Domitian, removed to Nicopolis, in Epirus. His maxims and doctrines were collected by his pupil Arrian in the work entitled "Enchiridion" (Handbook), and in eight books of "Commentaries," four of which are lost.]

KNOW THYSELF.

IF a man have any advantage over others, or think himself to have it when he hath it not, it cannot but be that if he is an untaught man he shall be puffed up by it. Thus the tyrant says, *I am he that is master of all.* And what can you give me? Can you set my pursuit free of all hindrance? How is it in you to do that? For have you the gift of never falling into what you shun? or never missing the mark of your desire? And whence have you it? Come, now, in a ship do you trust to yourself or to the captain? or in a chariot, to any one else than the driver? And how will you do with regard to other acts? Even thus. Where, then, is your power? *All men minister to me.* And do I not minister to my plate, and I wash it

and wipe it, and drive in a peg for my oil flask? What then, are these things greater than I? Nay, but they supply certain of my needs, and for this reason I take care of them. Yea, and do I not minister to my ass? Do I not wash his feet and groom him? Know you not that every man ministers to himself? And he ministers to you also, even as he doth to the ass. For who treats you as a man? Show me one that doth. Who wisheth to be like unto you? who becomes your imitator, as men did of Socrates? *But I can cut off thy head.* You say well. I had forgotten that I must pay regard to you as to a fever or the cholera; and set up an altar to you, as there is in Rome an altar to Fever.

What is it, then, whereby the multitude is troubled and terrified? The tyrant and his guards? Never — God forbid it! It is not possible that that which is by nature free should be troubled by any other thing, or hindered, save by itself. But it is troubled by opinions of things. For when the tyrant saith to any one, *I will bind thy leg*, then he who setteth store by his leg saith, *Nay, have pity!* but he that setteth store by his own Will, *If it seem more profitable to you, then bind it.*

— "Dost thou not regard me?"

I do not regard you. I will show you that I am master. How can you be that? Me hath God set free; or think you that he would let his own son be enslaved? You are lord of my dead body — take that.

— "So when thou comest near to me, thou wilt not do me service?"

Nay, but I will do it to myself; and if you will have me say that I do it to you also, I tell you that I do it as to my kitchen pot.

This is no selfishness; for every living creature is so made that it doth all things for its own sake. For the sun doth all things for his own sake, and so, moreover, even Zeus himself. But when He will be Raingiver and Fruitgiver and Father of Gods and men, thou seest that He may not do these works and have these titles, but He be serviceable to the common good. And, on the whole, He hath so formed the nature of the reasoning creature that he may never win aught of his own good without he furnish something of service to the common good. Thus it is not to the excluding of the common good that a man do all things for himself. For is it to be expected that a man shall stand aloof from himself and his own interest? And

where then would be that same and single principle which we observe in all things, their affection to themselves?

So, then, when we act on strange and foolish opinions of things beyond the Will, as though they were good or evil, it is altogether impossible but we shall do service to tyrants. And would it were to the tyrants alone, and not to their lackeys also!

But what hinders the man that hath distinguished these things to live easily and docile, looking calmly on all that is to be, and bearing calmly all that is past? Will you have me bear poverty? Come, and see what poverty is when it strikes one that knoweth how to play the part well. Will you have me rule? Give me power, then, and the pains of it. Banishment? Whithersoever I go, it shall be well with me; for in this place it was well with me, not because of the place, but because of the opinions which I shall carry away with me. For these no man can deprive me of. Yea, these only are mine own, whereof I cannot be deprived, and they suffice for me as long as I have them, wherever I be, or whatever I do.

— "But now is the time come to die."

What say you? to die? Nay, make no tragedy of the business, but tell it as it is. Now is it time for my substance to be resolved again into the things wherefrom it came together. And what is dreadful in this? What of the things in the universe is about to perish? What new, or what unaccountable thing is about to come to pass? Is it for these things that a tyrant is feared? through these that the guards seem to bear swords so large and sharp? Tell that to others; but by me all these things have been examined; no man hath power on me. I have been set free by God, I know His commandments, henceforth no man can lead me captive. I have a liberator such as I need, and judges such as I need. Are you not the master of my body? What is that to me? Of my property? What is that to me? Of exile or captivity? Again, I say, from all these things, and the poor body itself, I will depart when you will. Try your power, and you shall know how far it reaches.

But the tyrant will bind — what? The leg. He will take away — what? The head. What, then, can he not bind and not take away? The Will. And hence that precept of the ancients — KNOW THYSELF.

Whom, then, can I still fear? The lackeys of the bedchamber? For what that they can do? Shut me out? Let them shut me out, if they find me wishing to go in.

— "Why, then, didst thou go to the doors?"

Because I hold it proper to join the play while the play lasts.

— "How, then, shalt thou not be shut out?"

Because if I am not received, I do not wish to enter; but always that which happens is what I wish. For I hold what God wills above what I will. I cleave to Him as His servant and follower; my impulses are one with His, my pursuit is one with His; in a word, my will is one with His. There is no shutting out for me — nay, but for those who would force their way in. And wherefore do I not force my way? Because I know that no good thing is dealt out within to those that enter. But when I hear some one congratulated on being honored by Cæsar, I say, What hath fortune brought him? A government? Has it also, then, brought him such an opinion as he ought to have? A magistracy? Hath he also gained the power to be a good magistrate? Why will I still push myself forward? A man scatters figs and almonds abroad; children seize them, and fight among themselves; but not so men, for they hold it too trifling a matter. And if a man should scatter about oyster shells, not even the children would seize them. Offices of government are dealt out — children will look for them; money is given — children will look for it; military commands, consulships — let children scramble for them. Let them be shut out and smitten, let them kiss the hands of the giver, of his slaves — it is figs and almonds to me. What then? If thou miss them when he is flinging them about, let it not vex thee. If a fig fall into thy bosom, take and eat it, for so far even a fig is to be valued. But if I must stoop down for it, and throw down another man, or another throw me down, and I flatter those who enter in, then neither is a fig worth so much, nor is any other of the things that are not good, even those which the philosophers have persuaded me not to think good.

The Voyage of Life.

Even as in a sea voyage, when the ship is brought to anchor, and you go out to fetch in water, you make a bywork of gathering a few roots and shells by the way, but have need ever to keep your mind fixed on the ship, and constantly to look round, lest at any time the master of the ship call, and you must, if he call, cast away all those things, lest you be treated like the

sheep that are bound and thrown into the hold: So it is with human life also. And if there be given wife and children instead of shells and roots, nothing shall hinder us to take them. But if the master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, and looking not behind. And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the master should call, and thou be not ready.

The Mark of Effort.

Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so shall you live prosperously.

Disease is a hindrance of the body, not of the Will, unless the Will itself consent. Lameness is a hindrance of the leg, not of the Will. And this you may say on every occasion, for nothing can happen to you but you will find it a hindrance not of yourself but of some other thing.

What, then, are the things that oppress us and perturb us? What else than opinions? He that goeth away and leaveth his familiars and companions and wonted places and habits — with what else is he oppressed than his opinions? Now, little children, if they cry because their nurse has left them for a while, straightway forget their sorrow when they are given a small cake. Wilt thou be likened unto a little child?

—"Nay, by Zeus! for I would not be thus affected by a little cake, but by right opinions."

And what are these?

They are such as a man should study all day long to observe — that he be not subject to the effects of anything that is alien to him, neither of friend, nor place, nor exercises; yea, not even of his own body, but to remember the Law, and have it ever before his eyes. And what is the divine Law? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to use what is given him, and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks for the time that he has had it at his service. This do — or cry for the nurse and mamma; for what doth it matter to what or whom thou art subject, from what thy welfare hangs? Wherein art thou better than one who bewails himself for his mistress, if thou lament thy exercises and porticoes and comrades, and all such pastime? Another cometh, grieving because he shall no

more drink of the water of Dirce. And is the Marcian water worse than that of Dirce?

—"But I was used to the other."

And to this also thou shalt be used; and when thou art so affected towards it, lament for it too, and try to make a verse like that of Euripides—

The baths of Nero and the Marcian stream.

Behold how tragedies are made, when common chances happen to foolish men!

—"But when shall I see Athens and the Acropolis again?"

Wretched man! doth not that satisfy thee which thou seest every day? Hast thou aught better or greater to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the common earth, the sea? But if withal thou mark the way of Him that governeth the whole, and bear Him about within thee, wilt thou still long for cut stones and a fine rock? And when thou shalt come to leave the sun itself and the moon, what wilt thou do? Sit down and cry, like the children? What, then, wert thou doing in the school? What didst thou hear, what didst thou learn? Why didst thou write thyself down a philosopher, when thou mightest have written the truth, as thus: '*I made certain beginnings, and read Chrysippus, but did not so much as enter the door of a philosopher?*' For how shouldst thou have aught in common with Socrates, who died as he died, who lived as he lived,—or with Diogenes? Dost thou think that any of these men lamented or was indignant because he should see such a man or such a woman no more? or because he should not dwell in Athens or in Corinth, but, as it might chance, in Susa or Ecbatana? When a man can leave the banquet or the game when he pleases, shall such a one grieve if he remains? Shall he not, as in a game, stay only so long as he is entertained? A man of this stamp would easily endure such a thing as perpetual exile or sentence of death.

Wilt thou not now be weaned as children are, and take more solid food, nor cry any more after thy mother and nurse, wailing like an old woman?

—"But if I quit them I shall grieve them."

Thou grieve them? Never; but that shall grieve them which grieveth thee—Opinion. What hast thou, then, to do? Cast away thy own bad opinion; and they, if they do well,

will cast away theirs; if not, they are the causes of their own lamenting.

Man, be mad at last, as the saying is, for peace, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up thy head, as one delivered from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say: *Deal with me henceforth as thou wilt; I am of one mind with thee; I am thine. I reject nothing that seems good to thee; lead me whithersoever thou wilt, clothe me in what dress thou wilt. Wilt thou have me govern or live privately, or stay at home, or go into exile, or be a poor man, or a rich? For all these conditions I will be thy advocate with men — I show the nature of each of them, what it is.*

Nay, but sit in a corner and wait for thy mother to feed thee.

Who would Hercules have been if he had sat at home? He would have been Eurystheus, and not Hercules. And how many companions and friends had he in his journeying about the world? But nothing was dearer to him than God; and for this he was believed to be the son of God, yea, and was the son of God. And trusting in God, he went about purging away lawlessness and wrong. But thou art no Hercules, and canst not purge away evils not thine own? nor yet Theseus, who cleared Attica of evil things? Then clear away thine own. From thy breast, from thy mind cast out, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, grief, fear, covetousness, envy, malice, avarice, effeminacy, profligacy. And these things cannot otherwise be cast out than by looking to God only, being affected only by him, and consecrated to his commands. But choosing anything else than this, thou wilt follow with groaning and lamentation whatever is stronger than thou, ever seeking prosperity in things outside thyself, and never able to attain it. For thou seekest it where it is not, and neglectest to seek it where it is.

Faculties.

Remember at anything that shall befall thee to turn to thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it. If thou see a beautiful person, thou wilt find a faculty for that — namely, self-mastery. If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of Perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find Patience. And making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by the appearances.

That a Man may act his Part but not choose It.

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a part as it may please the director to assign thee; of a short part if he choose a short part; of a long one if he choose a long. And if he will have thee take the part of a poor man or of a cripple, or a governor, or a private person, mayest thou act that part with grace! For thine it is to act well the allotted part, but to choose it is another's.

Say no more then *How will it be with me?* for however it be thou wilt settle it well, and the issue shall be fortunate. What would Hercules have been had he said, *How shall I contrive that a great lion may not appear to me, or a great boar, or a savage man?* And what hast thou to do with that? if a great boar appear, thou wilt fight the greater fight; if evil men, thou wilt clear the earth of them. *But if I die thus?* Thou wilt die a good man, in the accomplishing of a noble deed. For since we must by all means die, a man cannot be found but he will be doing somewhat, either tilling or digging or trading or governing, or having an indigestion or a diarrhea. What wilt thou, then, that Death shall find thee doing? I, for my part, will choose some work, humane, beneficent, social, noble. But if I am not able to be found doing things of this greatness, then, at least, I will be doing that which none can hinder me to do, that which is given to me to do — namely, correcting myself, bettering my faculty for making use of appearances, working out my peace, giving what is due in every obligation of life; and if I prosper so far, then entering upon the third topic of philosophy, which concerneth the security of judgments.

If Death shall find me in the midst of these studies, it shall suffice me if I can lift up my hands to God and say, *The means which thou gavest me for the perceiving of thy government, and for the following of the same, have I not neglected: so far as in me lies, I have not dishonored thee. Behold how I have used my senses, and my natural conceptions. Have I ever blamed thee? was I ever offended at aught that happened, or did I desire it should happen otherwise? Did I ever desire to transgress my obligations? That thou didst beget me I thank thee for what thou gavest. I am content that I have used thy gifts so long. Take them again, and set them in what place thou wilt, for thine were all things, and thou gavest them me.*

Is it not enough to depart in this condition? and what life is better and fairer than one like this, and what end more happy?

That Every Man fulfill his Own Task.

Let such thoughts never afflict thee as, *I shall live unhonored, and never be anybody anywhere.* For if lack of honor be an evil, thou canst no more fall into evil through another's doings than into vice. Is it, then, of thy own doing to be made a governor, or invited to feasts? By no means. How, then, is this to be unhonored? How shouldst thou *never be anybody anywhere*, whom it behooves to be somebody only in the things that are in thine own power, wherein it lies with thee to be of the greatest worth?

But I shall not be able to serve my friends. How sayst thou? to serve them? They shall not have money from thee, nor shalt thou make them Roman citizens. Who, then, told thee that these were of the things that are in our power, and not alien to us? And who can give that which himself hath not?

Acquire, then, they say, *that we may possess.* If I can acquire, and lose not piety, and faith, and magnanimity withal, show me the way, and I will do it. But if ye will have me lose the good things I possess, that ye may compass things that are not good at all, how unjust and unthinking are ye! But which will ye rather have — money, or a faithful and pious friend? Then, rather take part with me to this end; and ask me not to do aught through which I must cast away those things.

But, he saith, *I shall not do my part in serving my country.* Again, what is this service? Thy country shall not have porticoes nor baths from thee, and what then? Neither hath she shoes from the smith, nor arms from the cobbler; but it is enough if every man fulfill his own task. And if thou hast made one other pious and faithful citizen for her, art thou, then, of no service? Wherefore, neither shalt thou be useless to thy country.

What place, then, he saith, *can I hold in the State?* Whatever place thou canst, guarding still thy faith and piety. But if in wishing to serve her thou cast away these things, what wilt thou profit her then, when perfected in shamelessness and faithlessness?

The World's Price for the World's Worth.

Is some one preferred before thee at a feast, or in salutation, or in being invited to give counsel? Then, if these things are good, it behooves thee rejoice that he hath gained them; but if evil, be not vexed that thou hast not gained them; but remember that if thou act not as other men to gain the things that are not in our own power, neither canst thou be held worthy of a like reward with them.

For how is it possible for him who will not hang about other men's doors to have a like reward with him who doth so? or him who will not attend on them with him who doth attend? or him who will not flatter them with the flatterer? Thou art unjust, then, and insatiable, if thou desire to gain those things for nothing, without paying the price for which they are sold.

But how much is a lettuce sold for? A penny, perchance. If any one, then, will spend a penny, he shall have lettuce; but thou, not spending, shalt not have. But think not thou art worse off than he; for as he has the lettuce, so thou the penny which thou wouldst not give.

And likewise in this matter. Thou art not invited to some man's feast? That is, for thou gavest not to the host the price of the supper; and it is sold for flattery, it is sold for attendance. Pay, then, the price, if it will profit thee, for which the thing is sold. But if thou wilt not give the price, and wilt have the thing, greedy art thou and infatuated.

Shalt thou have nothing, then, instead of the supper? Thou shalt have this — not to have praised one whom thou hadst no mind to praise, and not to have endured the insolence of his doorkeepers.

The Mind's Security.

If any one should set your body at the mercy of every passer-by, you would be indignant. When, therefore, you set your own mind at the mercy of every chance, to be troubled and perturbed when any one may revile you, have you no shame of this?

That a Man should be One Man.

In every work you will take in hand mark well what must go before and what must follow, and so proceed. For else you shall at first set out eagerly, as not regarding what is

to follow; but in the end, if any difficulties have arisen, you will leave it off with shame.

So you wish to conquer in the Olympic games? And I, too, by the Gods; and a fine thing it would be. But mark the prefaces and the consequences, and then set to work. You must go under discipline, eat by rule, abstain from dainties, exercise yourself at the appointed hour, in heat or cold, whether you will or no, drink nothing cold, nor wine at will; in a word, you must give yourself over to the trainer as to a physician. Then in the contest itself there is the digging race, and you are like enough to dislocate your wrist, or turn your ankle, to swallow a great deal of dust, to be soundly drubbed, and after all these things to be defeated.

If, having considered these things, you are still in the mind to enter for the contest, then do so. But without consideration you will turn from one thing to another like a child, who now plays the wrestler, now the gladiator, now sounds the trumpet, then declaims like an actor; and so you, too, will be first an athlete, then a gladiator, then an orator, then a philosopher, and nothing with your whole soul; but as an ape you will mimic everything you see, and be charmed with one thing after another. For you approached nothing with consideration nor regularity, but rashly, and with a cold desire.

And thus some men, having seen a philosopher, and heard discourse like that of Euphrates (yet who indeed can say that any discourse is like his?), desire that they also may become philosophers.

But, O man! consider first what it is you are about to do, and then inquire of your own nature whether you can carry it out. Will you be a pentathlos, or a wrestler? Then, scan your arms and thighs; try your loins. For different men are made for different ends.

Think you, you can be a sage, and continue to eat and drink and be wrathful and take offense just as you were wont? Nay, but you must watch and labor, and withdraw yourself from your household, and be despised by any serving boy, and be ridiculed by your neighbors, and take the lower place everywhere, in honors, in authority, in courts of justice, in dealings of every kind.

Consider these things — whether you are willing at such a price to gain peace, freedom, and an untroubled spirit. And if not, then attempt it not, nor, like a child, play now the philoso-

pher, then the taxgatherer, then the orator, then the Procurator of Cæsar. For these things agree not among themselves; and, good or bad, it behooves you to be one man. You should be perfecting either your own ruling faculty, or your outward well-being; spending your art either on the life within or the life without; that is to say, you must hold your place either among the sages or the vulgar.

ON ANGER.

(By L. Annæus Seneca: translated by Aubrey Stewart.)

[Lucius Annæus Seneca, a Roman philosopher, son of Annæus Seneca the rhetorician, was born at Corduba, Spain, about 4 B.C. He was carefully educated for the bar by his father, and devoted several years to the study of philosophy and rhetoric in Rome. He rapidly achieved fame as a pleader of causes, but in 41 A.D. was banished to Corsica by Claudius at the instigation of the infamous Empress Messalina, ostensibly on the charge of undue intimacy with Julia, daughter of Germanicus. Recalled after an exile of eight years, he was appointed by Agrippina joint tutor with Burrhus of the youthful Nero. To Seneca was chiefly due the good government of the first years of Nero's reign, but he gradually lost his influence, and being charged with complicity in the Pisonian conspiracy, committed suicide by the emperor's order (65 A.D.). His writings comprise: discourses on philosophy and morals, the most important being "On Anger," "On Mercy," addressed to Nero, "On Giving and Receiving Favors"; over one hundred letters to Lucilius; "Investigations in Natural Science"; and eight tragedies, being the only complete specimens of Roman tragedies extant.]

We will now, my Novatus, attempt to do that which you so especially long to do, that is, to drive out anger from our minds, or at all events to curb it and restrain its impulses. This may sometimes be done openly and without concealment, when we are only suffering from a slight attack of this mischief, and at other times it must be done secretly, when our anger is excessively hot, and when every obstacle thrown in its way increases it and makes it blaze higher. It is important to know how great and how fresh its strength may be, and whether it can be driven forcibly back and suppressed, or whether we must give way to it until its first storm blow over, lest it sweep away with it our remedies themselves. We must deal with each case according to each man's character: some yield to entreaties, others are rendered arrogant and masterful by submission: we may frighten some men out of their anger, while some may be turned from their purpose by reproaches,

some by acknowledging oneself to be in the wrong, some by shame, and some by delay, a tardy remedy for a hasty disorder, which we ought only to use when all others have failed: for other passions admit of having their case put off, and may be healed at a later time; but the eager and self-destructive violence of anger does not grow up by slow degrees, but reaches its full height as soon as it begins. Nor does it, like other vices, merely disturb men's minds, but it takes them away, and torments them till they are incapable of restraining themselves and eager for the common ruin of all men; nor does it rage merely against its object, but against every obstacle which it encounters on its way. The other vices move our minds; anger hurls them headlong. If we are not able to withstand our passions, yet at any rate our passions ought to stand firm: but anger grows more and more powerful, like lightning flashes or hurricanes, or any other things which cannot stop themselves because they do not proceed along, but fall from above. Other vices affect our judgment, anger affects our sanity: others come in mild attacks and grow unnoticed, but men's minds plunge abruptly into anger. There is no passion that is more frantic, more destructive to its own self; it is arrogant if successful, and frantic if it fails. Even when defeated it does not grow weary, but if chance places its foe beyond its reach, it turns its teeth against itself. Its intensity is in no way regulated by its origin: for it rises to the greatest heights from the most trivial beginnings.

It passes over no time of life; no race of men is exempt from it: some nations have been saved from the knowledge of luxury by the blessing of poverty; some through their active and wandering habits have escaped from sloth; those whose manners are unpolished and whose life is rustic know not chicanery and fraud and all the evils to which the courts of law give birth: but there is no race which is not excited by anger, which is equally powerful with Greeks and barbarians, and is just as ruinous among law-abiding folk as among those whose only law is that of the stronger. Finally, the other passions seize upon individuals; anger is the only one which sometimes possesses a whole state. No entire people ever fell madly in love with a woman, nor did any nation ever set its affections altogether upon gain and profit. Ambition attacks single individuals; ungovernable rage is the only passion that affects nations. People often fly into a passion by troops;

men and women, old men and boys, princes and populace all act alike, and the whole multitude, after being excited by a very few words, outdoes even its exciter: men betake themselves straightway to fire and sword, and proclaim a war against their neighbors or wage one against their countrymen. Whole houses are burned with the entire families which they contain, and he who but lately was honored for his popular eloquence now finds that his speech moves people to rage. Legions aim their darts at their commander; the whole populace quarrels with the nobles; the senate, without waiting for troops to be levied or appointing a general, hastily chooses leaders, for its anger chases wellborn men through the houses of Rome, and puts them to death with its own hand. Ambassadors are outraged, the law of nations violated, and an unnatural madness seizes the state. Without allowing time for the general excitement to subside, fleets are straightway launched and laden with a hastily enrolled soldiery. Without organization, without taking any auspices, the populace rushes into the field guided only by its own anger, snatches up whatever comes first to hand by way of arms, and then atones by a great defeat for the reckless audacity of its anger. This is usually the fate of savage nations when they plunge into war: as soon as their easily excited minds are roused by the appearance of wrong having been done them, they straightway hasten forth, and, guided only by their wounded feelings, fall like an avalanche upon our legions, without either discipline, fear, or precaution, and willfully seeking for danger. They delight in being struck, in pressing forward to meet the blow, writhing their bodies along the weapon, and perishing by a wound which they themselves make.

"No doubt," you say, "anger is very powerful and ruinous: point out, therefore, how it may be cured." Yet, as I stated in my former books, Aristotle stands forth in defense of anger, and forbids it to be uprooted, saying that it is the spur of virtue, and that when it is taken away, our minds become weaponless, and slow to attempt great exploits. It is therefore essential to prove its unseemliness and ferocity, and to place distinctly before our eyes how monstrous a thing it is that one man should rage against another, with what frantic violence he rushes to destroy alike himself and his foe, and overthrows those very things whose fall he himself must share. What, then? can any one call this man sane, who, as though

caught up by a hurricane, does not go but is driven, and is the slave of a senseless disorder? He does not commit to another the duty of revenging him, but himself exacts it, raging alike in thought and deed, butchering those who are dearest to him, and for whose loss he himself will erelong weep. Will any one give this passion as an assistant and companion to virtue, although it disturbs calm reason, without which virtue can do nothing? The strength which a sick man owes to a paroxysm of disease is neither lasting nor wholesome, and is strong only to its own destruction. You need not, therefore, imagine that I am wasting time over a useless task in defaming anger, as though men had not made up their minds about it, when there is some one, and he, too, an illustrious philosopher, who assigns it services to perform, and speaks of it as useful and supplying energy for battles, for the management of business, and indeed for everything which requires to be conducted with spirit. Lest it should delude any one into thinking that on certain occasions and in certain positions it may be useful, we must show its unbridled and frenzied madness, we must restore to it its attributes, the rack, the cord, the dungeon, and the cross, the fires lighted round men's buried bodies, the hook that drags both living men and corpses, the different kinds of fetters, and of punishments, the mutilations of limbs, the branding of the forehead, the dens of savage beasts. Anger should be represented as standing among these her instruments, growling in an ominous and terrible fashion, herself more shocking than any of the means by which she gives vent to her fury.

There may be some doubt about the others, but at any rate no passion has a worse look. We have described the angry man's appearance in our former books, how sharp and keen he looks, at one time pale as his blood is driven inwards and backwards, at another with all the heat and fire of his body directed to his face, making it reddish-colored as if stained with blood, his eyes now restless and starting out of his head, now set motionless in one fixed gaze. Add to this his teeth, which gnash against one another, as though he wished to eat somebody, with exactly the sound of a wild boar sharpening his tusks: add also the cracking of his joints, the involuntary wringing of his hands, the frequent slaps he deals himself on the chest, his hurried breathing and deep-drawn sighs, his reeling body, his abrupt broken speech, and his trembling lips,

which sometimes he draws tight as he hisses some curse through them. By Hercules, no wild beast, neither when tortured by hunger, or with a weapon struck through its vitals, not even when it gathers its last breath to bite its slayer, looks so shocking as a man raging with anger. Listen, if you have leisure, to his words and threats: how dreadful is the language of his agonized mind! Would not every man wish to lay aside anger when he sees that it begins by injuring himself? When men employ anger as the most powerful of agents, consider it to be a proof of power, and reckon a speedy revenge among the greatest blessings of great prosperity, would you not wish me to warn them that he who is the slave of his own anger is not powerful, nor even free? Would you not wish me to warn all the more industrious and circumspect of men, that while other evil passions assail the base, anger gradually obtains dominion over the minds even of learned and in other respects sensible men? So true is that, that some declare anger to be a proof of straightforwardness, and it is commonly believed that the best-natured people are prone to it.

You ask me, whither does all this tend? To prove, I answer, that no one should imagine himself to be safe from anger, seeing that it rouses up even those who are naturally gentle and quiet to commit savage and violent acts. As strength of body and assiduous care of the health avail nothing against a pestilence, which attacks the strong and weak alike, so also steady and good-humored people are just as liable to attacks of anger as those of unsettled character, and in the case of the former it is both more to be ashamed of and more to be feared, because it makes a greater alteration in their habits. Now as the first thing is not to be angry, the second to lay aside our anger, and the third to be able to heal the anger of others as well as our own, I will set forth first how we may avoid falling into anger; next, how we may set ourselves free from it, and, lastly, how we may restrain an angry man, appease his wrath, and bring him back to his right mind.

We shall succeed in avoiding anger, if from time to time we lay before our minds all the vices connected with anger, and estimate it at its real value: it must be prosecuted before us and convicted: its evils must be thoroughly investigated and exposed. That we may see what it is, let it be compared with the worse vices. Avarice scrapes together and amasses riches for some better man to use: anger spends money; few can

indulge in it for nothing. How many slaves an angry master drives to run away or to commit suicide! how much more he loses by his anger than the value of what he originally became angry about! Anger brings grief to a father, divorce to a husband, hatred to a magistrate, failure to a candidate for office. It is worse than luxury, because luxury enjoys its own pleasure, while anger enjoys another's pain. It is worse than either spitefulness or envy; for they wish that some one may become unhappy, while anger wishes to make him so: they are pleased when evil befalls one by accident, but anger cannot wait upon Fortune; it desires to injure its victim personally, and is not satisfied merely with his being injured. Nothing is more dangerous than jealousy: it is produced by anger. Nothing is more ruinous than war: it is the outcome of powerful men's anger; and even the anger of humble private persons, though without arms or armies, is nevertheless war. Moreover, even if we pass over its immediate consequences, such as heavy losses, treacherous plots, and the constant anxiety produced by strife, anger pays a penalty at the same moment that it exacts one: it forswears human feelings. The latter urge us to love, anger urges us to hatred: the latter bid us do men good, anger bids us do them harm. Add to this that, although its rage arises from an excessive self-respect and appears to show high spirit, it really is contemptible and mean: for a man must be inferior to one by whom he thinks himself despised, whereas the truly great mind, which takes a true estimate of its own value, does not revenge an insult because it does not feel it. As weapons rebound from a hard surface, and solid substances hurt those who strike them, so also no insult can make a really great mind sensible of its presence, being weaker than that against which it is aimed. How far more glorious is it to throw back all wrongs and insults from oneself, like one wearing armor of proof against all weapons, for revenge is an admission that we have been hurt. That cannot be a great mind which is disturbed by injury. He who has hurt you must be either stronger or weaker than yourself. If he be weaker, spare him: if he be stronger, spare yourself.

There is no greater proof of magnanimity than that nothing which befalls you should be able to move you to anger. The higher region of the universe, being more excellently ordered and near to the stars, is never gathered into clouds, driven about by storms, or whirled round by cyclones: it is free from

all disturbance: the lightnings flash in the region below it. In like manner a lofty mind, always placid and dwelling in a serene atmosphere, restraining within itself all the impulses from which anger springs, is modest, commands respect, and remains calm and collected: none of which qualities will you find in an angry man: for who, when under the influence of grief and rage, does not first get rid of bashfulness? who, when excited and confused and about to attack some one, does not fling away any habits of shamefacedness he may have possessed? what angry man attends to the number or routine of his duties? who uses moderate language? who keeps any part of his body quiet? who can guide himself when in full career? We shall find much profit in that sound maxim of Democritus which defines peace of mind to consist in not laboring much, or too much for our strength, either in public or private matters. A man's day, if he is engaged in many various occupations, never passes so happily that no man or no thing should give rise to some offense which makes the mind ripe for anger. Just as when one hurries through the crowded parts of the city one cannot help jostling many people, and one cannot help slipping at one place, being hindered at another, and splashed at another, so when one's life is spent in disconnected pursuits and wanderings, one must meet with many troubles and many accusations. One man deceives our hopes, another delays their fulfillment, another destroys them: our projects do not proceed according to our intention. No one is so favored by Fortune as to find her always on his side if he tempts her often: and from this it follows that he who sees several enterprises turn out contrary to his wishes becomes dissatisfied with both men and things, and on the slightest provocation flies into a rage with people, with undertakings, with places, with fortune, or with himself. In order, therefore, that the mind may be at peace, it ought not to be hurried hither and thither, nor, as I said before, wearied by labor at great matters, or matters whose attainment is beyond its strength. It is easy to fit one's shoulder to a light burden, and to shift it from one side to the other without dropping it: but we have difficulty in bearing the burdens which others' hands lay upon us, and when overweighted by them we fling them off upon our neighbors. Even when we do stand upright under our load, we nevertheless reel beneath a weight which is beyond our strength.

Be assured that the same rule applies both to public and

private life: simple and manageable undertakings proceed according to the pleasure of the person in charge of them, but enormous ones, beyond his capacity to manage, are not easily undertaken. When he has got them to administer, they hinder him, and press hard upon him, and just as he thinks that success is within his grasp, they collapse, and carry him with them: thus it comes about that a man's wishes are often disappointed if he does not apply himself to easy tasks, yet wishes that the tasks which he undertakes may be easy. Whenever you would attempt anything, first form an estimate both of your own powers, of the extent of the matter which you are undertaking, and of the means by which you are to accomplish it: for if you have to abandon your work when it is half done, the disappointment will sour your temper. In such cases, it makes a difference whether one is of an ardent or of a cold and unenterprising temperament: for failure will rouse a generous spirit to anger, and will move a sluggish and dull one to sorrow. Let our undertakings, therefore, be neither petty nor yet presumptuous and reckless: let our hopes not range far from home: let us attempt nothing which if we succeed will make us astonished at our success.

Since we know not how to endure an injury, let us take care not to receive one: we should live with the quietest and easiest-tempered persons, not with anxious or with sullen ones: for our own habits are copied from those with whom we associate, and just as some bodily diseases are communicated by touch, so also the mind transfers its vices to its neighbors. A drunkard leads even those who reproach him to grow fond of wine; profligate society will, if permitted, impair the morals even of robust-minded men; avarice infects those nearest it with its poison. Virtues do the same thing in the opposite direction, and improve all those with whom they are brought in contact: it is as good for one of unsettled principles to associate with better men than himself as for an invalid to live in a warm country with a healthy climate. You will understand how much may be effected this way, if you observe how even wild beasts grow tame by dwelling among us, and how no animal, however ferocious, continues to be wild, if it has long been accustomed to human companionship: all its savageness becomes softened, and amid peaceful scenes is gradually forgotten. We must add to this, that the man who lives with quiet people is not only improved by their example, but also by the fact that he

finds no reason for anger and does not practice his vice: it will, therefore, be his duty to avoid all those who he knows will excite his anger. You ask, who these are: many will bring about the same thing by various means; a proud man will offend you by his disdain, a talkative man by his abuse, an impudent man by his insults, a spiteful man by his malice, a quarrelsome man by his wrangling, a braggart and liar by his vaingloriousness; you will not endure to be feared by a suspicious man, conquered by an obstinate one, or scorned by an ultra-refined one. Choose straightforward, good-natured, steady people, who will not provoke your wrath, and will bear with it. Those whose dispositions are yielding, polite, and suave will be of even greater service, provided they do not flatter, for excessive obsequiousness irritates bad-tempered men. One of my own friends was a good man indeed, but too prone to anger, and it was as dangerous to flatter him as to curse him. Cælius the orator, it is well known, was the worst-tempered man possible. It is said that once he was dining in his own chamber with an especially long-suffering client, but had great difficulty when thrown thus into a man's society to avoid quarreling with him. The other thought it best to agree to whatever he said, and to play second fiddle, but Cælius could not bear his obsequious agreement, and exclaimed, "Do contradict me in something, that there may be two of us!" Yet even he, who was angry at not being angry, soon recovered his temper, because he had no one to fight with. If, then, we are conscious of an irascible disposition, let us especially choose for our friends those who will look and speak as we do: they will pamper us and lead us into a bad habit of listening to nothing that does not please us, but it will be good to give our anger respite and repose. Even those who are naturally crabbed and wild will yield to caresses: no creature continues either angry or frightened if you pat him. Whenever a controversy seems likely to be longer or more keenly disputed than usual, let us check its first beginnings, before it gathers strength. A dispute nourishes itself as it proceeds, and takes hold of those who plunge too deeply into it; it is easier to stand aloof than to extricate oneself from a struggle.

Irascible men ought not to meddle with the more serious class of occupations, or, at any rate, ought to stop short of weariness in the pursuit of them; their mind ought not to be engaged upon hard subjects, but handed over to pleasing arts:

let it be softened by reading poetry, and interested by legendary history: let it be treated with luxury and refinement. Pythagoras used to calm his troubled spirit by playing upon the lyre; and who does not know that trumpets and clarions are irritants, just as some airs are lullabies and soothe the mind? Green is good for wearied eyes, and some colors are grateful to weak sight, while the brightness of others is painful to it. In the same way cheerful pursuits soothe unhealthy minds. We must avoid law courts, pleadings, verdicts, and everything else that aggravates our fault, and we ought no less to avoid bodily weariness; for it exhausts all that is quiet and gentle in us, and rouses bitterness. For this reason those who cannot trust their digestion, when they are about to transact business of importance always allay their bile with food, for it is peculiarly irritated by fatigue, either because it draws the vital heat into the middle of the body, and injures the blood and stops its circulation by the clogging of the veins, or else because the worn-out and weakened body reacts upon the mind: this is certainly the reason why those who are broken by ill health or age are more irascible than other men. Hunger also and thirst should be avoided for the same reason; they exasperate and irritate men's minds: it is an old saying that "a weary man is quarrelsome": and so also is a hungry or a thirsty man, or one who is suffering from any cause whatever: for just as sores pain one at the slightest touch, and afterwards even at the fear of being touched, so an unsound mind takes offense at the slightest things, so that even a greeting, a letter, a speech, or a question provokes some men to anger.

That which is diseased can never bear to be handled without complaining: it is best, therefore, to apply remedies to oneself as soon as we feel that anything is wrong, to allow oneself as little license as possible in speech, and to restrain one's impetuosity: now it is easy to detect the first growth of our passions: the symptoms precede the disorder. Just as the signs of storms and rain come before the storms themselves, so there are certain forerunners of anger, love, and all the storms which torment our minds. Those who suffer from epilepsy know that the fit is coming on if their extremities become cold, their sight fails, their sinews tremble, their memory deserts them, and their head swims: they accordingly check the growing disorder by applying the usual remedies: they try to pre-

vent the loss of their senses by smelling or tasting some drug; they battle against cold and stiffness of limbs by hot fomentations; or, if all remedies fail, they retire apart, and faint where no one sees them fall. It is useful for a man to understand his disease, and to break its strength before it becomes developed. Let us see what it is that especially irritates us. Some men take offense at insulting words, others at deeds: one wishes his pedigree, another his person, to be treated with respect. This man wishes to be considered especially fashionable, that man to be thought especially learned: one cannot bear pride, another cannot bear obstinacy. One thinks it beneath him to be angry with his slaves, another is cruel at home, but gentle abroad. One imagines that he is proposed for office because he is unpopular, another thinks himself insulted because he is not proposed. People do not all take offense in the same way; you ought then to know what your own weak point is, that you may guard it with especial care.

It is better not to see or to hear everything: many causes of offense may pass by us, most of which are disregarded by the man who ignores them. Would you not be irascible? then be not inquisitive. He who seeks to know what is said about him, who digs up spiteful tales even if they were told in secret, is himself the destroyer of his own peace of mind. Some stories may be so construed as to appear to be insults: wherefore it is best to put some aside, to laugh at others, and to pardon others. There are many ways in which anger may be checked; most things may be turned into jest. It is said that Socrates, when he was given a box on the ear, merely said that it was a pity a man could not tell when he ought to wear his helmet out walking. It does not so much matter how an injury is done, as how it is borne; and I do not see how moderation can be hard to practice, when I know that even despots, though success and impunity combine to swell their pride, have sometimes restrained their natural ferocity. At any rate, tradition informs us that once, when a guest in his cups bitterly reproached Pisistratus, the despot of Athens, for his cruelty, many of those present offered to lay hands on the traitor, and one said one thing and one another to kindle his wrath, he bore it coolly, and replied to those who were egging him on, that he was no more angry with the man than he should be with one who ran against him blindfold.

A large part of mankind manufacture their own grievances

either by entertaining unfounded suspicions or by exaggerating trifles. Anger often comes to us, but we often go to it. It ought never to be sent for: even when it falls in our way it ought to be flung aside. No one says to himself, "I myself have done or might have done this very thing which I am angry with another for doing." No one considers the intention of the doer, but merely the thing done: yet we ought to think about him, and whether he did it intentionally or accidentally, under compulsion or under a mistake, whether he did it out of hatred for us, or to gain something for himself, whether he did it to please himself or to serve a friend. In some cases the age, in others the worldly fortunes of the culprit may render it humane or advantageous to bear with him and put up with what he has done. Let us put ourselves in the place of him with whom we are angry: at present an overweening conceit of our own importance makes us prone to anger, and we are quite willing to do to others what we cannot endure should be done to ourselves. No one will postpone his anger: yet delay is the best remedy for it, because it allows its first glow to subside, and gives time for the cloud which darkens the mind either to disperse or at any rate to become less dense. Of these wrongs which drive you frantic, some will grow lighter after an interval, not of a day, but even of an hour: some will vanish altogether. Even if you gain nothing by your adjournment, still what you do after it will appear to be the result of mature deliberation, not of anger. If you want to find out the truth about anything, commit the task to time: nothing can be accurately discerned at a time of disturbance. Plato, when angry with his slave, could not prevail upon himself to wait, but straightway ordered him to take off his shirt and present his shoulders to the blows which he meant to give him with his own hand: then, when he perceived that he was angry, he stopped the hand which he had raised in the air, and stood like one in act to strike. Being asked by a friend who happened to come in, what he was doing, he answered: "I am making an angry man expiate his crime." He retained the posture of one about to give way to passion, as if struck with astonishment at its being so degrading to a philosopher, forgetting the slave, because he had found another still more deserving of punishment. He therefore denied himself the exercise of authority over his own household, and once, being rather angry at some fault, said, "Speusippus, will you please to correct that slave

with stripes; for I am in a rage." He would not strike him, for the very reason for which another man would have struck him. "I am in a rage," said he; "I should beat him more than I ought: I should take more pleasure than I ought in doing so: let not that slave fall into the power of one who is not in his own power." Can any one wish to grant the power of revenge to an angry man, when Plato himself gave up his own right to exercise it? While you are angry, you ought not to be allowed to do anything. "Why?" do you ask? Because when you are angry there is nothing that you do not wish to be allowed to do.

Fight hard with yourself and if you cannot conquer anger, do not let it conquer you: you have begun to get the better of it if it does not show itself, if it is not given vent. Let us conceal its symptoms, and as far as possible keep it secret and hidden. It will give us great trouble to do this, for it is eager to burst forth, to kindle our eyes and to transform our face; but if we allow it to show itself in our outward appearance, it is our master. Let it rather be locked in the innermost recesses of our breast, and be borne by us, not bear us: nay, let us replace all its symptoms by their opposites; let us make our countenance more composed than usual, our voice milder, our step slower. Our inward thoughts gradually become influenced by our outward demeanor. With Socrates it was a sign of anger when he lowered his voice, and became sparing of speech; it was evident at such times that he was exercising restraint over himself. His friends, consequently, used to detect him acting thus, and convict him of being angry; nor was he displeased at being charged with concealment of anger; indeed, how could he help being glad that many men should perceive his anger, yet that none should feel it? they would, however, have felt it had not he granted to his friends the same right of criticising his own conduct which he himself assumed over theirs. How much more needful is it for us to do this? let us beg all our best friends to give us their opinion with the greatest freedom at the very time when we can bear it least, and never to be compliant with us when we are angry. While we are in our right senses, while we are under our own control, let us call for help against so powerful an evil, and one which we regard with such unjust favor. Those who cannot carry their wine discreetly, and fear to be betrayed into some rash and insolent act, give their slaves orders to take them away from the ban-

quet when they are drunk; those who know by experience how unreasonable they are when sick give orders that no one is to obey them when they are in ill health. It is best to prepare obstacles beforehand for vices which are known, and above all things so to tranquilize our mind that it may bear the most sudden and violent shocks either without feeling anger, or, if anger be provoked by the extent of some unexpected wrong, that it may bury it deep, and not betray its wound.

THE VANITY OF FORTUNE'S GIFTS.

BY BOETHIUS.

(From "The Consolation of Philosophy": translated by H. R. James.)

[ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS, the illustrious Roman philosopher and statesman, was born in Rome about 475 A.D. He came of a wealthy patrician family and received an education befitting his rank, giving particular attention to philosophy, mathematics, and poetry. He was chosen consul (510), and having won the favor of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was appointed by that monarch court minister. His probity and integrity, however, excited the enmity of certain corrupt courtiers, who succeeded in prejudicing the king against him. He was accused of treasonable designs, thrown into prison at Pavia, and executed in 525 A.D. During his imprisonment he wrote the "Consolation of Philosophy," partly in prose and partly in verse. It was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, into English by Chaucer, and enjoyed great popularity in the Middle Ages. He also made Greek learning accessible to his contemporaries by means of translations of, and commentaries upon, Greek books on philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar. His translation of the logic of Aristotle was extensively used as a manual by mediæval scholars.]

THEN said I: "Thou knowest thyself that ambition for worldly success hath but little swayed me. Yet I have desired opportunity for action, lest virtue, in default of exercise, should languish away."

Then she: "This is that 'last infirmity' which is able to allure minds which, though of noble quality, have not yet been molded to any exquisite refinement by the perfecting of the virtues — I mean, the love of glory — and fame for high services rendered to the commonweal. And yet consider with me how poor and unsubstantial a thing this glory is! The whole of this earth's globe, as thou has learnt from the demonstration of astronomy, compared with the expanse of heaven, is

found no bigger than a point; that is to say, if measured by the vastness of heaven's sphere, it is held to occupy absolutely no space at all. Now, of this so insignificant portion of the universe, it is about a fourth part, as Ptolemy's proofs have taught us, which is inhabited by living creatures known to us. If from this fourth part you take away in thought all that is usurped by seas and marshes, or lies a vast waste of waterless desert, barely is an exceeding narrow area left for human habitation. You, then, who are shut in and prisoned in this merest fraction of a point's space, do ye take thought for the blazoning of your fame, for the spreading abroad of your renown? Why, what amplitude or magnificence has glory when confined to such narrow and petty limits?

"Besides, the straitened bounds of this scant dwelling place are inhabited by many nations differing widely in speech, in usages, in mode of life; to many of these, from the difficulty of travel, from diversities of speech, from want of commercial intercourse, the fame not only of individual men, but even of cities, is unable to reach. Why, in Cicero's days, as he himself somewhere points out, the fame of the Roman Republic had not yet crossed the Caucasus, and yet by that time her name had grown formidable to the Parthians and other nations of those parts. Seest thou, then, how narrow, how confined, is the glory ye take pains to spread abroad and extend! Can the fame of a single Roman penetrate where the glory of the Roman name fails to pass? Moreover, the customs and institutions of different races agree not together, so that what is deemed praiseworthy in one country is thought punishable in another. Wherefore, if any love the applause of fame, it shall not profit him to publish his name among many peoples. Then, each must be content to have the range of his glory limited to his own people; the splendid immortality of fame must be confined within the bounds of a single race.

"Once more, how many of high renown in their own times have been lost in oblivion for want of a record! Indeed, of what avail are written records even, which, with their authors, are overtaken by the dimness of age after a somewhat longer time? But ye, when ye think on future fame, fancy it an immortality that ye are begetting for yourselves. Why, if thou scannest the infinite spaces of eternity, what room hast thou left for rejoicing in the durability of thy name? Verily, if a single moment's space be compared with ten thousand years,

it has a certain relative duration, however little, since each period is definite. But this same number of years — ay, and a number many times as great — cannot even be compared with endless duration; for, indeed, finite periods may in short be compared one with another, but a finite and an infinite never. So it comes to pass that fame, though it extend to ever so wide a space of years, if it be compared to never-lessening eternity, seems not short-lived merely, but altogether nothing. But as for you, ye know not how to act aright, unless it be to court the popular breeze, and win the empty applause of the multitude — nay, ye abandon the superlative worth of conscience and virtue, and ask a recompense from the poor words of others. Let me tell thee how wittily one did mock the shallowness of this sort of arrogance. A certain man assailed one who had put on the name of philosopher as a cloak to pride and vain-glory, not for the practice of real virtue, and added: 'Now shall I know if thou art a philosopher if thou bearest reproaches calmly and patiently.' The other for a while affected to be patient, and, having endured to be abused, cried out derisively: '*Now*, do you see that I am a philosopher?' The other, with biting sarcasm, retorted: 'I should have, hadst thou held thy peace.' Moreover, what concern have choice spirits — for it is of such men we speak, men who seek glory by virtue — what concern, I say, have these with fame after the dissolution of the body in death's last hour? For if men die wholly, — which our reasonings forbid us to believe, — there is no such thing as glory at all, since he to whom the glory is said to belong is altogether non-existent. But if the mind, conscious of its own rectitude, is released from its earthly prison, and seeks heaven in free flight, doth it not despise all earthly things when it rejoices in its deliverance from earthly bonds, and enters upon the joys of heaven?"

Song: Glory may not Last.

Oh, let him, who pants for glory's guerdon,
Deeming glory all in all,
Look and see how wide the heaven expandeth,
Earth's inclosing bounds how small!

Shame it is, if your proud-swelling glory
May not fill this narrow room!

Why, then, strive so vainly, oh, ye proud ones!
To escape your mortal doom?

Though your name, to distant regions bruited,
O'er the earth be widely spread,
Though full many a lofty-sounding title
On your house its luster shed,

Death at all this pomp and glory spurneth
When his hour draweth nigh,
Shrouds alike th' exalted and the humble,
Levels lowest and most high.

Where are now the bones of stanch Fabricius?
Brutus, Cato — where are they?
Lingering fame, with a few graven letters,
Doth their empty name display.

But to know the great dead is not given
From a gilded name alone;
Nay, ye all alike must lie forgotten,
'Tis not *you* that fame makes known.

Fondly do ye deem life's little hour
Lengthened by fame's mortal breath;
There but waits you — when this, too, is taken —
At the last a second death.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(FOUNDED ON AN OLD IRISH LEGEND.)

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden"

"A sudden blast blew us out and away"

From a painting by H. Hendrich

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and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

I.

I WAS the chief of the race — he had stricken my father dead —
But I gathered my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.
Each one of them looked like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean — we sailed on a Friday morn —
He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touched at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glittered on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourished up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flickered a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog couldn't bark.
And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath —
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flittermouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die —
O they to be dumbed by the charm! — so flustered with anger were they
They almost fell on each other; but after we sailed away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices pealed
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew;
But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we sailed with our wounded away.

V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers: their breath met us out on the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze;
And the red passion flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,
And starred with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;
And the whole isle side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea;
And we rolled upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallowed in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollened from head to feet
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sailed away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land,
And the mountain arose like a jeweled throne thro' the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-colored plums and with golden masses of pear,
And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine,
But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine;
And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever were seen,
And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet between,
And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,
And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame;
And we stayed three days, and we gorged and we maddened, till every one drew
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew;
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the fray,
Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sailed away.

VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire: we were lured by the light from afar,
For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star;
Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,
For the whole isle shuddered and shook like a man in a mortal affright:
We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed that at last
There were some leaped into the fire; and away we sailed, and we past
Over that under-sea isle, where the water is clearer than air:
Down we looked: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,
Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land,
And ever at dawn from the cloud glittered o'er us a sun-bright hand,
Then it opened and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest,
Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the West;
And we wandered about it and thro' it. O never was time so good!
And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,
And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,
And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings;
But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sun-bright hand of the dawn,
For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green Isle was our own,
And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sailed away.

IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry —
"Come to us, O come, come," in the stormy red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea birds in a row,
And a hundred gamboled and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,
And a hundred splashed from the ledges, and bosomed the burst of the spray,
But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sailed away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers,
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers,
But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
And they shocked on each other and butted each other with clashing of bells,

And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and the brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the Towers,
There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God pealed over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other and after we sailed away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sailed with St. Brendan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the Isle and his winters were fifteen score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his feet,
And he spake to me, "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us 'Vengeance is mine!'
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past."
And we kissed the fringe of his beard and we prayed as we heard him pray,
And the Holy man he assoiled us, and sadly we sailed away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

THE FALL OF PALMYRA.

By WILLIAM WARE.

(From "Zenobia.")

[WILLIAM WARE, an American clergyman and historical novelist, was born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797. He studied theology under his father's direction; held pastorates of Unitarian churches in Brooklyn, Conn., Burlington, Vt., New York city (1821–1836), and in towns near Boston; and retired from the ministry on account of failing health. He was the author of the popular historical novels: "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra," "Aurelian," and "Julian." Died at Cambridge, Mass., February 19, 1852.]

I WRITE again from Palmyra.

We arrived here after a day's hard travel. The sensation occasioned by the unexpected return of Gracchus seemed to cause a temporary forgetfulness of their calamities on the part of the citizens. As we entered the city at the close of the day, and they recognized their venerated friend, there were no bounds to the tumultuous expressions of their joy. The whole city was abroad. It were hard to say whether Fausta herself was more pained by excess of pleasure, than was each citizen who thronged the streets as we made our triumphal entry.

A general amnesty of the past having been proclaimed by Sandarion immediately after the departure of Aurelian with the prisoners whom he chose to select, we found Calpurnius already returned. At Fausta's side he received us as we dismounted in the palace yard. I need not tell you how we passed our first evening. Yet it was one of very mixed enjoyment. Fausta's eye, as it dwelt upon the beloved form of her father, seemed to express unalloyed happiness. But then, again, as it was withdrawn at those moments when his voice kept not her attention fixed upon himself, she fell back upon the past and the lost, and the shadows of a deep sadness would gather over her. So, in truth, was it with us all; especially when, at the urgency of the rest, I related to them the interviews I had had with Longinus, and described to them his behavior in the prison, and at the execution.

"I think," said Fausta, "that Aurelian, in the death of Longinus, has injured his fame far more than by the capture of Zenobia and the reduction of Palmyra he has added to it. Posterity will not readily forgive him for putting out, in its

meridian blaze, the very brightest light of the age. It surely was an unnecessary act."

"The destruction of prisoners, especially those of rank and influence, is," said I, "according to the savage usages of war; and Aurelian defends the death of Longinus by saying that in becoming the first adviser of Zenobia, he was no longer Longinus the philosopher, but Longinus the minister and rebel."

"That will be held," she replied, "as a poor piece of sophistry. He was still Longinus, and in killing Longinus the minister, he basely slew Longinus the renowned philosopher, the accomplished scholar, the man of letters and of taste, the greatest man of the age, — for you will not say that either in Rome or Greece there now lives his equal."

"Fausta," said Gracchus, "you are right. And had Aurelian been any more or higher than a soldier, he would not have dared to encounter the odium of the act; but in simple truth he was, I suppose, and is utterly insensible to the crime he has committed, not against an individual or Palmyra, but against the civilized world and posterity, — a crime that will grow in its magnitude as time rolls on, and will forever, and to the remotest times, blast the fame and the name of him who did it. Longinus belonged to all times and people, and by them will be avenged. Aurelian could not understand the greatness of his victim, and was ignorant that he was drawing upon himself a reproach greater than if he had sacrificed in his fury the queen herself and half the inhabitants of Palmyra. He will find it out when he reaches Rome. He will find himself as notorious there, as the murderer of Longinus, as he will be as conqueror of the East."

"There was one sentiment of Aurelian," I said, "which he expressed to me when I urged upon him the sparing of Longinus, to which you must allow some greatness to attach. I had said to him that it was greater to pardon than to punish, and that for that reason —— 'Ah!' he replied, interrupting me, 'I may not gain to myself the fame of magnanimity at the expense of Rome. As the chief enemy of Rome in this rebellion, Rome requires his punishment, and Rome is the party to be satisfied, not I.'"

"I grant that there is greatness in the sentiment. If he was sincere, all we can say is that he misjudged in supposing that Rome needed the sacrifice. She needed it not. There were enough heads like mine, of less worth, that would do for the soldiers, — for they are Rome in Aurelian's vocabulary."

"Men of humanity and of letters," I replied, "will, I suppose, decide upon this question one way, politicians and soldiers another."

"That, I believe," rejoined Gracchus, "is nearly the truth."

Then, wearied by a prolonged conversation, we sought the repose of our pillows, each one of us happier by a large and overflowing measure, than but two days before we had ever thought to be again.

The city is to all appearance tranquil and acquiescent under its bitter chastisement. The outward aspect is calm and peaceful. The gates are thrown open, and the merchants and traders are returning to the pursuits of traffic; the gentry and nobles are engaged in refitting and reëmbellishing their rifled palaces; and the common people have returned in quiet to the several channels of their industry.

I have made, however, some observations which lead me to believe that all is not so settled and secure as it seems to be, and that however the greater proportion of the citizens are content to sit down patiently under the rule of their new masters, others are not of their mind. I can perceive that Antiochus, who, under the general pardon proclaimed by Sandarion, has returned to the city, is the central point of a good deal of interest among a certain class of citizens. He is again at the head of the same licentious and desperate crew as before, — a set of men, like himself, large in their resources, lawless in their lives, and daring in the pursuit of whatever object they set before them. To one who knows the men, their habits and manners, it is not difficult to see that they are engaged in other plans than appear upon the surface. Yet are their movements so quietly ordered as to occasion no general observation or remark. Sandarion, ignorant whence danger might be expected to arise, appears not to indulge suspicions of one or another. Indeed, from the smallness of the garrison, from the whole manner both of the governor and those who are under him, soldiers and others, it is evident that no thought of a rising on the part of the populace has entered their minds.

A few days have passed, and Gracchus and Fausta, who inclined not to give much heed to my observations, both think with me; indeed, to Gracchus communication has been made of the existence of a plot to rescue the city from the hands of Rome, in which he has been solicited to join.

Antiochus himself has sought and obtained an interview with Gracchus.

Gracchus has not hesitated to reject all overtures from that quarter. We thus learn that the most desperate measures are in agitation, — weak and preposterous, too, as they are desperate, and must in the end prove ruinous. Antiochus, we doubt not, is a tool in the hands of others; but he stands out as the head and center of the conspiracy. There is a violent and a strong party, consisting chiefly of the disbanded soldiers, but of some drawn from every class of the inhabitants, whose object is, by a sudden attack, to snatch the city from the Roman garrison, and placing Antiochus on the throne, proclaim their independence again, and prepare themselves to maintain and defend it. They make use of Antiochus because of his connection with Zenobia, and the influence he would exert through that prejudice, and because of his sway over other families among the richest and most powerful, especially the two princes, Herennianus and Timolaus, and because of his foolhardiness. If they should fail, he, they imagine, will be the only or the chief sacrifice, and he can well be spared. If they succeed, it will be an easy matter afterwards to dispose of him, if his character or measures as their king should displease them, and exalt some other and worthier in his room.

"And what, father," said Fausta, "said you to Antiochus?"

"I told him," replied Gracchus, "what I thought, — that the plan struck me not only as frantic and wild, but foolish; that I for myself should engage in no plot of any kind, having in view any similar object, much less in such a one as he proposed. I told him that if Palmyra was destined ever to assert its supremacy and independence of Rome, it could not be for many years to come, and then by watching for some favorable juncture in the affairs of Rome in other parts of the world. It might very well happen, I thought, that in the process of years, and when Palmyra had wholly recruited her strength after her late and extreme sufferings, there might occur some period of revolution or inward commotion in the Roman empire, such as would leave her remote provinces in a comparatively unprotected state. Then would be the time for reasserting our independence; then we might spring upon our keepers with some good prospect of overpowering them, and taking again to ourselves our own government. But now, I tried to convince him, it was utter madness, or worse, stupidity, to dream of suc-

cess in such an enterprise. The Romans were already inflamed and angry, not half appeased by the bloody offering that had just been made; their strength was undiminished, — for what could diminish the strength of Rome, — and a rising could no sooner take place, than her legions would again be upon us, and our sufferings might be greater than ever. I entreated him to pause, and to dissuade those from action who were connected with him. I did not hesitate to set before him a lively picture of his own hazard in the affair, — that he, if failure ensued, would be the first victim. I urged, moreover, that a few, as I held this number to be, had no right to endanger, by any selfish and besotted conduct, the general welfare, the lives and property of the citizens; that not till he felt he had the voice of the people with him, ought he to dare to act; and that although I should not betray his counsels to Sandarion, I should to the people, unless I received from him ample assurance that no movement should be made without a full disclosure of the project to all the principal citizens, as representatives of the whole city."

"And how took he all that?" we asked.

"He was evidently troubled at the vision I raised of his own head borne aloft upon a Roman pike, and not a little disconcerted at what I labored to convince him were the rights of us all in the case. I obtained from him in the end a solemn promise that he would communicate what I had said to his companions, and that they would forbear all action till they had first obtained the concurrence of the greater part of the city. I assured him, however, that in no case, and under no conceivable circumstances, could he or any calculate upon any coöperation of mine. Upon any knowledge which I might obtain of intended action, I should withdraw from the city."

"It is a sad fate," said Fausta, "that having just escaped with our lives and the bare walls of our city and dwellings from the Romans, we are now to become the prey of a wicked faction among ourselves. But, can you trust the word of Antiochus that he will give you timely notice if they go on to prosecute the affair? Will they not now work in secret all the more, and veil themselves even from the scrutiny of citizens?"

"I hardly think they can escape the watchful eyes that will be fixed upon them," replied Gracchus; "nor do I believe that, however inclined Antiochus might be to deceive me, those who are of his party would agree to such baseness. There are honorable men, however deluded, in his company."

Several days have passed, and our fears are almost laid. Antiochus and the princes have been seen as usual frequenting the more public streets, lounging in the Portico, or at the places of amusement. And the evenings have been devoted to gayety and pleasure, — Sandarion himself, and the officers of his legion, being frequent visitors at the palace of Antiochus, and at that of the Cæsars, lately the palace of Zenobia.

During this interval we have celebrated, with all becoming rites, the marriage of Fausta and Calpurnius, hastened at the urgency of Gracchus, who, feeling still very insecure of life, and doubtful of the continued tranquillity of the city, wished to bestow upon Calpurnius the rights of a husband, and to secure to Fausta the protection of one. Gracchus seems happier and lighter of heart since this has been done, — so do we all. It was an occasion of joy, but as much of tears also. An event which we had hoped to have been graced by the presence of Zenobia, Julia, and Longinus, took place almost in solitude and silence. But of this I have written fully to Portia.

That which we have apprehended has happened. The blow has been struck, and Palmyra is again, in name at least, free and independent.

Early on the morning after the marriage of Fausta, we were alarmed by the sounds of strife and commotion in the streets, — by the cries of those who pursued, and of those who fled and fought. It was as yet hardly light. But it was not difficult to know the cause of the uproar or the parties engaged. We seized our arms, and prepared ourselves for defense, against whatever party, Roman or Palmyrene, should make an assault. The preparation was, however, needless, for the contest was already decided. The whole garrison, with the brave Sandarion at their head, has been massacred, and the power of Palmyra is in the hands of Antiochus and his adherents. There has been in truth no fighting, it has been the murder rather of unprepared and defenseless men. The garrison was cut off in detail while upon their watch, by overwhelming numbers. Sandarion was dispatched in his quarters, and in his bed, by the very inhuman wretches at whose tables he had just been feasted, from whom he had but a few hours before parted, giving and receiving the signs of friendship. The cowardly Antiochus it was who stabbed him as he sprang from his sleep, encumbered and disabled by his night clothes. Not a Roman has escaped with his life.

Antiochus is proclaimed king, and the streets of the city have resounded with the shouts of this deluded people, crying, "Long live Antiochus!" He has been borne in tumult to the great portico of the Temple of the Sun, where, with the ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, he has been crowned king of Palmyra and of the East.

While these things were in progress, — the new king entering upon his authority, and the government forming itself, — Gracchus chose and acted his part.

"There is little safety," he said, "for me now, I fear, anywhere, — but least of all here. But were I secure of life, Palmyra is now a desecrated and polluted place, and I would fain depart from it. I could not remain in it, though covered with honor, to see Antiochus in the seat of Zenobia, and Critias in the chair of Longinus. I must go, as I respect myself, and as I desire life. Antiochus will bear me no good will; and no sooner will he have become easy in his seat and secure of his power, than he will begin the work for which his nature alone fits him, of cold-blooded revenge, cruelty, and lust. I trust indeed that his reign will end before that day shall arrive; but it may not, and it will be best for me and for you, my children, to remove from his sight. If he sees us not, he may forget us."

We all gladly assented to the plan which he then proposed. It was to withdraw as privately as possible to one of his estates in the neighborhood of the city, and there await the unfolding of the scenes that remained yet to be enacted. The plan was at once carried into effect. The estate to which we retreated was about four Roman miles from the walls, situated upon an eminence, and overlooking the city and the surrounding plains. Soon as the shadows of the evening of the first day of the reign of Antiochus had fallen, we departed from Palmyra, and within an hour found ourselves upon a spot as wild and secluded as if it had been within the bosom of a wilderness. The building consists of a square tower of stone, large and lofty, built originally for purposes of war and defense, but now long occupied by those who have pursued the peaceful labors of husbandry. The wildness of the region, the solitariness of the place, the dark and frowning aspect of the impregnable tower, had pleased the fancy of both Gracchus and Fausta, and it has been used by them as an occasional retreat at those times when, wearied of the sound and sight of life, they have needed per-

fect repose. A few slaves are all that are required to constitute a sufficient household.

Here, Curtius, notwithstanding the troubled aspect of the times, have we passed a few days of no moderate enjoyment. Had there been no other, it would have been enough to sit and witness the happiness of Calpurnius and Fausta. But there have been and are other sources of satisfaction, as you will not doubt. We have now leisure to converse at such length as we please upon a thousand subjects which interest us. Seated upon the rocks at nightfall, or upon the lofty battlements of the tower, or at hot noon reclining beneath the shade of the terebinth or palm, we have tasted once again the calm delights we experienced at the queen's mountain palace. In this manner have we heard from Calpurnius accounts every way instructive and entertaining of his life while in Persia; of the character and acts of Sapor; of the condition of that empire, and its widespread population. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice and investigation. At these times and places too, do I amuse and enlighten the circle around me by reading such portions of your letters and of Portia's as relate to matters generally interesting; and thus too do we discuss the times, and speculate upon the events with which the future labors in relation to Palmyra.

In the mean time we learn that the city is given up to festivity and excess. Antiochus, himself possessing immense riches, is devoting these, and whatever the treasury of the kingdom places within his reach, to the entertainment of the people with shows and games after the Roman fashion, and seems really to have deluded the mass of the people so far as to have convinced them that their ancient prosperity has returned, and that he is the father of their country, a second Odenatus. He has succeeded in giving to his betrayal of the queen the character and merit of a patriotic act, at least with the creatures who uphold him; and there are no praises so false and gross that they are not heaped upon him, and imposed upon the people in proclamations and edicts. The ignorant — and where is it that they are not the greater part? — stand by, wonder, and believe. They cannot penetrate the wickedness of the game that has been played before them, and by the arts of the king and his minions have already been converted into friends and supporters.

The defense of the city is not, we understand, wholly

neglected. But having before their eyes some fear of retribution, troops are again levied and organized, and the walls beginning to be put into a state of preparation. But this is all of secondary interest, and is postponed to any object of more immediate and sensual gratification.

But there are large numbers of the late queen's truest friends who with Gracchus look on in grief, and terror even, at the order of things that has arisen, and prophesying with him a speedy end to it, either from interior and domestic revolution, or a return of the Roman armies, accompanied in either case of course by a widespread destruction, have with him also secretly withdrawn from the city, and fled either to some neighboring territory, or retreated to the fastnesses of the rural districts. Gracchus has not ceased to warn all whom he knows and chiefly esteems of the dangers to be apprehended, and urge upon them the duty of a timely escape.

Messengers have arrived from Antiochus to Gracchus, with whom they have held long and earnest conference, the object of which has been to induce him to return to the city, and resume his place at the head of the senate, the king well knowing that no act of his would so much strengthen his power as to be able to number Gracchus among his friends. But Gracchus has not so much as wavered in his purpose to keep aloof from Antiochus and all concern with his affairs. His contempt and abhorrence of the king would not however, he says, prevent his serving his country, were he not persuaded that in so short a time violence of some sort from without or within would prostrate king and government in the dust.

It was only a few days after the messengers from Antiochus had paid their visit to Gracchus, that as we were seated upon a shady rock not far from the tower, listening to Fausta as she read to us, we were alarmed by the sudden irruption of Milo upon our seclusion, breathless, except that he could just exclaim, "The Romans! the Romans!" As soon as he could command his speech, he said that the Roman army could plainly be discerned from the higher points of the land, rapidly approaching the city, of which we might satisfy ourselves by ascending the tower.

"Gods! can it be possible," exclaimed Gracchus, "that Aurelian can himself have returned? He must have been well on his way to the Hellespont ere the conspiracy broke out."

"I can easily believe it," I replied, as we hastened toward

the old tower, "from what I have known and witnessed of the promptness and miraculous celerity of his movements."

As we came forth upon the battlements of the tower, not a doubt remained that it was indeed the Romans pouring in again like a flood upon the plains of the now devoted city. Far as the eye could reach to the west, clouds of dust indicated the line of the Roman march, while the van was already within a mile of the very gates. The roads leading to the capital, in every direction, seemed covered with those who, at the last moment, ere the gates were shut, had fled and were flying to escape the impending desolation. All bore the appearance of a city taken by surprise and utterly unprepared, — as we doubted not was the case from what we had observed of its actual state, and from the suddenness of Aurelian's return and approach.

"Now," said Fausta, "I can believe that the last days of Palmyra have arrived. It is impossible that Antiochus can sustain the siege against what will now be the tenfold fury of Aurelian and his enraged soldiers."

A very few days will suffice for its reduction, if long before it be not again betrayed into the power of the assailants.

We have watched with intense curiosity and anxiety the scene that has been performing before our eyes. We are not so remote but what we can see with considerable distinctness whatever takes place, sometimes advancing and choosing our point of observation upon some nearer eminence.

After one day of preparation, and one of assault, the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph, — this time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered, both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenseless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued, hunted, and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers, to perish, dashed upon the rocks below. Fausta cannot endure these sights of horror, but retires and hides herself in her apartments.

No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes,

after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within, — as from its insulated position the flames from the neighboring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished; and the vast pile stood towering in the center of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures.

"This," said Fausta, "is the act of a rash and passionate man. Aurelian, before to-morrow's sun has set, will himself repent it. What a single night has destroyed, a century could not restore. This blighted and ruined capital, as long as its crumbling remains shall attract the gaze of the traveler, will utter a blasting malediction upon the name and memory of Aurelian. Hereafter he will be known, not as conqueror of the East, and the restorer of the Roman empire, but as the executioner of Longinus and the ruthless destroyer of Palmyra."

"I fear that you prophesy with too much truth," I replied. "Rage and revenge have ruled the hour, and have committed horrors which no reason and no policy, either of the present or of any age, will justify."

"It is a result ever to be expected," said Gracchus, "so long as mankind will prefer an ignorant, unlettered soldier as their ruler. They can look for nothing different from one whose ideas have been formed by the camp alone, — whose vulgar mind has never been illuminated by study and the knowledge of antiquity. Such a one feels no reverence for the arts, for learning, for philosophy, or for man as man; he knows not what these mean; power is all he can comprehend, and all he worships. As long as the army furnishes Rome with her emperors, so long may she know that her name will, by acts like these, be handed down to posterity covered with the infamy that belongs to the polished savage, the civilized barbarian. Come, Fausta, let us now in

and hide ourselves from this sight, too sad and sorrowful to gaze upon."

"I can look now, father, without emotion," she replied; "a little sorrow opens all the fountains of grief, too much seals them. I have wept till I can weep no more. My sensibility is, I believe, by this succession of calamities, dulled till it is dead."

Aurelian, we learn, long before the fire had completed its work of destruction, recalled the orders he had given, and labored to arrest the progress of the flames. In this he to a considerable extent succeeded, and it was owing to this that the great temple was saved, and others among the most costly and beautiful structures.

On the third day after the capture of the city and the massacre of the inhabitants, the army of the "conqueror and destroyer" withdrew from the scene of its glory, and again disappeared beyond the desert. I sought not the presence of Aurelian while before the city; for I cared not to meet him drenched in the blood of women and children. But as soon as he and his legions were departed, we turned toward the city, as children to visit the dead body of a parent.

No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls, and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all — and without resistance apparently — fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates, and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met naught but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less,

— that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere, — in the streets, upon the porticoes of private and public dwellings, upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith, — in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads, little children and infants, women, the young, the beautiful, the good, — all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air; what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'; what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared! The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured, and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those, who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their doorstones; their own halls have become their tombs.

We sought together the house of Gracchus. We found it partly consumed, partly standing and uninjured. The offices and one of the rear wings were burned and level with the ground, but there the flames had been arrested, and the remainder, comprising all the principal apartments, stands as it stood before. The palace of Zenobia has escaped without harm; its lofty walls and insulated position were its protection. The Long Portico, with its columns, monuments, and inscriptions,

remains also untouched by the flames, and unprofaned by any violence from the wanton soldiery. The fire has fed upon the poorer quarters of the city, where the buildings were composed in greater proportion of wood, and spared most of the great thoroughfares, principal avenues, and squares of the capital, which, being constructed in the most solid manner of stone, resisted effectually all progress of the flames; and though frequently set on fire for the purpose of their destruction, the fire perished from a want of material, or it consumed but the single edifice where it was kindled.

The silence of death and of ruin rests over this once and but so lately populous city. As I stood upon a high point which overlooked a large extent of it, I could discern no signs of life except here and there a detachment of the Roman guard dragging forth the bodies of the slaughtered citizens, and bearing them to be burned or buried. This whole people is extinct. In a single day these hundred thousands have found a common grave. Not one remains to bewail or bury the dead. Where are the anxious crowds, who, when their dwellings have been burned, eagerly rush in as the flames have spent themselves, to sorrow over their smoking altars, and pry with busy search among the hot ashes, if perchance they may yet rescue some lamented treasure, or bear away, at least, the bones of a parent or a child buried beneath the ruins? They are not here. It is broad day, and the sun shines brightly; but not a living form is seen lingering about these desolated streets and squares. Birds of prey are already hovering round, and alighting, without apprehension of disturbance, wherever the banquet invites them; and soon as the shadows of evening shall fall, the hyena of the desert will be here to gorge himself upon what they have left, having scented afar off upon the tainted breeze the fumes of the rich feast here spread for him. These Roman gravediggers from the legion of Bassus are alone upon the ground to contend with them for their prize. O miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute? Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death whole kingdoms, — making misery and destruction the steps by which they mount up to their seats of pride! O gentle doctrine of Christ! — doctrine of love and of peace, when shall it be that I and all mankind

shall know thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under thy life-giving reign!

Fausta, as she has wandered with us through this wilderness of woe, has uttered scarce a word. This appalling and afflicting sight of her beloved Palmyra — her pride and hope, in whose glory her very life was wrapped up — so soon become a blackened heap of ruins; its power departed; its busy multitudes dead, and their dwellings empty or consumed, — has deprived her of all but tears. She has only wept. The sensibility which she feared was dead, she finds endued with life enough, — with too much for either her peace or safety.

As soon as it became known in the neighboring districts that the army of Aurelian was withdrawn, and that the troops left in the camp and upon the walls were no longer commissioned to destroy, they who had succeeded in effecting their escape, or who had early retreated from the scene of danger, began to venture back. These were accompanied by great numbers of the country people, who now poured in either to witness with their own eyes the great horror of the times, or to seek for the bodies of children or friends, who, dwelling in the city for the purposes of trade or labor, or as soldiers, had fallen in the common ruin. For many days might the streets and walls and ruins be seen covered with crowds of men and women who, weeping, sought among the piles of the yet unburied and decaying dead, dear relatives or friends or lovers, for whom they hoped to perform the last offices of unfailing affection, — a hope that was, perhaps, in scarce a single instance fulfilled. And how could any but those in whom love had swallowed up reason, once imagine that where the dead were heaped fathoms deep, mangled by every shocking mode of death, and now defaced yet more by the processes of corruption, they could identify the forms which they last saw beautiful in all the bloom of health? But love is love; it feels, but cannot reason.

Cerronius Bassus, the lieutenant of Aurelian, has with a humane violence laid hold upon this curious and gazing multitude, and changed them all into buriers of the dead they came to seek and bewail. To save the country from pestilence, himself and his soldiers, he hastens the necessary work of interment. The plains are trenched, and into them the bodies of the citizens are indiscriminately thrown. There now lie in narrow space the multitudes of Palmyra.

The mangled bodies of Antiochus, Herennianus, and Timolaus have been found among the slain.

We go no longer to the city, but remain at our solitary tower, — now, however, populous as the city itself. We converse of the past and the future, but most of my speedy departure for Rome.

It is the purpose of Gracchus to continue for a season yet in the quiet retreat where he now is. He then will return to the capital, and become one of those to lay again the foundations of another prosperity.

"Nature," he says, "has given to our city a position and resources which, it seems to me, no power of man can deprive her of, nor prevent their always creating and sustaining, upon this same spot, a large population. Circumstances like the present may oppress and overwhelm for a time, but time again will revive, and rebuild, and embellish. I will not for one sit down in inactivity or useless grief, but if Aurelian does not hinder, shall apply the remainder of my days to the restoration of Palmyra. In Calpurnius and Fausta I shall look to find my lieutenants, prompt to execute the commissions intrusted to them by their commander."

"We shall fall behind," said Calpurnius, "I warrant you, in no quality of affection or zeal in the great task."

"Fausta," continued Gracchus, "has as yet no heart but for the dead and the lost. But, Lucius, when you shall have been not long in Rome, you will hear that she lives then but among the living, and runs before me and Calpurnius in every labor that promises advantage to Palmyra."

"It may be so," replied Fausta, "but I have no faith that it will. We have witnessed the death of our country; we have attended the funeral obsequies. I have no belief in any rising again from the dead."

"Give not way, my child," said Gracchus, "to grief and despair. These are among the worst enemies of man. They are the true doubters and deniers of the gods and their providence who want a spirit of trust and hope. Hope and confidence are the best religion, and the truest worship. I, who do not believe in the existence of the gods, am therefore to be commended for my religion more than many of the stanchest defenders of Pagan, Christian, or Jewish superstitions, who too often, it seems to me, feel and act as if the world were abandoned of all divine care, and its affairs and events the sport

of a blind chance. What is best for man and the condition of the world must be most agreeable to the gods, — to the Creator and the possessor of the world, — be they one or many. Can we doubt which is best for the remaining inhabitants of Palmyra, and the provinces around which are dependent upon her trade, — to leave her in her ruin finally and utterly to perish, or apply every energy to her restoration? Is it better that the sands of the desert should within a few years heap themselves over these remaining walls and dwellings, or that we who survive should cleanse, and repair, and rebuild, in the confident hope, before we in our turn are called to disappear, to behold our beloved city again thronged with its thousands of busy and laborious inhabitants? Carthage is again populous as in the days of Hamilcar. You, Fausta, may live to see Palmyra what she was in the days of Zenobia."

"The gods grant it may be so!" exclaimed Fausta, and a bright smile at the vision her father had raised up before her illuminated her features. She looked for a moment as if the reality had been suddenly revealed to her, and had stood forth in all its glory.

"I do not despair," continued Gracchus, "of the Romans themselves doing something toward the restoration of that which they have wantonly and foolishly destroyed."

"But they cannot give life to the dead; and therefore it is but little they can do at best," said Fausta. "They may indeed rebuild the Temple of the Sun, but they cannot give us back the godlike form of Longinus, and kindle within it that intellect that shed light over the world; they may raise again the walls of the citizen's humble dwelling, but they cannot reanimate the bodies of the slaughtered multitudes, and call them out from their trenches to people again the silent streets."

"They cannot, indeed," rejoined Gracchus; "they cannot do everything; they may not do anything. But I think they will, and that the emperor himself, when reason returns, will himself set the example. And from you, Lucius, when once more in Rome, shall I look for substantial aid in disposing favorably the mind both of Aurelian and the senate."

"I can never be more happily employed," I replied, "than in serving either you or Palmyra. You will have a powerful advocate also in Zenobia."

"Yes," said Gracchus, "if her life be spared, which must for some time be still quite uncertain. After gracing the

triumph of Aurelian, she, like Longinus, may be offered as a new largess to the still hungering legions."

"Nay, there, I think, Gracchus, you do Aurelian hardly justice. Although he has bound himself by no oath, yet virtually is he sworn to spare Zenobia; and his least word is true as his sword."

Thus have we passed the last days and hours of my residence here. I should in vain attempt, my Curtius, to tell you how strongly I am bound to this place, to this kingdom and city, and above all, to those who survive this destruction. No Palmyrene can lament with more sincerity than I the whirlwind of desolation that has passed over them, obliterating almost their place and name; nor from any one do there ascend more fervent prayers that prosperity may yet return, and these widespread ruins again rise and glow in their ancient beauty. Rome has by former acts of unparalleled barbarism covered her name with reproach; but by none has she so drenched it in guilt as by this wanton annihilation — for so do I regard it — of one of the fairest cities and kingdoms of the earth. The day of Aurelian's triumph may be a day of triumph to him, but to Rome it will be a day of never-forgotten infamy.

A Roman Triumph.

I trust that you have safely received the letter which, as we entered the Tiber, I was fortunate enough to place on board a vessel bound directly to Berytus. In that I have told you of my journey and voyage, and have said many other things of more consequence still, both to you, Gracchus, and myself.

I now write to you from my own dwelling upon the Cælian, where I have been these many days that have intervened since the date of my former letter. If you have waited impatiently to hear from me again, I hope now I shall atone for what may seem a too long delay, by telling you of those concerning whom you wish chiefly to hear and know, — Zenobia and Julia.

But first let me say that I have found Portia in health, and as happy as she could be after her bitter disappointment in Calpurnius. This has proved a misfortune, less only than the loss of our father himself. That a Piso should live, and be other than a Roman; that he should live and bear arms against his country, — this has been to her one of those inexplicable mysteries in the providence of the gods that has tasked her

piety to the utmost. In vain has she scrutinized her life to discover what fault has drawn down upon her and her house this heavy retribution. Yet her grief is lightened by what I have told her of the conduct of Calpurnius at Antioch and Emesa. At such times, when I have related the events of those great days, and the part which my brother took, the pride of the Roman has yielded to that of the mother, and she has not been able to conceal her satisfaction. "Ah," she would say, "my brave boy!" "That was like him!" "I warrant Zabdas himself was not greater!" "What might he not be, were he but in Rome!"

Portia is never weary with inquiring into everything relating to yourself and Gracchus. My letters, many and minute as they have been, so far from satisfying her, serve only as themes for new and endless conversations, in which, as well as I am able, I set before her my whole life while in Palmyra, and every event, from the conversation at the table or in the porticoes, to the fall of the city and the death of Longinus. So great is her desire to know all concerning the "hero Fausta," and so unsatisfying is the all that I can say, that I shall not wonder if, after the ceremony of the triumph, she should herself propose a journey to Palmyra, to see you once more with her own eyes, and once more fold you in her arms. You will rejoice to be told that she bewails, even with tears, the ruin of the city, and the cruel massacre of its inhabitants. She condemns the emperor in language as strong as you and I should use. The slaughter of Sandarion and his troops she will by no means allow to be a sufficient justification of the act. And of her opinion are all the chief citizens of Rome.

I have found Curtius and Lucilia also in health. They are at their villa upon the Tiber. The first to greet me there were Laco and Cælia. Their gratitude was affecting and oppressive. Indeed, there is no duty so hard as to receive with grace the thanks of those whom you have obliged. Curtius is for once satisfied that I have performed with fidelity the part of a correspondent. He even wonders at my diligence. The advantage is, I believe for the first time, fairly on my side, — though you can yourself bear testimony, having heard all his epistles, how many he wrote, and with what vividness and exactness he made Rome to pass before us. I think he will not be prevented from writing to you by anything I can say. He drops in every day, Lucilia sometimes with him, and never leaves us till he

has exhausted his prepared questions concerning you and the great events which have taken place, — there remaining innumerable points to a man of his exact turn of mind, about which he must insist upon fuller and more careful information. I think he will draw up a history of the war. I hope he will; no one could do it better.

Aurelian, you will have heard, upon leaving Palmyra, instead of continuing on the route which he set out, toward Emesa and Antioch, turned aside to Egypt, in order to put down, by one of his sudden movements, the Egyptian merchant Firmus, who, with a genius for war greater than for traffic, had placed himself at the head of the people, and proclaimed their independence of Rome. As the friend and ally of Zenobia — although he could render her, during the siege, no assistance — I must pity his misfortunes and his end. News has just reached us that his armies have been defeated, he himself taken and put to death, and his new-made kingdom reduced again to the condition of a Roman province. We now every hour look to hear of the arrival of the emperor and his armies.

Although there has been observed some secrecy concerning the progress and places of residence of Zenobia, yet we learn with a good degree of certainty that she is now at Brundusium, awaiting the further orders of Aurelian, having gone overland from Byzantium to Apollonia, and there crossing the Adriatic. I have not been much disturbed by the reports which have prevailed, because I thought I knew too much of the queen to think them well grounded. Yet I confess I have suffered somewhat, when, upon resorting to the Capitol or the baths, I have found the principal topic to be the death of Zenobia, — according to some, of grief, on her way from Antioch to Byzantium; or, as others had it, of hunger, she having resolutely refused all nourishment. I have given no credit to the rumor; yet as all stories of this kind are a mixture of truth and error, so in this case I can conceive easily that it has some foundation in reality, and I am led to believe from it that the sufferings of the queen have been great. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? A feebler spirit than Zenobia's, and a feebler frame, would necessarily have been destroyed. With what impatience do I wait the hour that shall see her in Rome! I am happily already relieved of all anxiety as to her treatment by Aurelian; no fear need be entertained for her safety. Desirous as far as may be to atone for the rash severity of his orders in Syria, he

will distinguish with every possible mark of honor the queen, her family, and such other of the inhabitants of Palmyra as have been reserved to grace his triumph.

For this august ceremony the preparations are already making. It is the sole topic of conversation, and the single object toward which seem to be bent the whole genius and industry of the capital. It is intended to surpass in magnificence all that has been done by former emperors or generals. The materials for it are collecting from every part of the empire, and the remotest regions of Asia and Africa. Every day there arrive cargoes either of wild beasts, or of prisoners destined to the amphitheater. Illustrious captives also from Asia, Germany, and Gaul, among whom are Tetricus and his son. The Tiber is crowded with vessels bringing in the treasures drawn from Palmyra, — her silver and gold, her statuary and works of art, and every object of curiosity and taste that was susceptible of transportation across the desert and the ocean.

It is now certain that the queen has advanced as far as Tusculum, where with Julia, Livia, Faustula, and Vabalathus, she will remain — at a villa of Aurelian's, it is said — till the day of triumph. Separation seems the more painful as they approach nearer. Although knowing that they would be scrupulously prohibited from all intercourse with any beyond the precincts of the villa itself, I have not been restrained from going again and again to Tusculum, and passing through it and around it in the hope to obtain were it but a distant glimpse of persons to whom I am bound more closely than to any others on earth. But it has been all in vain. I shall not see them till I behold them a part of the triumphal procession of their conqueror.

Aurelian has arrived; the long-expected day has come and is gone. His triumph has been celebrated, and with a magnificence and a pomp greater than the traditionary glories of those of Pompey, Trajan, Titus, or even the secular games of Philip.

I have seen Zenobia!

The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad; and added to our overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the

empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the Capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and greatness of Rome.

A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well-knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theater. Next, upon gilded wagons, and arrayed so as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian, — treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia, and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and the most precious woods of India. The jeweled wine cups, vases, and golden statuary of Demetrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes, bearing in their hands, upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these, came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly, in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms

fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear? I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on forever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the Capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic emperor Tetricus — yet slave of his army and of Victoria — accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once a senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend — her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign queen and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial — now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace, — toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels such as, both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome, and of chains of gold, which first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so — yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form; but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty, yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune; there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heartbreaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears; but they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes.

Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon, as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And, as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a deathlike silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long; for when the emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the Capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the queen, led and placed her in her own chariot — that chariot in which she had hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph — between Julia and Livia. Upon this, the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, "The gods bless you!" and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when, after the lapse of many minutes, it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the Capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd, and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen that the last of the procession had passed the front of the Capitol, and the emperor reposed within the walls of his palace. The evening was devoted to the shows of the theaters.

Seven days succeeding this first day of the triumph have been devoted to games and shows. I attended them not, but escaping from the tumult and confusion of the city, passed them in a very different manner; you will at once conjecture where and with whom. It was, indeed, as you suppose, in the society of Zenobia, Julia, and Livia.

What the immediate destination of the queen was to be I knew not, nor did any seem to know even so late as the day of the triumph. It was only known that her treatment was to be lenient. But, on the day after, it became public in the city that the emperor had bestowed upon her his magnificent villa, not far from Hadrian's, at Tibur, and, at the close of the first day of the triumph, a chariot of Aurelian's in waiting had conveyed her there. This was to me transporting news, as it will be to you.

On the evening of that day I was at Tibur. Had I been a son or a brother, the queen could not have received me with more emotion. But I leave it to you to imagine the first moments of our interview. When our greetings were over, the first thought, at least the first question of Zenobia, was concerning you and Gracchus. All her inquiries, as well as those of Julia, I was happily able to answer in the most exact manner, out of the fullness of your letter. When I had finished this agreeable duty, the queen said: —

"Our happiness were complete, as now it can be, could Fausta and Gracchus be but added to our numbers. I shall hope, in the lapse of days or months, to entice them away for a season from their melancholy home. And yet what better can I offer them here? There they behold their city in ruins, here their queen. There they already detect some tokens of reviving life; here they would have before them but the picture of decay and approaching death. But these things I ought not to say. Piso, you will be glad to learn the purposes of Aurelian concerning Palmyra. He has already set apart large sums for the restoration of its walls and temples; and what is more and better, he has made Gracchus governor of the city and province, with liberal promises of treasure to carry into effect whatever designs he may conceive as most likely to people again the silent streets, and fill them again with the merchants of the East and the West."

"Aurelian, I am persuaded," I replied, "will feel upon him the weight of the strongest motives to do all that he can to repair the injuries he has inflicted. Then, too, in addition to this, his nature is generous."

"It is so," said Julia. "How happy if he had been less subject to his passions! The proofs of a generous nature you see here, Piso, everywhere around us. This vast and magnificent palace, with its extensive grounds, has he freely

bestowed upon us; and here, as your eye has already informed you, has he caused to be brought and arranged every article of use or luxury found in the palace at Palmyra, and capable of transportation."

"I could hardly believe," I said, "as I approached the great entrance, and beheld objects so familiar — still more, when I came within the walls and saw around me all that I had seen in Palmyra, that I was indeed in the vicinity of Rome, and had not been by some strange power transported suddenly to Asia. In the rash violence of Aurelian in Syria, and in this reparation, both here and there, of the evil he has committed, to the farthest extent possible, you witness a genuine revelation of his character. Would that principle, rather than passion, were the governing power of his life!"

Although I have passed many days at Tibur, yet have I seen but little of Zenobia. She is silent and solitary. Her thoughts are evidently never with the present, but far back among the scenes of her former life. To converse is an effort. The lines of grief have fixed themselves upon her countenance; her very form and manner are expressive of a soul bowed and subdued by misfortune. Her pride seems no longer, as on the day of the triumph, to bear her up. It is Zenobia before me, but — like her own beautiful capital — it is Zenobia in ruins. That she suffers, too, from the reproaches of a mind now conscious of its errors, I cannot doubt. She blames Aurelian; but I am persuaded she blames with no less severity herself. It is, I doubt not, the image of her desolated country rising before her, that causes her so often, in the midst of discourse with us, or when she has been sitting long silent, suddenly to start and clasp her hands, and withdraw weeping to her apartments, or the seclusion of the garden.

"It will be long, very long," Julia has said to me, "before Zenobia will recover from this grief, — if indeed she ever do. Would that the principles of that faith which we have learned to believe and prize, were also hers. Life would then still place before her a great object, which now she wants. The past absorbs her wholly; the future is nothing. She dwells upon glories that are departed forever, and is able to anticipate no other, or greater, in this world, nor with certainty in any beyond it."

I said, "But doubtless she throws herself at this season

upon her Jewish faith and philosophy. She has ever spoken of it with respect at least, if not with affection."

"I do not," Julia replied, "think that her faith in Judaism is of much avail to her. She has found pleasure in reading the sacred books of the Jews, and has often expressed warmly her admiration of the great principles of moral living and of religious belief found in them; but I do not think that she has derived from them that which she conceives to be the sum of all religion and philosophy, — a firm belief and hope of immortality. I am sure she has not. She has sometimes spoken as if such a belief possessed likelihood, but never as if she entertained it in the way the Christian does."

* * * * * * *

You will rejoice, dear Fausta, to learn that Zenobia no longer opposes me, but waits with impatience for the day when I shall be an inmate of her palace.

What think you is the news to-day in Rome? No other and no less than this — which you may well suppose has for some time been no news to me — that Livia is to be empress! It has just been made public with authority; and I dispatch my letter that you may be immediately informed of it. It has brought another expression upon the countenance of Zenobia.

Curtius and Lucilia have this moment come in full of these tidings and interrupt me; they, with Portia, wish to be remembered to you with affection. I shall soon write again, telling you then especially of my interviews with Aurelian. Farewell.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred,"

"Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill"

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"Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight: — Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls —
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First Freedom and then Glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, — barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page, — 'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask — Away with words! draw near,

Admire, exult — despise — laugh, weep, — for here
There is such matter for all feeling: — Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs! where those who dared to build?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsars' brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus' or Trajan's? No — 'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contained
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman globe, for after none sustained,

But yielded back his conquests: — he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues — still we Trajan's name adore.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep —
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes — burns with Cicero!

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame —
The friend of Petrarch — hope of Italy —
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
Of freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be —
The forum's champion, and the people's chief —
Her newborn Numa thou — with reign, alas! too brief.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,

Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven seems colored by its skies. . . .

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower. . . .

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thundershower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday —
All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam,
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void — seats crushed — walls bowed —
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

THE HUNS AT REICHENAU.

BY JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL: TRANSLATION OF NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

(From "Ekkehard: a Tale of the Tenth Century." With the permission of the publishers, T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL, a German poet and novelist, was born at Carlsruhe, Baden, February 16, 1826, and was educated at Munich, Heidelberg, and Berlin to follow the law. But after five years' practice he abandoned the legal profession and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He traveled in Italy; lived at various places in Germany, Switzerland, and France; and from 1864 resided in Carlsruhe and Rudolfszall on Lake Constance. He died April 9, 1886. His first book, which he never surpassed, was "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen" (1852), a tale in verse of the period of the Thirty Years' War. It has been widely read, and in 1895 passed through its 216th edition. His other works include: "Ekkehard," an historical novel; "Gaudemus," a collection of songs and ballads, known to all German students; and the romances, "Juniperus" and "Hugideo."]

ON the island of Reichenau it was silent and lonely after the inhabitants of the monastery had taken their departure. The weak-minded Heribald was lord and master of the whole place; he was much pleased with his solitude. For hours he sat on the shore, skipping flat pebbles over the waves. When they sank at once he scolded them.

With the poultry in the yard he held many a dialogue; he fed them regularly.

"If you are very good, and the brothers do not return," he once said, "Heribald will preach you a sermon."

In the monastery he found plenty of amusement: — in one day of solitude a man can hatch a good many useful ideas.

The camerarius had angered him by refusing to give him the necessary shoe leather: so Heribald went up to the cell of the camerarius, smashed his large stone water jug, as well as his three flowerpots, cut open the straw mattress on his bed, and filled it up with the broken crockery; then he lay down on it to see how it would feel, and the fragments were hard and sharp, so he smiled contentedly and betook himself to Abbot Watzmann's apartments.

Against the abbot he also bore a grudge, as he was indebted to him for many a sound whipping; but he found everything locked up and in excellent order, so nothing was left to him but to break off one of the legs of the cushioned easy-chair. He cunningly put it back in its old place, as if nothing had happened.

"That will break down nicely with him, when he comes home and sits comfortably on it. 'Thou shalt castigate the flesh,' says St. Benedict. But Heribald has not broken off the leg of the chair. The Huns have done it."

Prayer, devotion, and psalm singing he performed, as the rules of the order prescribed. The seven daily times for prayer the solitary strictly adhered to, as if he might be punished for missing them; even the midnight vigil he descended into the cloister church to hold.

At the very hour when his brothers were carousing in the hall of the ducal castle with the monks of St. Gall, Heribald was standing in the choir. The uncanny shadows of the night enveloped the aisle, dimly flickered the everlasting lamp; but fearlessly, and with a clear voice, Heribald intoned the introductory verse: —

Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee. And he sang the third psalm, the one which David sang when he fled before Absalom his son.

When he reached the place where the antiphonal response usually came, according to custom, he stopped and waited for the other choir to take it up, but everything remained silent and still; then Heribald passed his hand over his forehead. "Ah," said he, "I forgot! They are all gone, and Heribald is alone."

Then as he was about to sing the ninety-fourth psalm, as the nightly service required, the everlasting lamp went out, — a bat

flew into it. Outside, storm and rain. Heavy drops fell on the roof of the church, and beat against the windows. A strange feeling came over Heribald.

"Holy Benedict," exclaimed he, "be pleased to see that it is not Heribald's fault that the antiphon was not sung."

He walked through the darkness out of the choir. A shrill wind whistled through a little window of the crypt under the high altar, producing a howling sound; as Heribald advanced, a draught caught his garment.

"Art thou come back, thou hellish tempter?" said he. "Must I fight thee once more?"

Unhesitatingly he stepped back to the altar, and seized a wooden crucifix which the abbot had not had taken away.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, come on, specter of Satan! Heribald awaits thee!"

With undaunted courage he thus stood on the altar steps; the wind continued to howl; the Devil did not appear.

"He had enough of it the last time," smilingly said the idiot. About a year before, the Evil One had appeared to him in the shape of a big dog, barking furiously at him; but Heribald had resisted him with a pole, and had plied him with such doughty blows that the pole broke.

Then Heribald screamed out a number of choice invectives in the direction where the wind was moaning; and when even after this nothing came to tempt him, he replaced the crucifix on the altar, bent his knees before it, and went back to his cell murmuring the *Kyrie eleison*. There he slept the sleep of the just until late in the morning.

The sun was high in the heavens, as Heribald complacently walked up and down before the monastery. Since the time when he had enjoyed an occasional holiday at school, he had seldom had an opportunity of idling. "Idleness is the soul's worst enemy," St. Benedict had said, and in consequence strictly ordered his disciples to fill up with the work of their hands the time which was not claimed by devotional tasks.

Heribald knew not art or handicraft, and so they employed him in splitting wood and in rendering similar useful services; but now he paced up and down with folded arms before the heaped-up logs of wood and looked up smilingly at one of the cloister windows.

"Why don't you come down, Father Rudimann," he cried, "and make Heribald cut the wood? You used to keep such

excellent watch over the brothers ; and so often called Heribald a useless servant of the Lord, when he was cloud gazing instead of handling the ax. Why don't you attend to your duty?"

Not even an echo gave answer to the half-witted creature's query ; then he drew out some of the under logs, noisily the whole pile rolled down. "Tumble if you like," continued he in his soliloquy, "Heribald is having a holiday, and is not going to pile you up again. The abbot has run away, and the brothers have run away also ; so it serves them right, if everything tumbles down."

After this laudable enterprise, Heribald directed his steps to the monastery garden. Another project now occupied his mind. He intended to cut a few delicate heads of lettuce for his dinner, and to dress them a good deal better than they would ever have been done if the father head cook had been present. Temptingly the vision was just rising before him, how he would not spare the oil jug, and would pitilessly cut to pieces some of the biggest onions, when a cloud of dust whirled up on the white sandy shore opposite ; the forms of horses and riders became visible.

"Are you there, already?" said the monk, and he made the sign of the cross ; his lips mumbled a hasty prayer, but his face quickly resumed its customary smile of contentment.

"Strange wanderers and pilgrims are to meet with a Christian reception at the gate of any house of the Lord," he murmured. "I will receive them."

A new idea now crossed his brain ; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Have I not studied the history of the ancients in the cloister school, and learned how the Roman senators received the invading Gauls? — Wrapped in their mantles, the ivory scepter in their hands, the old graybeards sat in their chairs, without winking, like bronze idols. Not for nothing is the Latin teacher going to tell us that was a most worthy reception. Heribald can do the same!"

A mild imbecility may now and then be an enviable dower in life. What appears black to others, seems to the half-witted as blue or green ; his path may be zigzag but he does not notice the serpents hidden in the grass ; and the abysses into which the wise man inevitably falls, he stumbles over, without a suspicion of danger.

A curule chair not being just then in the monastery, Heribald pushed a huge oak log toward the gate which led into the

courtyard. "For what end have we studied secular history if we cannot take counsel by it?" said he, and seated himself quietly on his block, in expectation of what was to come.

Opposite, on the near shore, a troop of horsemen had stopped. With their reins slung round their arms, and their arrows ready on their bowstrings, they had gone on ahead, — the scouts of the Hunnish horde. When no ambuscade was discovered behind the willows bordering the lake, they stopped awhile to rest their horses. Then the arrows were put back into their quivers, the crooked sabers taken between the teeth, and pressing the spurs into the horses' sides, they went into the lake. Quickly the horses crossed the blue waves. Now the foremost had touched the land, and sprang from his saddle, and shook himself three times, like a poodle coming out of a cold bath! With piercing, triumphant shouts they approached the silent Reichenau.

Like an image of stone sat Heribald, gazing undauntedly at the strange figures. Never as yet had he passed a sleepless night musing over the perfection of human beauty; but the faces which now met his view struck him as being so very ugly that he could not suppress a long-drawn "Have mercy upon us, O Lord!"

With crooked backs the strange guests sat in their saddles. Their dress was the skin of wild beasts; their bodies lean and small; their skulls square-shaped; black shaggy hair hung down in wild disorder; and their unshapely yellow faces glistened as if they had been anointed with tallow. One of the foremost had of his own accord enlarged his coarse-lipped mouth considerably, slitting it out toward the ears; from their small, deep-set eyes they looked out suspiciously at the world.

"To make a Hun, one need only give a square shape to a lump of clay, stick on a smaller lump for a nose, and drive in the chin," Heribald was just thinking, when they stood before him. He did not understand their hissing language, and smiled complacently, as if the whole gang had no concern for him.

For a while they stared in astonishment at the half-witted fellow, as professional critics do at a new poet, when they are as yet undecided in what pigeonhole of ready-made judgments they are to put him. At last one of them caught sight of the bald spot on Heribald's pate, and pointed at it with his crooked saber. They raised a sneering laugh; one seized his bow and

arrow to aim at the monk. But now Heribald's patience had come to an end; a feeling of Allemannic pride came over him as he confronted this rabble.

"By St. Benedict's tonsure," he cried, leaping to his feet, "no heathenish dog shall mock at the crown of my head!"

He snatched the reins of one of the foremost riders, tore away his crooked saber, and was just going to assume an aggressive attitude, when, quicker than lightning, one of the Huns threw a noose over his head and pulled him down. Then they leaped on him, tied his hands to his back, and were already raising their death-bringing arms, when a distant rumble and tumult was heard, like the approach of a mighty army. This drew their attention from the idiot. They threw him like a sack against his oak trunk, and galloped off down to the water's edge.

A great cavalcade of the Hunnic forces had now arrived on the opposite shore. The vanguard, by a shrill whistle, gave the signal that all was safe. At one of the extremities of the island, overgrown with reeds, they had discovered a ford, which could be crossed on horseback with dry feet. This they showed to their comrades; many hundred horsemen of them now swarmed over like hornets.

Their united forces had availed nothing against the walls of Augsburg and the bishop's prayers; so, in hordes, they were now ravaging the land.

In face, figure, and manner of sitting on horseback they were all alike, for with uncultivated races the features are as if cast in one mold, indicating that the vocation of the individual lies in conforming itself to the mass, instead of contrasting with it.

In the orchards and gardens where the monks used to walk back and forth reciting their breviaries, the strange Hunnic arms now glistened for the first time. Winding in a serpentine line came the mounted train along the narrow path from the mainland; a wild din of music, like the clanging of cymbals and the cry of violins, accompanied them; but the sounds were shrill and sharp as vinegar, for the ears of the Huns were large, but not sensitive, and only those who were unfit for cavalry service were allowed to cultivate music.

High over their heads floated the standard, with the green cat in a red field; around it rode some of the chieftains, Ellak and Hornebog towering above the rest.

Ellak had a straight un-Hunnic nose; a Circassian was his mother, and to her he was indebted for his pale, intelligent face and penetrating eyes. He represented the ruling intellect of the mass. It was his deep-rooted conviction that the old world must be plowed afresh with fire and sword, and that it was better to be plowman than manure.

Hornebog, lean and lank, wore his long black hair twisted into two solitary curls, one at each side of his face. Above towered the glittering helmet, adorned with two widespread eagles' wings; he was the very prototype of Hunnic horsemanship. To him the saddle served as home, tent, and palace. He shot the bird on the wing, and with his crooked saber could sever the head of an enemy from its trunk while galloping past. From his holster hung the six-corded whip, a significant symbol of executive power.

On the backs of the horses belonging to the chieftains hung beautifully embroidered altar cloths, as well as chasubles, a living witness that they had already paid visits to other monasteries. Their booty was transported in many wagons; a great rabble of followers closed the train.

In a cart drawn by mules, amongst copper camp kettles and other kitchen utensils, sat an old wrinkled woman. She was shading her eyes with her hand, and looking toward the sun; in that direction rose the mountain peaks of the Hegau. She knew them well; the old hag was the Forest woman. Banished by Ekkehard, she had departed for foreign lands; revenge was her first thought when she awoke in the morning, and her last as she fell asleep in the evening. Thus she came as far as Augsburg. At the foot of the mountain on which the wooden temple of the Suabian goddess Zisa had once stood, the camp fires of the Huns were burning; with them she remained.

On a magnificent steed, by the side of the old Forest woman, rode a young maiden full of the unbounded spirits caused by a healthy out-of-doors life. Under her little short nose there was a seductive pair of red lips; her eyes were sparkling; her hair hung down in a long tossing braid, interwoven with a red ribbon which floated in the air like the pennant of a ship. Her skirts were looped up. Over her loose bodice hung bow and quiver, and thus she managed her horse, — a Hunnic Artemis.

This was Erica, the Flower-of-the-heath. She was not of Hunnic origin. She had been picked up as an abandoned child

by some horsemen on the steppes of Pannonia, and had accompanied the Huns, and grown up, hardly knowing how. Those whom she liked, she caressed; those who displeased her, she bit in the arm.

Botund, the old Hunnic chieftain, had loved her. Irkund the young one killed Botund because of the Flower-of-the-heath. But when Irkund wanted to enjoy her love, Zobolsu came along, and with his sharp lance did him the same service without his asking for it. Thus Erica's fate had been varied, — new ways! new countries! new loves! — and she had become part and parcel of the horde, as if she were its good spirit, and she was held in superstitious veneration.

"So long as the Flower-of-the-heath blooms in our ranks, we shall conquer the world," said the Huns; "Forward!"

Meanwhile, poor Heribald was still lying bound at the monastery gate. His meditations were melancholy. A big gadfly was buzzing round his head. He could not drive it away with his hands fastened behind his back.

"Heribald has behaved with dignity," thought he. "Like one of the old Romans he sat at the gate to receive the enemy; and now he is lying bound on the stones, and the gadfly sits with impunity on his nose. That is the reward of dignified behavior. Heribald will never again be dignified! Amongst hedgedogs, dignity is a very superfluous thing."

Like a mountain torrent when the flood gate has been raised, the Hunnic tide was now streaming into the cloister yard.

The good Heribald began to feel really uncomfortable.

"Oh, Camerarius," he continued in his meditation, "even if thou shouldst refuse me, the next time, shirt and habit, as well as shoe leather, I would fly, nevertheless, a naked man!"

Some of the van reported to Ellak how they had found the solitary monk. He made a sign for them to bring the prisoner up before him; they loosened his cords, set him on his feet in the courtyard, and with heavy blows drove him toward their leader. Slowly marched the poor wretch, emitting grunts of indignation.

An unspeakably satirical smile played round the Hunnic chieftain's lips when the idiot at last stood before him. Negligently dropping the reins on the horse's neck, he turned round.

"See what a representative of German art and science looks like," he said, addressing Erica.

On his numerous piratical expeditions, Ellak had acquired a slight knowledge of the German language.

"Where are the inhabitants of the island?" asked he in a commanding voice.

Heribald pointed to the distant Hegau.

"Armed?"

"The servants of God are always armed; the Lord is their shield and sword."

"Well said," laughed the Hun. "Why didst thou remain behind?"

Heribald became embarrassed. He had too much pride to betray the true reason: that is to say, his torn shoes. "Heribald," he replied, "is curious, and wanted to see what the sons of the Devil are like."

Ellak translated the monk's polite speech to his companions, who struck up a loud guffaw.

"You need not laugh," cried Heribald, angrily. "We know very well what you are! Abbot Wazmann has told us."

"I shall have thee killed," said Ellak, carelessly.

"That will only serve me right," returned Heribald. "Why did I not escape with the others?"

Ellak cast a searching look at the queer fellow, and another idea struck him. He beckoned to the standard bearer, who approached, swinging in the air his flag with the green cat.

This was the cat which had once appeared to King Etzel in his youth. In a dreamy mood, he was sitting in his uncle Rugila's tent; he was melancholy, and was deliberating whether he had not better become a Christian, and serve God and science; just then the cat came in. Among Rugila's treasures she had found the golden imperial globe which had made part of the booty at Byzantium; this she held in her paws and played with it and rolled it back and forth. And an inward voice said to Etzel: —

"Thou shalt not become a monk, but thou shalt play with the round earth, as the cat plays with that golden bauble."

Then he became aware that Kutka, the God of the Huns, had appeared to him, and so he brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the world, let his finger nails grow, and became what he was destined to become, Attila, king of the Huns, the scourge of God!

"Kneel down, miserable monk," cried Ellak from his horse, "and worship him whom thou seest painted on this flag!"

But Heribald stood immovable.

"I don't know him," said he, with a hollow laugh.

"'Tis the God of the Huns!" angrily cried the chieftain. "Down on thy knees, cowl bearer, or ——" He pointed to his crooked sword.

Heribald laughed once more, and, putting his forefinger to his forehead, said: —

"If you think that Heribald is so easily imposed upon, you are vastly mistaken. It is written: when God created heaven and earth, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, he said: 'Let there be light!' If God were a cat, he would not have said: 'Let there be light!' Heribald will not kneel down."

A Hunnic rider stealthily approached, pulled the monk's garment, and whispered in excellent Suabian in his ear: —

"Friend, I would kneel down, if I were in your place. They are dangerous people."

The warner's real name was Snewelin, and his birthplace was Ellwangen in the Riesgau; by birth he was a genuine Suabian, but in the course of time he had become a Hun, and done well by it. And he spoke with a peculiar windy tone in his voice, for he had lost four of his front teeth, besides several molars; and this was the real reason why he was to be found among the Huns.

In his younger days, as it happened, when he was still earning a peaceful livelihood at home as cart driver of the little Salvator monastery, he had been sent with a strong convoy, under imperial protection, with a cart load of bright-colored Neckar wine, north to the great market at Magdeburg. To that town resorted the priests of the heathenish Pomeranians and Wends, to buy their libation wine; and Snewelin made an excellent bargain when he sold his wine to the white-bearded chief priest of the three-headed God Triglaf, for the great temple at Stettin.

But afterwards he remained sitting over the wine with the white-bearded heathen, who enjoyed the Suabian nectar and became enthusiasti and began to praise his native land and said that the world was infinitely more advanced in their parts, between the Oder and the Spree. And he tried to convert Snewelin to the worship of Triglaf the three-headed, and of the black and white Sun God Radegast, and of Radomysl, the God-

dess of joyous thoughts; but this was rather too much for the man of Ellwangen.

"You are an abominable Wendish swindler," he exclaimed, and upset the wine table, and flew at him, like the young hero Siegfried when he attacked the wild, long-bearded dwarf Alberich; he had a hand-to-hand contest with him, and at one strong tug pulled out the half of his gray beard! But his antagonist called on Triglaf the three-headed to help him, dealt him a blow on the jaw with his iron-mounted staff, which forever destroyed the beauty of his teeth; and before the toothless Suabian cart driver had recovered from the blow, his white-bearded antagonist had taken his departure, so that he could not wreak his revenge on him.

But when Snewelin walked out of the gates of Magdeburg, he shook his fist northwards, and said: —

"We two shall meet again, some day!"

At his home he was greatly ridiculed on account of his lost teeth; so, in sheer spite, he went amongst the Huns, hoping that when these should ride northwards, he would be able to settle a heavy account with the three-headed Triglaf and all his worshipers.

Heribald heeded not the curious horseman. The Forest woman had got down from her cart, and approached Ellak. With a grimace she looked at the monk.

"I have read in the stars," she cried, "that evil threatens us at the hands of bald-shaven men. To prevent the coming danger, you ought to hang up this miserable creature before the monastery gate, with his face turned toward yon mountains!"

"Hang him up," shouted many in the crowd, the old woman's pantomime having been understood.

Ellak had once more turned toward Erica.

"And so this monster has principles," said he, scornfully. "It would save his life, and yet he refuses to bend his knees. Shall we have him hanged, Flower-of-the-heath?"

Heribald's life hung on a slender thread. Round about he saw sinister faces; his courage began to fail him, he was ready to weep; but in the hour of danger, even the most foolish are often guided by a happy instinct. Like a star shone Erica's rosy face before him, and with timid steps he sprang to her through the throng. To kneel before her was not such a diffi-

cult task for him; her sweet looks inspired him with confidence. With outstretched arms he implored her protection.

"There!" cried the Flower-of-the-heath, "the man of the island is not so foolish as he looks. He prefers kneeling to Erica, instead of the green and red flag."

She smiled graciously on the pitiful suppliant, leaped from her saddle, and patted him as if he were some half-wild animal.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "thou shalt live, poor old black coat!" and Heribald read in her eyes that she meant what she said. He pointed to the Forest woman, who had frightened him most. Erica shook her head: "She shall not harm thee."

Then Heribald ran joyously to the wall: lilacs and wild roses were already blooming there; hastily he tore off some of their branches, and presented them to the Hunnic maiden.

Loud shouts of delight rang through the monastery yard.

"Hail to the Flower-of-the-heath," cried they all, clashing their arms together.

"Shout with them," whispered the man from Ellwangen into Heribald's ear. So he also raised his voice and cried a hoarse "Hurrah!" Tears stood in his eyes.

The Huns unsaddled their horses. As a pack of hounds, at evening, after the chase is over, wait for the moment when the entrails of the deer are thrown to them as their portion, — here one pulls at the cord that restrains him, there another is barking fiercely with impatience, — so stood the Huns before the monastery. At last Ellak gave the signal that the pillage might begin. In wild disorder they dashed along the corridors, up the staircase, into the church. Confused cries resounded — of expected booty and disappointed hopes. The cells of the brotherhood were searched, but nothing was found except the scanty furniture.

"Show us the treasury," said they to Heribald, who did so willingly; he knew that whatever was the most precious had been taken away. Only plated candlesticks and the big emerald of colored glass were still there.

"Miserable monastery! The beggars!" cried one, and with his mailed boot he stamped on the false jewel, so that a great crack shot through it. They rewarded Heribald with heavy blows; so he stole sorrowfully away.

In the cross passage Snewelin met him.

"Friend," he cried, "I am an old wine carrier; tell me where is your cellar?"

Heribald led him down, and chuckled contentedly when he saw that the chief entrance had been walled up. With a knowing look he winked at the fresh lime, as if to say that he well knew its secret.

The man of Ellwangen without much ado cut off the seals on one of the tuns, tapped it, and filled his helmet. It was a long, long draught that he took.

"O Hahnenkamm and Heidenheim!" exclaimed he, shivering as with the ague, "for this beverage I verily need not have joined the Huns!"

He ordered his companions to carry up the butts, but Heribald stepped anxiously forwards and pulled one of the desecrators by his gown: "Allow me, good man," said he, in pathetic accents, "but what am I to drink when you are gone away?"

Snewelin laughingly reported the monk's anxiety to the others.

"The fool must have something," they said, putting back the smallest tun unopened. Such kindness touched Heribald, and he shook hands with them.

Out in the courtyard arose a wild din. Some had been searching the church, and had also lifted a gravestone, from under which a bleached skull grinned at them out of its dark cowl. This frightened even the Huns back. Two of the gang mounted the church tower, the spire of which was adorned with a gilt weathercock, according to custom. Whether they took it to be the protecting God of the monastery, or imagined it to be real gold, they climbed up the roof of the tower, and audaciously sitting there, tried to bring the cock down with their lances.

Then a sudden giddiness came over them. One let his raised arm sink, — a false step — a cry; and down he fell, the other after him. With broken necks they lay in the cloister yard.

"A bad omen," said Ellak to himself.

The Huns uttered a howl, but a few moments later the accident was entirely forgotten. The sword had already snatched away so many of their companions — what mattered two more or less?

The bodies were carried into the cloister garden. With the logs which Heribald had upset in the early morning, a funeral pile was erected; the books left in the libraries had been

thrown down into the court; these were brought as kindling, and were used in filling up the gaps between the logs.

Ellak and Hornebog were walking together through the ranks. Squeezed in between the logs sadly looked a neatly written manuscript; the shining golden initials glittered on the broken pages. Hornebog, drawing his crooked sword, pierced the parchment with it, and held it out to his companion, stuck on the point of the blade.

"What do these hooks and chickens' feet mean, brother?" asked he.

Ellak took the punctured book, and glanced over some of its pages. He also knew Latin.

"Western wisdom," replied he. "A man named Boethius wrote it, and there are many fine things in it about the comfort of Philosophy."

"Phi—lo—so—phy," slowly repeated Hornebog; "what kind of comfort is that, brother?"

"It does not mean a pretty woman, nor yet fire water, either," was Ellak's reply. "It is difficult to describe it in Hunnish. — If a man does not know why he is in the world, and stands on his head to find out the reason, that is about what they call Philosophy in these western lands. He who comforted himself with it in his water tower at Pavia was after all beaten to death on that very account."

"It served him right!" exclaimed Hornebog. "He who holds a sword in his hand, and has a horse between his thighs, knows why he is in the world; and if we did not know the reason better than those who scratch such hooks on asses' skins, then *they* would be on our heels at the Danube, and we should not be watering our horses in the Suabian sea."

"Don't you know that it is lucky that such trash is made?" continued Ellak, throwing back the Boethius on the funeral pile.

"Why so?" asked Hornebog.

"Because the hand which guides the pen is never fit to wield the sword so as to make a good gash in the flesh; and when the nonsense which one single head hatched is once written down, then at least a hundred others will muddle their brains with it. A hundred blockheads more make a hundred soldiers less, which is clearly enough our advantage, whenever we choose to make an invasion. So long as they in the West write books and hold synods my children may safely carry their camp forward! that's what the great Etzel himself said."

"Praised be the great Etzel!" said Hornebog, reverently.

Then a voice cried, "Let the dead rest!"

With dancing steps Erica came toward the two chieftains. She had examined the monastery booty; an altar cloth of red silk found grace in her eyes, and she put it on like a mantle, — the corners lightly thrown back over her shoulders.

"How do you like me so?" she asked, turning her little head complacently about.

"The Flower-of-the-heath requires no finery of Suabian idolaters to please us," sternly replied Ellak.

Then she jumped up at him, stroked his lank black hair, and called out: —

"Come, the meal is ready."

They went to the courtyard. The Huns had strewn about all the hay supply of the monastery, and were lying down on it waiting for the repast.

With folded arms, Heribald stood in the background, looking down at them.

"The Devil's curs cannot even sit down like Christians, when they are about to eat their daily bread." These were his thoughts, but he took good care not to utter them aloud. Experience of frequent blows teaches silence.

"Lie down, black coat; thou mayst eat also," cried Erica, and signed to him to follow the example of the others. He looked at the man of Ellwangen, who was lying there with crossed legs, as if he had never known what it was to sit otherwise. So Heribald tried to follow his example; but he soon got up again: this position seemed to him too undignified. So he fetched a chair out of the monastery, and sat down with the rest.

An ox had been roasted on a spit; whatever else the cloister kitchen provided was utilized; and they fell to with ravenous hunger. The meat was cut off with their short sabers, the fingers serving as knife and fork. On end in the courtyard stood the big wine tun; every one dipped out as much as he liked. Here and there a finely wrought chalice was used as a drinking cup.

They gave Heribald also as much wine as he wished for, but when with silent contentment he was sipping it, a half-gnawed bone flew at his head. He looked up sorrowfully, but saw that many another of the feasters met with the same fate. To throw bones at one another was a Hunnic custom instead of dessert.

Wine-warm, they began a rough and unmelodious singing. Two of the younger horsemen sang an old song in honor of King Etzel, in which it was said that he had been a conqueror not only with the sword, but also with his charms of person. Then followed a satirical stanza on a Roman emperor's sister, who fell in love with him from a distance and offered him her heart and hand, which, however, he refused.

Like the screeching of owls and the croaking of toads rang the chorus. Then some of them came to Heribald, and made him understand that he also was expected to give them a song. He tried to avoid it; but to no avail. So he sang in an almost sobbing voice the antiphon in honor of the holy cross, beginning with the "*Sanctifica nos.*"

With astonishment the drunken men listened to the long whole notes of the old church chant; the strange melody sounded like a voice in the wilderness.

With rising anger the Forest woman, sitting beside the copper kettle, also heard it. With her knife she stole over, seized Heribald by his hair, and was going to cut off his locks, — the greatest insult that could be offered to a tonsured priest's consecrated head.

But Heribald pushed her back, and chanted on undaunted. This pleased the assembly; they shouted with delight. Cymbals and violins again resounded, and now the Flower-of-the-heath approached the monk; the monotonous chant had become tiresome to her; with mocking pity she seized him.

"After song comes dancing!" she cried, and drew him into the whirl of the wild dance.

Heribald knew not what happened to him. Erica's swelling bosom pressed up to him.

"Whether Heribald dances or not, it will be only another small link in the great chain of abominations," he reasoned; so he bravely stamped the ground with his sandal-clad feet; his cowl flew about him. Tighter and tighter he pressed the Hunnic maiden, and who knows what might still have happened. — With heightened color she finally stopped, gave her partner a little parting slap in the face, and ran off to the chieftains, who, with serious faces, were looking on at the frenzied throng.

The festivities were coming to an end; the effects of the wine were passing away. Then Ellak gave the order to burn the dead. In a moment's time, the whole troop were on horse-

back, and riding in closed ranks to the funeral pile. The two dead men's horses were stabbed by the oldest of the Huns, and laid beside their late masters' bodies. The gray-haired Hun repeated an impressive conjuration over the assembly, then he lifted the firebrand and lighted the pile. Boethius' "Comfort of Philosophy," pine logs, manuscripts, and corpses vied with one another in burning the brightest, and a mighty pillar of smoke rose up to the sky.

With wrestling, warlike exercises and races, the memory of the dead was celebrated. The sun was sinking in the west. The whole body of Huns passed the night in the monastery.

It was on the Thursday before Easter, when all this happened on the island of Reichenau. The tidings of this invasion soon reached the fishermen's huts around Radolfszell. When Moengal, the parish priest, held the early morning service, he still counted six of his pious flock; in the afternoon there were only three, including himself.

Angrily he was sitting in the little room in which he had once hospitably entertained Ekkehard; then the pillar of smoke from the Hunnic funeral pile rose into the air. He stepped to the window. It was dense and black as if the whole monastery were in flames; the scent of burning came over the lake.

"Hihahoi!" cried Moengal; "*jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*, —already it is burning at neighbor Ucalegon's! Then I must also get my house ready. Out with ye now, my old Cambutta!"

Cambutta was no serving maid, but a huge bludgeon, a genuine Irish shillelah, Moengal's favorite weapon.

He packed the chalice and the ciborium into his doeskin game bag. Nothing else of gold or silver did he possess. Then he called together his hounds, his hawk, and two falcons; he flung to them all the meat and fish his pantry boasted.

"Eat as much as ever you can, children," said he, "so that nothing be left for those cursed plagues!"

The butt in the cellar he knocked to pieces, so that the sparkling wine streamed forth.

"Not a drop of wine shall the devils drink in Moengal's parsonage."

Only the jug containing the vinegar was left intact. On the crystal-clear butter in the wooden cask he emptied a bas-

ketful of ashes. His fishing tackle and sporting utensils he buried; then he smashed the windows, and carefully strewed the fragments about in the rooms. Some he even put into the chinks of the floor, with the points turned up, — all in honor of the Huns! He let the hawk and falcons fly away.

"Farewell!" he cried, "and keep near; for soon there will be dead heathen to pick!"

So his house was put in order. Hanging the game bag, as well as a Hibernian leather canteen, over his shoulders, with two spears in his hands, and Cambutta the shillelah fastened on his back, — thus, a valiant champion of the Lord, old Moengal walked out of his parsonage, which had been his home for so many years.

He had already gone quite a distance; the sky was darkened with smoke and ashes. "Wait a bit!" he cried. "I have forgotten something."

He retraced his steps: —

"The yellow-faced rascals deserve at least a word of welcome."

He drew a piece of red chalk from his pocket, and therewith wrote in large Irish characters a few words on the gray sandstone slab over the door. Later rains have washed them away, and no one ever deciphered them; but no doubt it was a significant greeting which old Moengal left behind him, in Irish runes.

He struck off at a swift pace, and turned toward the Hohentwiel.

The Battle with the Huns.

Good Friday had come; but the anniversary of our Savior's death was not kept on the Hohentwiel this time in the silent way which the prescriptions of the church require. Old Moengal's arrival had dissipated all doubts as to the enemy's approach. Late in the night they held a war council and determined unanimously to go out to meet the Huns in open battle.

The sun rose drearily; soon it was hidden again in mist. A fierce gale blew over the land, chasing the clouds along, so that they sank down on the distant Bodensee, as if water and air were striving to mingle. Now and then a sunbeam strug-

gled through. It was the as yet undecided battle which Spring was waging against the powers of Winter.

The men had already risen, and were preparing for a serious day's work.

In his watchtower room Ekkehard was silently pacing up and down, his hands folded in prayer. An honorable commission had devolved on him. He was to preach a sermon to the united forces before they went out to battle, and so he was now praying for strength and inspiration, that his words might be like glowing sparks to kindle the warlike flame in each heart.

Suddenly the door opened, and in came the duchess, unaccompanied by Praxedis. Over her morning dress she had thrown an ample cloak, to protect herself against the cool air; perhaps, also, that she might not be recognized by the stranger guests, while going over to the watchtower. A faint blush mantled on her cheeks when she thus stood alone, opposite her youthful teacher.

"Are you also going out to battle to-day?" asked she.

"Yes, I go with the others," replied Ekkehard.

"I should despise you, if you had given me any other reply," said the noble lady; "and you have justly taken for granted that it would not be necessary to ask my leave for such an expedition. But have you not thought of saying good-by?" added she, in low, reproachful accents.

Ekkehard was embarrassed.

"Far more important, nobler, and better men are leaving your castle to-day," said he. "The abbots and knights will surround you; — how then could I think of taking a special leave of you, even if ——"

His voice came to a standstill.

The duchess looked into his eyes. Neither said a word.

"I have brought you something which will be useful to you in battle," said she, after a while. She carried under her mantle a costly sword with a rich shoulder belt. A milk-white agate adorned the hilt. "It is the sword of Herr Burkhard, my late husband. Of all the weapons he possessed, he valued this the most. 'With that blade one could split rocks, without breaking it,' he said many a time. You will win glory with it to-day."

She held out the sword to him; Ekkehard received it in silence. He already wore his coat of mail under his habit,

Now he buckled on the shoulder belt and seized the hilt with his right hand, as if the enemy were already facing him.

"I have something else for you," continued Frau Hadwig.

On a silk ribbon round her neck she wore a jewel in a golden setting. This she now drew forth from her bosom. It was a crystal covering an insignificant-looking splinter of wood.

"If my prayers should not suffice, then may this relic protect you! It is a splinter of the holy cross, which the Empress Helena discovered. 'Wherever this relic is there will be peace, happiness, and pure air,' wrote the Greek patriarch who attested its genuineness. May it now bring a blessing in the coming battle!"

She leaned toward the monk to hang the jewel round his neck. He bent his knees to receive it; long it had been hanging round his neck, and still he knelt before her. She passed her hand lightly over his curly hair, and there was a peculiarly soft and melancholy expression on the usually haughty countenance.

Ekkehard had bent his knee at the name of the holy cross, but now he felt as if he must prostrate himself a second time — prostrate himself before her who had so graciously remembered him.

A budding affection requires time clearly to understand itself; and in matters of love he had not learned to reckon and count, as in the verses of Virgil, or he might have guessed that she who had taken him away from his quiet monastery cell — that she who that evening on the Hohenkrähen, and now again on the morning of battle, had stood before him as Frau Hadwig did, might well have expected a word from the depths of his heart, — perhaps even more than a word.

His thoughts quickly followed one another; all his pulses were throbbing.

If on former occasions anything like love had stirred in him, then the reverence for his mistress had driven it back, as the storm slams the shutters in the face of the child looking timidly out of the dormer window. At this moment, however, he was not thinking of that reverence, but rather of how he had once carried the duchess boldly across the monastery yard. Neither did he think of his monastic vow; but something stirred in him, and he felt as if he must rush into her arms, and exultingly press her to his heart. Herr Burkhard's sword seemed to burn at his side.

"Throw aside all timidity. The world belongs to the bold."

Were not these words to be read in Frau Hadwig's eyes?

He stood up; strong, great, and free, — she had never seen him look so before, — but it lasted only a second. As yet not one sound betraying his inward struggle had escaped his lips; then his eye fell on the dark ebony cross which Vincentius had once hung up in his tower room.

"It is the day of the Lord, and thou shalt speak to-day before his people!"

The remembrance of his duty drove away every other thought.

Once there came a frost, on a summer morning, and grass and leaves and blossoms grew black and seared, before the sun rose over them.

Shyly as ever before, he took Frau Hadwig's hand.

"How shall I thank my mistress?" said he, in broken accents.

She cast a searching look at him. The soft expression had vanished from her face; the old sternness had returned to her brow, as if she meant to say, "If you don't know how, I am not going to tell you;" but she said nothing. Still Ekkehard held her hand in his. She drew it back.

"Be pious and brave," said she, as she left the chamber. It sounded like mockery. —

Scarcely longer than a person needs to say the Lord's Prayer had the duchess been with Ekkehard; but more had happened than he suspected.

He resumed his walk up and down the tower room.

Thou shalt deny thyself and follow the Lord.

Thus it is laid down in St. Benedict's rules regarding good works, and Ekkehard felt almost proud of the victory he had won over himself; but Frau Hadwig had gone down the winding staircase with wounded feelings, and when a haughty mind believes itself to be disdained, evil days must follow.

It was seven o'clock in the morning, and in the courtyard of the Hohentwiel they were having the divine service before the troops set forth. The altar had been erected under the old linden tree; on it were placed the sacred relics for the comfort of believers. The courtyard was filled with armed men standing in close, orderly ranks, as Simon Bardo had arranged them.

Like the roll of distant thunder arose the processional chant of the monks.

The abbot of Reichenau, wearing the black pallium with the white cross, celebrated high mass.

After him, Ekkehard mounted the altar steps. With deep emotion his eye glided over the crowded assembly; once more it flashed through his mind how, but a short while before, he had stood face to face with the duchess in the solitary chamber; then he read the gospel of the suffering and death of the Savior. As he read on, his voice became always clearer and more distinct; he kissed the book and then handed it to the deacon, for him to put it back on its silk cushion. For a moment he looked up heavenwards; then he began his sermon.

The throng listened with breathless attention.

"Almost a thousand years have passed," he cried, "since the Son of God bent his head on the cross, saying, 'It is finished!' but we have not prepared our souls to receive the redemption; we have lived in sin, and the offenses which we have committed in the hardness of our hearts cry out to Heaven against us.

"Therefore a time of affliction has come upon us; glittering swords flash against us; heathenish monsters have invaded Christian lands.

"But instead of angrily inquiring, 'How long will the Lord forbear, while he lets our beloved homes become the prey of such heathenish idolaters,' let every one strike his own bosom and say: 'On account of our depravity have they been sent upon us.' And if ye would be delivered from them, think of our Savior's valiant death; and as he took up his cross and bore it himself to the place of skulls, seize the sword, and seek each your own Golgotha!"

He pointed over to the shores of the lake; then he poured out words of comfort and promise strong as the lion's call in the mountain.

"The times are coming of which it has been written: —

"*And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up, on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God, out of heaven, and devoured them.*

And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night, forever and ever.

"And what the seer at Patmos beheld and revealed is for us a promise and pledge of victory, if we go out with purified hearts to meet the enemy. Let them come on their swift horses; what will it avail? The Lord has marked them as the children of hell; therefore their face is but a mockery of the human countenance. They can trample down the harvest on our fields, and desecrate the altars of our churches, but they cannot resist the arms of men in whom God himself has inspired courage.

"Therefore bear in mind that we Suabians must always be in the forefront when the fatherland has to be defended; and if in other times it would be a dire sin in the eyes of the Lord to buckle on the sword on his holy day, to-day he will bless our weapons, and send his saints to assist us, and he himself will fight in our ranks, — he the Lord of hosts, who commands his destroying lightnings to flash down from heaven, and opens the yawning chasms of the depths when the hour of fulfillment has come."

With choice examples of glorious warlike deeds Ekkehard then fired his auditors; and many a hand fiercely grasped the spear, and many a foot was lifted impatiently from the ground, when he spoke of Joshua, who with the Lord's help conquered thirty-one kings in the region beyond the Jordan; — and of Gideon, who with loud-sounding trumpets broke into the camp of the Midianites, and drove them before him unto Bethesda and Tebbath; — and of the sally of the men of Bethulia, who, after Judith's glorious deed, smote the Assyrians with the edge of the sword.

But at the end he quoted the words which Judas Maccabæus spoke to his people when they encamped at Emaus in face of the army of King Antiochus.

"'Arm yourselves, and be valiant men, and be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight with these nations that are assembled together against us to destroy us and our sanctuary; for it is better to perish in battle than to see misfortune befall our sanctuary.' Amen."

For a moment after he had ended there was perfect silence; then arose a crashing and clashing of arms. They clanged swords and shields together, raised their spears, and waved

their banners in the air, — ancient tokens of heartfelt approval. "Amen" was repeated from all the ranks. Then they fell on their knees; — the high mass was reaching its close. The wooden rattles, instead of the usual bell tones, thrilled them with strange awe. Every one who had not yet taken the holy sacrament went up to the altar to receive it.

But now from the tower was suddenly heard the cry: —

"To arms! to arms! the enemy! A dark mass is coming! coming toward us from the lake. Riders and horses! the enemy!"

Now there was no more restraint and no quiet. The men stormed toward the gate as if driven by the Spirit. Abbot Wazmann had scarcely time to pronounce the blessing.

So in our days the Wendic fisherman rushes from Sunday church, which his priest holds on the Rugianic sea sands at the time when the shoals of herring are approaching. "The fish are coming!" cries the watchman on the white sandy shore, and the next moment there is a dash for the boats. Forsaken stands the clergyman, gazing at the tumult; then he also cuts short the threads of his devotions, and he seizes his nets, and hastens to his dory to wage war upon the scaly tribe.

Thirsting for battle, they marched out of the courtyard, each heart swelling with the soul-stirring conviction that a great moment was at hand. The monks of St. Gall mustered sixty-four, those of the Reichenau ninety, and of the arriere-ban men there were above five hundred.

Close by the standard of the brotherhood of St. Gall strode Ekkehard. It was a crucifix, veiled in crape, with long black streamers, as the monastery banner had been left behind.

On the balcony stood the duchess, waving her white handkerchief. Ekkehard turned around and looked up at her; but her eyes evaded his, and her parting salutation was not meant for him.

Some of the serving brothers had carried St. Mark's coffin down to the lower castle gate. All who passed by touched it with sword and lance point, then with heavy tread moved down the castle road.

In the wide plain stretching out toward the lake Simon Bardo drew up his troops. Hei! how pleased the old field marshal was that his scar-covered breast again wore the accustomed mail, instead of the monk's habit! He rode along in a strangely shaped, pointed steel morion; his broad, jewel-set

girdle and the golden hilt of his sword indicated the former general.

"*You* read the classics on account of the *grammar*," he had said to the abbots, who, mounted on fine horses, rode at his side; "but *I* have learnt my handicraft from them. With the good advice of Frontinus and Vegetius something may still be achieved even nowadays. First we will try the battle array of the Roman legions; for in that position one can best await the enemy and see what he means to do. Afterwards we are still at liberty to change our tactics; the affair will not be settled between us in half an hour."

He ordered the light corps of the archers and sling bearers to take the lead; they were to occupy the border of the wood, where they would be sheltered by the fir trees against attack on horseback.

"Aim low," said he; "even if you hit the horse instead of the rider, it is always something."

At the sound of the horns the troop hastened forwards. As yet, nothing was to be seen of the enemy.

The men of the arriere-ban he arrayed in two columns. In close ranks, with leveled lances, they slowly advanced, — a space of a few steps remaining between the two files. The Baron of Randegg and the gaunt Fridinger commanded them.

The monks Simon Bardo collected into one compact body, and placed them in the rear.

"Why this?" asked Abbot Wazmann; he was offended because the honor of heading the attack was not granted them. But Bardo, experienced in war, smilingly replied: —

"Those are my Triarians; not because they are veteran soldiers, but because they are fighting for their own warm nests. To be driven out of house and home and bed makes swords cut keenest and spears thrust deepest. Have no anxiety; the tug of war will come soon enough to the disciples of St. Benedict."

The Huns had left the monastery of Reichenau at early dawn. The provisions were all consumed, the wine drunk, the church pillaged; their day's work was done.

Many a wrinkle on Heribald's forehead grew smooth when the last of the horsemen rode out of the gate. He threw after them a gold coin which the man from Ellwangen had confidentially thrust into his hand.

"Friend, if thou shouldst hear that a mishap had befallen me," said Snewelin, "then let a dozen masses be read for my poor soul. I have always had a friendly feeling for you and your fellow-monks, and how it was that I fell amongst the heathens, I myself can scarcely understand. The soil of Ellwangen is unfortunately too rough and stony for producing saints."

Heribald, however, would have nothing to do with him. In the garden, he shoveled up the bones and ashes of the burnt Huns and their horses, and scattered them into the lake, even while the Huns were in the act of crossing to the other side.

"No heathen dust shall remain on the island," said he.

Then he went to the monastery yard, and thoughtfully stared at the place where he had been forced to dance on the day before.

The course taken by the Huns led them through the dark fir wood toward the Hohentwiel. But, as they went carelessly cantering along, here and there a horse began to stagger; arrows and missiles from slings flew into their ranks, sent by invisible hands. The vanguard showed signs of hesitation. "Why do you care for the stinging of gnats?" cried Ellak, and he spurred his horse. "Forward! the plain is the field for cavalry battle!"

A dozen of his men were ordered to stay behind with the baggage in order to skirmish with those in the forest. The ground echoed with the tramp of the swiftly advancing horde. On the plain they opened their ranks, and with wild howls galloped out against the approaching column of the arriere-ban.

Far ahead rode Ellak, with the Hunnic standard bearer, who waved the green and red flag over his head. Then the chieftain lifted himself high in the saddle, and uttered a piercing cry, and shot off the first arrow, that the battle might be opened according to old custom.

Now the bloody fight began in good earnest. Little avail was it to the Suabian warriors that they stood firm and immovable like a forest of lances; for though the horses recoiled, a shower of arrows came flying at them from the distance. Half standing in the stirrups, with the reins hanging over their horses' necks, even while they were dashing at full speed the Huns took aim; their arrows hit.

Others came swarming in from the sides; woe to the wounded, if his brethren did not take him into the center.

Then the light-armed troops planned to dash out from the fir wood and outflank the Huns. The sound of the horn collected them together; they started out; but, quick as thought, the enemies' horses were turned round, a shower of arrows greeted them. They hesitated; a few advanced; these also were thrown back; only Audifax was left bravely marching along. The arrows whizzed about him; but, without looking up or looking back, he blew his bagpipe, as was his duty. Thus he came right into the midst of the Hunnic riders.

Suddenly his piping stopped; for, in passing, one of the Huns had thrown the lasso over his head and dragged him away with him. Resisting with all his might, Audifax looked around; not a single man of his troop was to be seen.

"O Hadumoth!" cried he, mournfully.

The rider took pity on the brave fair-haired boy; instead of splitting his head, he lifted him up on the horse and galloped back. The Hunnic baggage train had stopped under the shelter of a hill. With erect figure the Forest woman was standing on her cart, intently gazing at the raging battle. She had cared for the first who were wounded, and chanted powerful charms over the flowing blood.

"Here I bring you some one to clean the camp kettles!" cried the Hunnic rider, and he threw the shepherd boy from the horse so that he fell right into the straw-woven body of the cart, at the old woman's feet.

"Welcome, thou venomous little toad," cried she, fiercely; "thou shalt get thy reward for showing that cowl bearer the way up to my house!"

She recognized him at once, and, dragging him toward her by the lasso, tied him fast to the cart.

Audifax remained silent, but bitter tears stood in his eyes. He did not weep because he was taken prisoner, but he wept because his hopes were again disappointed. "O Hadumoth!" sighed he again.

The midnight before he had sat with the young goose driver, hidden in a corner of the fireplace.

"Thou shalt be safe," Hadumoth had said; "here is a charm against all wounds!"

She had boiled a brown snake, and anointed his forehead, shoulders, and breast with its fat.

"To-morrow evening I shall wait for thee in this same corner; thou wilt come back to me safe and sound. No metal can do anything against the fat of a snake."

Audifax had given her his hand, and had gone out with his bagpipe so joyously into battle, — and now!

The battle was still raging on in the valley plain. The Suabian ranks were on the point of giving way, already weary from the unaccustomed fighting. Anxiously Simon Bardo looked on and shook his head.

"The finest strategy," he grumbled, "is lost on these Centaurs, who dash back and forth, and shoot from a distance, as if my threefold array were there for nothing. It would really be well if one were to add to Emperor Leo's book on tactics a special chapter treating of the attack of the Huns."

He rode up to the monks, and divided them again into two bodies; he ordered the men of St. Gall to advance on the right of the arriere-ban and those of Reichenau on the left; then to wheel about so that the enemy, having the wood at his back, might be shut in by a wide semicircle. "If we do not surround them, they will not make a stand," he cried, and flourished his broad sword. "Up and at them, then!"

A wild fire flashed in all eyes. In marching order stood the ranks. Now they all dropt down on their knees; each took up a clod of earth, and threw it over his head, that he might be consecrated and blessed by his native earth; then they rushed on to battle.

Those of St. Gall struck up the pious war song of "*media vita*."

Notker the stutterer once passed through the ravines of the Martistobel, in his native land; they were building a bridge across. The workmen were hanging over the giddy height. Then it came into his mind like a picture, how, at every moment in our life, the abyss of Death is yawning, and so he composed the song.

Now it served as a sort of magic song, a protection to their own lives, and death to their enemies.

Solemn sounded its strains from the lips of the men as they went into battle: —

> In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased.

In thee did our fathers put their trust, they put their trust in thee, and thou didst set them free.
O Lord God most holy!

And from the other wing the monks of the Reichenau were singing: —

On thee our fathers called, they called and were not confounded.
O Lord most mighty!

And from both sides was then heard together: —

Despise us not in the days of decrepitude; when our strength faileth, spare us.
Holy and most merciful Savior, deliver us not into the bitter pangs of eternal death.

Thus they stood in close combat. With amazement the Huns had beheld the dark columns approaching. Howls, and the hissing, devilish cry of "hui! hui!" was their response to the "*media vita.*" Ellak likewise now divided his horsemen for the attack, and the fighting raged fiercer than ever.

The Huns, spurring their horses, broke through the feeble force of the monks of St. Gall; a dire single combat then began. Strength wrestled with swiftness, German awkwardness with Hunnic cunning.

The soil of the Hegau then drank the blood of many a pious man. Tutilo the strong was slain. He had tripped up a Hun's horse and pulled the rider down by the feet, and, swinging the wry-faced wretch through the air, split his skull against a stone; but an arrow pierced the hoary warrior's temple. A sound like the victorious hymns of the heavenly host rang through his wounded brain, then he fell down on his slain foe.

Sindolt the wicked atoned by the death wound in his breast for many a bad trick which he had played on his brothers in former times, and nothing did it avail Dubslan the Scot that he had made a vow to St. Minwaloius to go barefoot to Rome, if he would protect him in this battle, — for he also was carried out of the tumult with an arrow shot through his body.

When the blows were raining down on the helmets like hailstones on loose slate roofs, old Moengal drew his hood over his head, so that he could look neither to the right nor to the left; he had thrown away his spear. "Out with thee now,

my old Cambutta," he cried spitefully, and unbuckled his shillelah, which had accompanied him fastened to his back. He now stood in the whirl like a thrasher on the barn floor.

For some time a horseman had been capering around him. "*Kyrie eleison*," sang out the old man, and smashed the horse's skull at one blow. On both feet the rider leaped to the ground: a light stroke from the crooked saber grazed Moengal's arm.

"Hoiho!" exclaimed he. "In spring 'tis a good thing to be bled; but take care, little surgeon!" and he aimed a blow as if he would strike his opponent ten fathoms deep into the ground.

The Hun evaded the blow, but the helmet fell off, and the club wielder saw a rosy face, framed in by long wavy tresses interwoven with a red ribbon.

Before Moengal could aim another blow, his antagonist jumped up at him like a tiger cat. The young fresh face approached his as if to afford him, in his old days, the opportunity of getting a kiss; but the next moment he received a sharp bite on his cheek. He clasped his assailant:—it was like a woman's form!

"Avaunt from me, demon!" cried he. "Has hell spewed out her she-devils also?"

Then came another bite on the left cheek to restore symmetry. He started back; she laughed at him; a riderless horse came dashing by; before old Moengal had raised his bludgeon again, Erica was in the saddle, and rode away like a dream of the night that vanishes at cockcrow.

In the main body of the arriere-ban fought Herr Spazzo the chamberlain, heading a troop. The slow advance had pleased him; but when the fight seemed to come to no conclusion, and men were flying at one another like the hounds and the deer in a chase, then it became rather too much for him. An idyllic mood came over him in the midst of battle and death, and only when a passing rider pulled off his helmet, as an acceptable booty, was he roused from his meditations; and when the same, renewing the experiment, tried to drag off his mantle also, he cried out angrily, "Is it not yet enough, thou marksman of the Devil?" at the same time he dealt at him a thrust with his long sword, which pinned the Hun's thigh to his horse.

Herr Spazzo then thought of giving him the deathblow;

but on looking into his face, he found it so very ugly that he resolved to bring him home to his mistress, as a living memento of the day. So he made the wounded man prisoner. His name was Cappan, and putting his head under Herr Spazzo's arm, in token of submission, he grinned with his white teeth, because his life had been spared.

Hornebog had led his troops against the brothers of the Reichenau. Here Death reaped a rich harvest. The cloister walls glistened in the distance across the lake, like an appeal to the combatants to exert their utmost strength; and many a Hun who came within reach of their swords found that he was treading on Suabian ground, where the most telling blows grow wild like strawberries in the wood. But the ranks of the brothers also were considerably thinned. Quirinius the scrivener was resting forever from the writer's cramp, which had caused the spear in his right hand to tremble. There fell Wiprecht the astronomer, and Kerimold the master of trout fishing, and Witigowo the architect; — who knows them all? the nameless heroes, who died a joyful death!

To one only did a Hunnic arrow bring relief; that was brother Pilgeram. He was born at Cologne, on the Rhine, and had carried his thirst of knowledge, as well as a mighty goiter, to St. Pirmin's isle, where he was one of the most learned and most pious of the monks; but his goiter increased, and he became hypochondriac over the ethics of Aristotle, so that Heribald had often said to him: "Pilgeram, I pity thee."

Now an arrow pierced the excrescence on his throat.

"Farewell, friend of my youth!" he cried, and sank down; but the wound was not dangerous, and when his consciousness returned, his throat felt light and his head felt light, and as long as he lived he never opened his Aristotle again.

Round the standard of St. Gall a select body of men had rallied. The black streamers still floated in the air from the image on the crucifix; but the contest was doubtful. With word and action Ekkehard encouraged his companions to hold their own; but it was Ellak himself who fought against them.

The bodies of slain men and horses cumbered the ground in wild disorder. He who survived had done his duty; and when all are brave, no single heroic deed can claim its special share of glory.

Herr Burkhard's sword had received a new baptism of blood

in Ekkehard's hands, but in vain had he fiercely attacked Ellak the chieftain; after they had exchanged a few blows and thrusts, they were separated again by the billows of battle.

Already the cross, towering on high, was beginning to waver under the rain of unceasing arrows, when a loud cry of surprise ran through the ranks. From the hill on which stood the tower of Hohenfridingen two unknown horsemen in strange-looking armor came galloping down. Heavy and of mighty bulk sat one of them on his steed; of antiquated shape were shield and harness, but the faded golden ornaments indicated the high birth of the warrior. A golden band encircled his helmet, from which waved a tuft of red feathers. With mantle fluttering in the wind and lance leveled, he looked like a picture of the olden times; like King Saul in Folkard's psalm book, when he rode out to meet David. Close by his side rode his companion, a faithful vassal, ready to succor and protect him.

"'Tis the archangel Michael!" rang the cry through the Christian ranks, and with this their strength rallied.

The sun shone brightly on the strange knight's arms, like an omen of victory,—and now the two were in the midst of the battle. He in the gilt armor seemed to be looking about for a worthy antagonist; one was not lacking, for, as soon as the Hunnic chieftain's keen eyes spied him out, his horse's head was turned toward him. The stranger knight's spear flew by him; Ellak was already raising his sword to deal the deathblow, when the vassal threw himself between the two. His broadsword merely struck the enemy's horse; so he bent his head forwards, and caught the blow meant for his master; cut through the neck, the faithful shield bearer found his death.

With a noisy clattering Ellak's horse fell to the ground; but before the din had quite died out the Hun was on his feet again. The unknown knight raised his mace to break his enemy's head; but Ellak, with his left foot braced against the body of his dead courser, pressed back the raised arm with his sinewy hand, and strove at the same time to pull him from his steed. Then, face to face, the two mighty ones engaged in such a wrestling that those around them ceased fighting to look on.

Now, by a crafty movement, Ellak seized his short sword, which, like all Huns, he wore at his right side; but just as he

was lifting his arm to use it, his antagonist's mace came down slowly but heavily on his head. Yet his hand still dealt the thrust! Then he raised it to his forehead; the blood streamed over it; the Hunnic chieftain fell back over his war horse, and reluctantly breathed out his life.

"Here! sword of the Lord and St. Michael!" now rose triumphantly the cry of monk and arriere-ban! They rushed on to one last desperate attack. The knight in the gilt armor was still the foremost in the fight. The death of their leader caused a panic to the Huns; they turned, and sped away in mad flight.

The Forest woman had already perceived the issue of the battle. Her horses were ready harnessed; she cast one last angry glance at the approaching monks and her rocky home, then she drove the horses at a swift pace toward the Rhine, followed by the rest of the train.

"To the Rhine!" was the watchword of the flying Huns.

Last of all, and unwillingly, Hornebog turned his back on the battlefield and the Hohentwiel.

"Farewell, till next year!" cried he, tauntingly.

The victory was gained; but he whom they believed to be the archangel Michael, sent from heaven to the field of Hegau, bowed his heavy head down to his horse's neck. Reins and mace fell from his hands; whether it was the Hunnic chieftain's last thrust, or suffocation in the heat of the battle, he was lifted down from his horse a dead man. On opening his visor, a happy smile was still visible on his wrinkled old face.—From that hour the headache of the old man of the Heidenhöhlen had ceased forever. Dying as an honorable champion should, he had atoned for the sins of bygone days; this gave him joy in the hour of death.

A black dog ran about searching on the battlefield till he found the old man's body. Dismally howling, he licked his forehead; and Ekkehard stood near, with tears in his eyes, and repeated a prayer for the welfare of his soul.

With helmets adorned with green fir twigs the conquerors returned to the Hohentwiel. Twelve of the brothers they left in the valley to watch the dead on the battlefield.

Of the Huns, one hundred and eighty-four had fallen in battle,—of the Suabian arriere-ban, ninety-six; those of the

Reichenau had lost eighteen, and those of St. Gall twenty, besides the old man and Rauching his bondsman.

With a handkerchief tied round his face, Moengal stalked over the field, leaning on his shillelah instead of a staff. One by one he examined the dead.

"Hast thou not seen amongst them a Hun who in reality is a Hunnic woman?" he asked of one of the watch-keeping brothers.

"No," was the reply.

"Then I may as well go home," said Moengal.

THE HORN OF ROLAND.

(From "The Song of Roland.")

TRANSLATED BY JOHN O'HAGAN.

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer agen:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Olivier answered, "I wist not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn,
Karl, as he passeth the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Olivier, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it, and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Not now shall mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done.
Lo! both your arms are streaming red."
"In sooth," said Roland, "good strokes I sped."

Said Roland, "Our battle goes hard, I fear;
I will sound my horn that Karl may hear."
"'Twere a deed unknightly," said Olivier;
"Thou didst disdain when I sought and prayed:
Saved had we been with our Karl to aid;
Unto him and his host no blame shall be:
By this my beard, might I hope to see
My gentle sister Alda's face,
Thou shouldst never hold her in thine embrace."

"Ah, why on me doth thine anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied, —
Better discretion than daring pride.
All of thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor shall render service to Karl again,
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The king had come and the field were won;
Marsil captive, or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more unto Karl we pay,
That first of men till the judgment day;
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
Ended our loyal company —
A woful parting this eve shall see."

Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behooves you to wind its call, —
Karl will come to avenge our fall,
Nor hence the foemen in joyance wend.
The Franks will all from their steeds descend;
When they find us slain and martyred here,
They will raise our bodies on mule and bier,
And, while in pity aloud they weep,
Lay us in hallowed earth to sleep;
Nor wolf nor boar on our limbs shall feed."
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede."

Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.

The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound.
Karl hath heard it, and all his band.
"Our men have battle," he said, "on hand."
Ganelon rose in front and cried,
"If another spake, I would say he lied."

With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst for the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And, save in battle, he had not blown."
"Battle," said Ganelon, "is there none.
Old are you grown — all white and hoar;
Such words bespeak you a child once more.
Have you, then, forgotten Roland's pride,
Which I marvel God should so long abide,
How he captured Noples without your hest?
Forth from the city the heathen pressed,
To your vassal Roland they battle gave, —
He slew them all with the trenchant glaive,
Then turned the waters upon the plain,
That trace of blood might none remain.
He would sound all day for a single hare:
'Tis a jest with him and his fellows there;
For who would battle against him dare?
Ride onward — wherefore this chill delay?
Your mighty land is yet far away."

On Roland's mouth is the bloody stain,
Burst asunder his temple's vein;
His horn he soundeth in anguish drear;
King Karl and the Franks around him hear.
Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath."
Said Naimes, "'Tis Roland who travaileth.
There is battle yonder by mine avow.
He who betrayed him deceives you now.
Arm, sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
And stand your noble household by;
For you hear your Roland in jeopardy."

The king commands to sound the alarm.
To the trumpet the Franks alight and arm;
With casque and corselet and gilded brand,
Buckler and stalwart lance in hand,
Pennons of crimson and white and blue,
The barons leap on their steeds anew,
And onward spur the passes through;
Nor is there one but to other saith,
"Could we reach but Roland before his death,
Blows would we strike for him grim and great."
Ah! what availeth! — 'tis all too late.

The evening passed into brightening dawn.
Against the sun their harness shone;
From helm and hauberk glanced the rays,
And their painted bucklers seemed all ablaze.
The Emperor rode in wrath apart.
The Franks were moody and sad of heart;
Was none but dropped the bitter tear,
For they thought of Roland with deadly fear. —
Then bade the Emperor take and bind
Count Gan, and had him in scorn consigned
To Besgun, chief of his kitchen train.
"Hold me this felon," he said, "in chain."
Then full a hundred round him pressed,
Of the kitchen varlets the worst and best;
His beard upon lip and chin they tore,
Cuffs of the fist each dealt him four,
Roundly they beat him with rods and staves;
Then around his neck those kitchen knaves
Flung a fetterlock fast and strong,
As ye lead a bear in a chain along;
On a beast of burthen the count they cast,
Till they yield him back to Karl at last.

Dark, vast, and high the summits soar,
The waters down through the valleys pour.
The trumpets sound in front and rear,
And to Roland's horn make answer clear.
The Emperor rideth in wrathful mood,
The Franks in grievous solicitude;
Nor one among them can stint to weep,
Beseeching God that He Roland keep,
Till they stand beside him upon the field,
To the death together their arms to wield.
Ah, timeless succor, and all in vain!
Too long they tarried, too late they strain.

Onward King Karl in his anger goes;
Down on his harness his white beard flows.
The barons of France spur hard behind;
But on all there presseth one grief of mind —
That they stand not beside Count Roland then,
As he fronts the power of the Saracen.
Were he hurt in fight, who would then survive?
Yet threescore barons around him strive.
And what a sixty! Nor chief nor king
Had ever such gallant following.

Roland looketh to hill and plain,
He sees the lines of his warriors slain,
And he weeps like a noble cavalier.
"Barons of France, God hold you dear,
And take you to Paradise's bowers,
Where your souls may lie on the holy flowers;
Braver vassals on earth were none,
So many kingdoms for Karl ye won;
Years a-many your ranks I led,
And for end like this were ye nurturèd.
Land of France, thou art soothly fair;
To-day thou liest bereaved and bare;
It was all for me your lives you gave,
And I was helpless to shield or save.
May the great God save you who cannot lie.
Olivier, brother, I stand thee by;
I die of grief, if I 'scape unslain:
In, brother, in to the fight again."

Once more pressed Roland within the fight,
His Durindana he grasped with might;
Faldron of Pui did he cleave in two,
And twenty-four of their bravest slew.
Never was man on such vengeance bound;
And, as flee the roe deer before the hound,
So in face of Roland the heathen flee.
Saith Turpin, "Right well this liketh me.
Such prowess a cavalier befits,
Who harness wears, and on charger sits;
In battle shall he be strong and great,
Or I prize him not at four deniers' rate;
Let him else be monk in a cloister cell,
His daily prayers for our souls to tell."
Cries Roland, "Smite them, and do not spare."

Down once more on the foe they bear,
But the Christian ranks grow thinned and rare.

Who knoweth ransom is none for him,
Maketh in battle resistance grim;
The Franks like wrathful lions strike,
But King Marsil beareth him baronlike;
He bestrideth his charger, Gaignon hight,
And he pricketh him hard, Sir Beuve to smite,
The Lord of Beaune and of Dijon town,
Through shield and cuirass, he struck him down:
Dead past succor of man he lay.
Ivon and Ivor did Marsil slay;
Gerard of Roussill on beside.
Not far was Roland, and loud he cried,
"Be thou forever in God's disgrace,
Who hast slain my fellows before my face;
Before we part thou shalt blows essay,
And learn the name of my sword to-day."
Down, at the word, came the trenchant brand,
And from Marsil severed his good right hand:
With another stroke, the head he won
Of the fair-haired Jurfalez, Marsil's son.
"Help us, Mahound!" say the heathen train,
"May our gods avenge us on Carlemaine!
Such daring felons he hither sent,
Who will hold the field till their lives be spent."
"Let us flee and save us," cry one and all,
Unto flight a hundred thousand fall,
Nor can aught the fugitives recall.

But what availeth? though Marsil fly,
His uncle, the Algalif, still is nigh;
Lord of Carthagena is he,
Of Alferna's shore and Garmalie,
And of Ethiopia, accursed land:
The black battalions at his command,
With nostrils huge and flattened ears,
Outnumber fifty thousand spears;
And on they ride in haste and ire,
Shouting their heathen war cry dire.
"At last," said Roland, "the hour is come,
Here receive we our martyrdom;
Yet strike with your burnished brands — accursed
Who sells not his life right dearly first;

In life or death be your thought the same,
That gentle France be not brought to shame.
When the Emperor hither his steps hath bent,
And he sees the Saracens' chastisement,
Fifteen of their dead against our one,
He will breathe on our souls his benison."

EPISODES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

By DAVID HUME.

[David Hume, Scotch philosopher and historian, was born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761 "The History of England," and in the mean time the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763–1766 he was in France; 1767–1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

Harold and William the Conqueror.

The Duke of Normandy, when he first received intelligence of Harold's intrigues and accession, had been moved to the highest pitch of indignation; but that he might give the better color to his pretensions, he sent an embassy to England, upbraiding that prince with his breach of faith, and summoning him to resign immediately possession of the kingdom. Harold replied to the Norman ambassadors, that the oath with which he was reproached had been extorted by the well-grounded fear of violence, and could never, for that reason, be regarded as obligatory: that he had had no commission, either from the late king, or the states of England, who alone could dispose of the crown, to make any tender of the succession to the Duke of Normandy; and if he, a private person, had assumed so much authority, and had even voluntarily sworn to support the duke's pretensions, the oath was unlawful, and it was his duty to seize the first opportunity of breaking it: that he had obtained the crown by the unanimous suffrages of the people; and should prove himself totally unworthy of their favor, did he not strenuously maintain those national liberties, with whose protection they had intrusted him: and that the duke, if he made

any attempt by force of arms, should experience the power of an united nation, conducted by a prince who, sensible of the obligations imposed on him by his royal dignity, was determined that the same moment should put a period to his life and to his government.

This answer was no other than William expected; and he had previously fixed his resolution of making an attempt upon England. Consulting only his courage, his resentment, and his ambition, he overlooked all the difficulties inseparable from an attack on a great kingdom by such inferior force, and he saw only the circumstances which would facilitate his enterprise. He considered that England, ever since the accession of Canute, had enjoyed profound tranquillity during a period of near fifty years; and it would require time for its soldiers, enervated by long peace, to learn discipline, and its generals experience. He knew that it was entirely unprovided with fortified towns, by which it could prolong the war; but must venture its whole fortune in one decisive action against a veteran enemy, who, being once master of the field, would be in a condition to overrun the kingdom. He saw that Harold, though he had given proofs of vigor and bravery, had newly mounted a throne which he had acquired by faction, from which he had excluded a very ancient royal family, and which was likely to totter under him by its own instability, much more if shaken by any violent external impulse; and he hoped that the very circumstance of his crossing the sea, quitting his own country, and leaving himself no hopes of retreat, as it would astonish the enemy by the boldness of the enterprise, would inspirit his soldiers by despair, and rouse them to sustain the reputation of the Norman arms.

The Normans, as they had long been distinguished by valor among all the European nations, had at this time attained to the highest pitch of military glory. Besides acquiring by arms such a noble territory in France, besides defending it against continual attempts of the French monarch and all his neighbors, besides exerting many acts of vigor under their present sovereign, they had, about this very time, revived their ancient fame, by the most hazardous exploits, and the most wonderful successes in the other extremity of Europe. A few Norman adventurers in Italy had acquired such an ascendant, not only over the Italians and Greeks, but the Germans and Saracens, that they expelled those foreigners,

procured to themselves ample establishments, and laid the foundation of the opulent kingdom of Naples and Sicily. These enterprises of men who were all of them vassals in Normandy, many of them banished for faction and rebellion, excited the ambition of the haughty William, who disdained, after such examples of fortune and valor, to be deterred from making an attack on a neighboring country, where he could be supported by the whole force of his principality.

The situation also of Europe inspired William with hopes that besides his brave Normans he might employ against England the flower of the military force which was dispersed in all the neighboring states. France, Germany, and the Low Countries, by the progress of the feudal institutions, were divided and subdivided into many principalities and baronies; and the possessors, enjoying the civil jurisdiction within themselves, as well as the right of arms, acted, in many respects, as independent sovereigns, and maintained their properties and privileges, less by the authority of laws than by their own force and valor. A military spirit had universally diffused itself throughout Europe; and the several leaders, whose minds were elevated by their princely situation, greedily embraced the most hazardous enterprises; and being accustomed to nothing from their infancy but recitals of the success attending wars and battles, they were prompted by a natural ambition to imitate those adventures, which they heard so much celebrated, and which were so much exaggerated by the credulity of the age. United, however loosely, by their duty to one superior lord, and by their connections with the great body of the community to which they belonged, they desired to spread their fame each beyond his own district; and in all assemblies, whether instituted for civil deliberations, for military expeditions, or merely for show and entertainment, to outshine each other by the reputation of strength and prowess. Hence their genius for chivalry; hence their impatience of peace and tranquillity; and hence their readiness to embark in any dangerous enterprise, how little soever interested in its failure or success.

William, by his power, his courage, and his abilities, had long maintained a preëminence among those haughty chieftains; and every one who desired to signalize himself by his address in military exercises, or his valor in action, had been ambitious of acquiring a reputation in the court and in the armies of Normandy. Entertained with that hospitality and

courtesy which distinguished the age, they had formed attachments with the prince, and greedily attended to the prospects of the signal glory and elevation which he promised them in return for their concurrence in an expedition against England. The more grandeur there appeared in the attempt, the more it suited their romantic spirit; the fame of the intended invasion was already diffused everywhere; multitudes crowded to tender to the duke their service, with that of their vassals and retainers; and William found less difficulty in completing his levies than in choosing the most veteran forces, and in rejecting the offers of those who were impatient to acquire fame under so renowned a leader. . . .

William had now assembled a fleet of three thousand vessels, great and small, and had selected an army of sixty thousand men from among those numerous supplies which from every quarter solicited to be received into his service. The camp bore a splendid yet a martial appearance, from the discipline of the men, the beauty and vigor of the horses, the luster of the arms, and the accouterments of both; but above all, from the high names of nobility who engaged under the banners of the Duke of Normandy. The most celebrated were Eustace Count of Boulogne, Aimeri de Thouars, Hugh d'Estaples, William d'Evreux, Geoffrey de Routrou, Roger de Beaumont, William de Warenne, Roger de Montgomery, Hugh de Grantmesnil, Charles Martel, and Geoffrey Giffard. To these bold chieftains William held up the spoils of England as the prize of their valor; and pointing to the opposite shore, called to them that *there* was the field on which they must erect trophies to their name, and fix their establishments.

While he was making these mighty preparations, the duke, that he might increase the number of Harold's enemies, excited the inveterate rancor of Tosti, and encouraged him, in concert with Harold Halfagar, King of Norway, to infest the coasts of England. Tosti, having collected about sixty vessels in the ports of Flanders, put to sea; and after committing some depredations on the south and east coasts, he sailed to Northumberland, and was there joined by Halfagar, who came over with a great armament of three hundred sail. The combined fleets entered the Humber, and disembarked the troops, who began to extend their depredations on all sides; when Morcar, Earl of Northumberland, and Edwin, Earl of Mercia, the king's brother-in-law, having hastily collected some forces, ventured to give

them battle. The action ended in the defeat and flight of these two noblemen.

Harold, informed of this defeat, hastened with an army to the protection of his people; and expressed the utmost ardor to show himself worthy of the crown which had been conferred upon him. This prince, though he was not sensible of the full extent of his danger, from the great combination against him, had employed every art of popularity to acquire the affections of the public; and he gave so many proofs of an equitable and prudent administration, that the English found no reason to repent the choice which they had made of a sovereign. They flocked from all quarters to join his standard; and as soon as he reached the enemy at Standford, he found himself in a condition to give them battle. The action was bloody; but the victory was decisive on the side of Harold, and ended in the total rout of the Norwegians, together with the death of Tosti and Halfagar. Even the Norwegian fleet fell into the hands of Harold, who had the generosity to give Prince Olave, the son of Halfagar, his liberty, and allow him to depart with twenty vessels. But he had scarcely time to rejoice for this victory, when he received intelligence that the Duke of Normandy was landed with a great army in the south of England.

The Norman fleet and army had been assembled early in the summer, at the mouth of the small river Dive, and all the troops had been instantly embarked; but the winds proved long contrary, and detained them in that harbor. The authority, however, of the duke, the good discipline maintained among the seamen and soldiers, and the great care in supplying them with provisions had prevented any disorder; when at last the wind became favorable, and enabled them to sail along the coast, till they reached St. Valori. There were, however, several vessels lost in this short passage; and as the wind again proved contrary, the army began to imagine that Heaven had declared against them, and that, notwithstanding the pope's benediction, they were destined to certain destruction. These bold warriors, who despised real dangers, were very subject to the dread of imaginary ones; and many of them began to mutiny, some of them even to desert their colors; when the duke, in order to support their drooping hopes, ordered a procession to be made with the relics of St. Valori, and prayers to be said for more favorable weather. The wind instantly changed; and as this incident happened on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, the

tutelar saint of Normandy, the soldiers, fancying they saw the hand of Heaven in all these concurring circumstances, set out with the greatest alacrity: they met with no opposition on their passage: a great fleet, which Harold had assembled, and which had cruised all summer off the Isle of Wight, had been dismissed, on his receiving false intelligence that William, discouraged by contrary winds and other accidents, had laid aside his preparations. The Norman armament, proceeding in great order, arrived, without any material loss, at Pevensey, in Sussex; and the army quietly disembarked. The duke himself, as he leaped on shore, happened to stumble and fall; but had the presence of mind, it is said, to turn the omen to his advantage, by calling aloud that he had taken possession of the country. And a soldier running to a neighboring cottage, plucked some thatch, which, as if giving him seisin of the kingdom, he presented to his general. The joy and alacrity of William and his whole army were so great, that they were nowise discouraged, even when they heard of Harold's great victory over the Norwegians: they seemed rather to wait with impatience the arrival of the enemy.

The victory of Harold, though great and honorable, had proved in the main prejudicial to his interests, and may be regarded as the immediate cause of his ruin. He lost many of his bravest officers and soldiers in the action; and he disgusted the rest by refusing to distribute the Norwegian spoils among them: a conduct which was little agreeable to his usual generosity of temper, but which his desire of sparing the people, in the war that impended over him from the Duke of Normandy, had probably occasioned. He hastened, by quick marches, to reach this new invader; but though he was reënforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who, from fatigue and discontent, secretly withdrew from their colors. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event; and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war, — at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him, that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle; but that the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less danger-

ous means of insuring to himself the victory; that the Norman troops, elated on the one hand with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity; and being the flower of all the warriors of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English: that if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action; if they were harassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy: that if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties, as well as liberties, were exposed from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible: that at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person, but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom: and that having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be intrusted to another, who, not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances: elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person; and for that purpose he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fleet to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success, that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood: but his offer was rejected with disdain; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied, that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision; but the aspect of things on the night before the battle was very different in the two camps. The English spent the night in riot, and jollity, and disorder; the

Normans in silence, and in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them that the event which they and he had long wished for was approaching; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action: that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture: that if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valor: that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice: that by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had insured every human means of conquest; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favor of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles: and that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited. The duke next divided his army into three lines: the first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry: the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order: his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line; and were so disposed, that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced, in order, and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground, and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van, a post which they had always claimed

as their due: the Londoners guarded the standard: and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valor by the English; and after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigor, then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action; the English were obliged to retire with loss; and the duke, ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed advisable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone: he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against those inexperienced soldiers, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage which the surprise and terror of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill; where, being rallied by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain their post, and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time with the same success; but even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them, while his archers placed behind, should gall the enemy, who were exposed by the situation of the ground, and who were intent on defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this dis-

position he at last prevailed: Harold was slain by an arrow while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men: his two brothers shared the same fate: and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonor of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained by William, Duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valor displayed by both armies, and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans: the loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished; besides the death of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven in the most solemn manner for their victory; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English.

England during the Early Crusades.

The noise of these petty wars and commotions was quite sunk in the tumult of the crusades, which now engrossed the attention of Europe, and have ever since engaged the curiosity of mankind, as the most signal and most durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation. After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes; and being animated with zeal for their new religion, and supported by the vigor of their new government, they made deep impression on the eastern empire, which was far in the decline, with regard both to military discipline and to civil policy. Jerusalem, by its situation, became

one of their most early conquests; and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulcher, and the other places consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises, by which they spread their empire, in a few years, from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy; and though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem; and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulcher, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having, in the year 1065, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The barbarity of their manners, and the confusions attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions; and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels who profaned the holy city by their presence and derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Gregory VII., among the other vast ideas which he entertained, had formed the design of uniting all the western Christians against the Mahometans; but the egregious and violent invasions of that pontiff on the civil power of princes had created him so many enemies, and had rendered his schemes so suspicious, that he was not able to make great progress in this undertaking. The work was reserved for a meaner instrument, whose low condition in life exposed him to no jealousy, and whose folly was well calculated to coincide with the prevailing principles of the times.

Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of piety now exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the instances of oppression under which the eastern Christians labored, he entertained the bold, and in all appearance impracticable, project of leading

PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE CRUSADE

From a painting by Signol

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection. He proposed his views to Martin II., who filled the papal chair, and who, though sensible of the advantages which the head of the Christian religion must reap from a religious war, and though he esteemed the blind zeal of Peter a proper means for effecting the purpose, resolved not to interpose his authority, till he saw a greater probability of success. He summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars; and which was so numerous that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, and the indignity suffered by the Christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of infidels, here found the minds of men so well prepared, that the whole multitude, suddenly and violently, declared for the war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious, as they believed it, to God and religion.

But though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced the enterprise, Martin knew that, in order to insure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont in Auvergne. The fame of this great and pious design being now universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes; and when the pope and the Hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, *It is the will of God! It is the will of God!* Words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of those adventurers. Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardor; and an exterior symbol too, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach among the pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed

to the right shoulder, by all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare. . . .

Amidst this universal frenzy, which spread itself by contagion throughout Europe, especially in France and Germany, men were not entirely forgetful of their present interests; and both those who went on this expedition, and those who stayed behind, entertained schemes of gratifying, by its means, their avarice or their ambition. The nobles who enlisted themselves were moved, from the romantic spirit of the age, to hope for opulent establishments in the East, the chief seat of arts and commerce during those ages; and in pursuit of these chimerical projects, they sold at the lowest price their ancient castles and inheritances, which had now lost all value in their eyes. The greater princes, who remained at home, besides establishing peace in their dominions by giving occupation abroad to the inquietude and martial disposition of their subjects, took the opportunity of annexing to their crown many considerable fiefs, either by purchase, or by the extinction of heirs. The pope frequently turned the zeal of the crusaders from the infidels against his own enemies, whom he represented as equally criminal with the enemies of Christ. The convents and other religious societies bought the possessions of the adventurers, and as the contributions of the faithful were commonly intrusted to their management, they often diverted to this purpose what was intended to be employed against the infidels. But no one was a more immediate gainer by this epidemic fury than the King of England, who kept aloof from all connections with those fanatical and romantic warriors.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the crusade; but being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station, at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved, therefore, to mortgage, or rather to sell, his dominions, which he had not talents to govern; and he offered them to his brother William for the very unequal sum of ten thousand marks. The bargain was soon concluded: the king raised the money by violent extortions on his subjects of all ranks, even on the convents, who were obliged to melt their plate in order to furnish the quota demanded of them: he was put in possession

of Normandy and Maine, and Robert, providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land, in pursuit of glory, and in full confidence of securing his eternal salvation.

The smallness of this sum, with the difficulties which William found in raising it, suffices alone to refute the account which is heedlessly adopted by historians, of the enormous revenue of the Conqueror. Is it credible that Robert would consign to the rapacious hands of his brother such considerable dominions, for a sum which, according to that account, made not a week's income of his father's English revenue alone? Or that the King of England could not on demand, without oppressing his subjects, have been able to pay him the money? The Conqueror, it is agreed, was frugal as well as rapacious; yet his treasure, at his death, exceeded not sixty thousand pounds, which hardly amounted to his income for two months: another certain refutation of that exaggerated account.

The fury of the crusades, during this age, less infected England than the neighboring kingdoms; probably because the Norman conquerors, finding their settlement in that kingdom still somewhat precarious, durst not abandon their homes in quest of distant adventures. The selfish interested spirit also of the king, which kept him from kindling in the general flame, checked its progress among his subjects: and as he is accused of open profaneness, and was endued with a sharp wit, it is likely that he made the romantic chivalry of the crusaders the object of his perpetual raillery. As an instance of his irreligion, we are told, that he once accepted of sixty marks from a Jew, whose son had been converted to Christianity, and who engaged him by that present to assist him in bringing back the youth to Judaism. William employed both menaces and persuasion for that purpose; but finding the convert obstinate in his new faith, he sent for the father and told him, that as he had not succeeded, it was not just that he should keep the present; but as he had done his utmost, it was but equitable that he should be paid for his pains; and he would therefore retain only thirty marks of the money. At another time, it is said, he sent for some learned Christian theologians and some rabbis, and bade them fairly dispute the question of their religion in his presence: he was perfectly indifferent between them; had his ears open to reason and conviction; and would embrace that doctrine which upon comparison should be found supported by the most solid arguments. If

this story be true, it is probable that he meant only to amuse himself by turning both into ridicule.

Prince William's Death, and the Anarchy.

This public prosperity of Henry was much overbalanced by a domestic calamity which befell him. His only son, William, had now reached his eighteenth year; and the king, from the facility with which he himself had usurped the crown, dreading that a like revolution might subvert his family, had taken care to have him recognized successor by the states of the kingdom, and had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. The king, on his return, set sail from Barfleur, and was soon carried by a fair wind out of sight of land. The prince was detained by some accident; and his sailors, as well as their captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephens, having spent the interval in drinking, were so flustered, that being in a hurry to follow the king, they heedlessly carried the ship on a rock, where she immediately foundered. William was put into the longboat, and had got clear of the ship, when, hearing the cries of his natural sister, the Countess of Perche, he ordered the seamen to row back in hopes of saving her; but the numbers who then crowded in soon sank the boat, and the prince, with all his retinue, perished. Above a hundred and forty young noblemen, of the principal families of England and Normandy, were lost on this occasion. A butcher of Roüen was the only person on board who escaped. He clung to the mast, and was taken up next morning by fishermen. Fitz-Stephens also took hold of the mast, but being informed by the butcher that Prince William had perished, he said that he would not survive the disaster; and he threw himself headlong into the sea. Henry entertained hopes for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.

The death of William may be regarded, in one respect, as a misfortune to the English; because it was the immediate source of those civil wars which, after the demise of the king, caused such confusion in the kingdom; but it is remarkable that the young prince had entertained a violent aversion to

the natives; and had been heard to threaten that when he should be king, he would make them draw the plow, and would turn them into beasts of burden. These prepossessions he inherited from his father, who, though he was wont, when it might serve his purpose, to value himself on his birth, as a native of England, showed, in the course of his government, an extreme prejudice against that people. All hopes of preferment, to ecclesiastical as well as civil dignities, were denied them during this whole reign; and any foreigner, however ignorant or worthless, was sure to have the preference in every competition. As the English had given no disturbance to the government during the course of fifty years, this inveterate antipathy in a prince of so much temper as well as penetration forms a presumption that the English of that age were still a rude and barbarous people even compared to the Normans, and impresses us with no very favorable idea of the Anglo-Saxon manners.

Prince William left no children; and the king had not now any legitimate issue, except one daughter, Matilda, whom, in 1110, he had betrothed, though only eight years of age, to the Emperor Henry V., and whom he had then sent over to be educated in Germany. But as her absence from the kingdom, and her marriage into a foreign family, might endanger the succession, Henry, who was now a widower, was induced to marry, in hopes of having male heirs; and he made his addresses to Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Lovaine, and niece of Pope Calixtus, a young princess of an amiable person. But Adelais brought him no children; and the prince who was most likely to dispute the succession, and even the immediate possession of the crown, recovered hopes of subverting his rival, who had successively seized all his patrimonial dominions. William, the son of Duke Robert, was still protected in the French court; and as Henry's connections with the Count of Anjou were broken off by the death of his son, Fulk joined the party of the unfortunate prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, and aided him in raising disturbances in Normandy. But Henry found the means of drawing off the Count of Anjou, by forming anew with him a nearer connection than the former, and one more material to the interests of that count's family. The emperor, his son-in-law, dying without issue, he bestowed his daughter on Geoffrey, the eldest son of Fulk, and endeavored to insure her succession by having her recognized heir to

all his dominions, and obliging the barons, both of Normandy and England, to swear fealty to her. He hoped that the choice of this husband would be more agreeable to all his subjects than that of the emperor; as securing them from the danger of falling under the dominion of a great and distant potentate, who might bring them into subjection, and reduce their country to the rank of a province: but the barons were displeased that a step so material to national interests had been taken without consulting them; and Henry had too sensibly experienced the turbulence of their disposition, not to dread the effects of their resentment. It seemed probable, that his nephew's party might gain force from the increase of the malcontents: an accession of power which that prince acquired a little after, tended to render his pretensions still more dangerous. Charles, Earl of Flanders, being assassinated during the celebration of divine service, King Lewis immediately put the young prince in possession of that country, to which he had pretensions in the right of his grandmother Matilda, wife to the Conqueror. But William survived a very little time this piece of good fortune, which seemed to open the way to still farther prosperity. He was killed in a skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace, his competitor for Flanders; and his death put an end, for the present, to the jealousy and inquietude of Henry. . . .

In the progress and settlement of the feudal law, the male succession to fiefs had taken place some time before the female was admitted; and estates being considered as military benefices, not as property, were transmitted to such only as could serve in the armies, and perform in person the conditions upon which they were originally granted. But when the continuance of rights, during some generations, in the same family, had, in a great measure, obliterated the primitive idea, the females were gradually admitted to the possession of feudal property; and the same revolution of principles which procured them the inheritance of private estates, naturally introduced their succession to government and authority. The failure, therefore, of male heirs to the kingdom of England and duchy of Normandy seemed to leave the succession open, without a rival, to the Empress Matilda; and as Henry had made all his vassals, in both states, swear fealty to her, he presumed that they would not easily be induced to depart at once from her hereditary right, and from their own reiterated oaths and engagements.

But the irregular manner in which he himself had acquired the crown might have instructed him that neither his Norman nor English subjects were as yet capable of adhering to a strict rule of government; and as every precedent of this kind seems to give authority to new usurpations, he had reason to dread, even from his own family, some invasion of his daughter's title, which he had taken such pains to establish.

Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, had been married to Stephen, Count of Blois, and had brought him several sons, among whom Stephen and Henry, the two youngest, had been invited over to England by the late king, and had received great honors, riches, and preferment, from the zealous friendship which that prince bore to every one that had been so fortunate as to acquire his favor and good opinion. Henry, who had betaken himself to the ecclesiastical profession, was created Abbot of Glastonbury and Bishop of Winchester; and though these dignities were considerable, Stephen had, from his uncle's liberality, attained establishments still more solid and durable. The king had married him to Matilda, who was daughter and heir of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and who brought him, besides that feudal sovereignty in France, an immense property in England, which, in the distribution of lands, had been conferred by the Conqueror on the family of Boulogne. Stephen also by this marriage acquired a new connection with the royal family of England; as Mary, his wife's mother, was sister to David, the reigning King of Scotland, and to Matilda, the first wife of Henry, and mother of the empress. The king, still imagining that he strengthened the interests of his family by the aggrandizement of Stephen, took pleasure in enriching him by the grant of new possessions; and he conferred on him the great estate forfeited by Robert Mallet in England, and that forfeited by the Earl of Mortaigne in Normandy. Stephen, in return, professed great attachment to his uncle; and appeared so zealous for the succession of Matilda, that when the barons swore fealty to that princess, he contended with Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the king's natural son, who should first be admitted to give her this testimony of devoted zeal and fidelity. Meanwhile he continued to cultivate, by every art of popularity, the friendship of the English nation; and many virtues, with which he seemed to be endowed, favored the success of his intentions. By his bravery, activity, and vigor, he acquired the esteem of the barons: by his generosity, and by an affable

and familiar address, unusual in that age among men of his high quality, he obtained the affections of the people, particularly of the Londoners. And though he dared not to take any steps towards his farther grandeur, lest he should expose himself to the jealousy of so penetrating a prince as Henry, he still hoped that, by accumulating riches and power, and by acquiring popularity, he might in time be able to open his way to the throne.

No sooner had Henry breathed his last, than Stephen, insensible to all the ties of gratitude and fidelity, and blind to danger, gave full reins to his criminal ambition, and trusted that, even without any previous intrigue, the celerity of his enterprise, and the boldness of his attempt, might overcome the weak attachment which the English and Normans in that age bore to the laws and to the rights of their sovereign. He hastened over to England; and though the citizens of Dover, and those of Canterbury, apprized of his purpose, shut their gates against him, he stopped not till he arrived at London, where some of the lower rank, instigated by his emissaries, as well as moved by his general popularity, immediately saluted him king. His next point was to acquire the good will of the clergy, and by performing the ceremony of his coronation, to put himself in possession of the throne, from which he was confident it would not be easy afterwards to expel him. His brother, the Bishop of Winchester, was useful to him in these capital articles: having gained Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who, though he owed a great fortune and advancement to the favor of the late king, preserved no sense of gratitude to that prince's family, he applied, in conjunction with that prelate, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and required him, in virtue of his office, to give the royal unction to Stephen. The primate, who, as all the others, had shown fealty to Matilda, refused to perform this ceremony; but his opposition was overcome by an expedient equally dishonorable with the other steps by which this revolution was effected. Hugh Bigod, steward of the household, made oath before the primate, that the late king, on his deathbed, had shown a dissatisfaction with his daughter Matilda, and had expressed his intention of leaving the Count of Boulogne heir to all his dominions. William, either believing, or feigning to believe, Bigod's testimony, anointed Stephen, and put the crown upon his head; and from this religious ceremony that prince, without any shadow either

of hereditary title, or consent of the nobility or people, was allowed to proceed to the exercise of sovereign authority. Very few barons attended his coronation; but none opposed his usurpation, however unjust or flagrant. The sentiment of religion, which, if corrupted into superstition, has often little efficacy in fortifying the duties of civil society, was not affected by the multiplied oaths taken in favor of Matilda, and only rendered the people obedient to a prince who was countenanced by the clergy, and who had received from the primate the rite of royal unction and consecration.

Stephen, that he might farther secure his tottering throne, passed a charter, in which he made liberal promises to all orders of men: to the clergy, that he would speedily fill all vacant benefices, and would never levy the rents of any of them during the vacancy; to the nobility, that he would reduce the royal forests to their ancient boundaries, and correct all encroachments; and to the people, that he would remit the tax of Danegelt, and restore the laws of King Edward. The late king had a great treasure at Winchester, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds; and Stephen, by seizing this money, immediately turned against Henry's family the precaution which that prince had employed for their grandeur and security: an event which naturally attends the policy of amassing treasures. By means of this money, the usurper insured the compliance, though not the attachment, of the principal clergy and nobility; but not trusting to this frail security, he invited over from the continent, particularly from Brittany and Flanders, great numbers of those bravoes, or disorderly soldiers, with whom every country in Europe, by reason of the general ill police and turbulent government, extremely abounded. These mercenary troops guarded his throne by the terrors of the sword; and Stephen, that he might also overawe all malcontents by new and additional terrors of religion, procured a bull from Rome, which ratified his title, and which the pope, seeing this prince in possession of the throne, and pleased with an appeal to his authority in secular controversies, very readily granted him.

Matilda, and her husband Geoffrey, were as unfortunate in Normandy as they had been in England. The Norman nobility, moved by an hereditary animosity against the Angevins, first applied to Theobald, Count of Blois, Stephen's elder brother, for protection and assistance; but hearing afterwards that Stephen had got possession of the English crown, and having

many of them the same reasons as formerly for desiring a continuance of their union with that kingdom, they transferred their allegiance to Stephen, and put him in possession of their government. Lewis the younger, the reigning King of France, accepted the homage of Eustace, Stephen's eldest son, for the duchy; and the more to corroborate his connections with that family, he betrothed his sister, Constantia, to the young prince. The Count of Blois resigned all his pretensions, and received, in lieu of them, an annual pension of two thousand marks; and Geoffrey himself was obliged to conclude a truce for two years with Stephen, on condition of the king's paying him, during that time, a pension of five thousand. Stephen, who had taken a journey to Normandy, finished all these transactions in person, and soon after returned to England.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, was a man of honor and abilities; and as he was much attached to the interests of his sister, Matilda, and zealous for the lineal succession, it was chiefly from his intrigues and resistance that the king had reason to dread a new revolution of government. This nobleman, who was in Normandy when he received intelligence of Stephen's accession, found himself much embarrassed concerning the measures which he should pursue in that difficult emergency. To swear allegiance to the usurper appeared to him dishonorable and a breach of his oath to Matilda: to refuse giving this pledge of his fidelity was to banish himself from England, and be totally incapacitated from serving the royal family, or contributing to their restoration. He offered Stephen to do him homage, and to take the oath of fealty,—but with an express condition, that the king should maintain all his stipulations, and should never invade any of Robert's rights or dignities: and Stephen, though sensible that this reserve, so unusual in itself, and so unbefitting the duty of a subject, was meant only to afford Robert a pretense for a revolt on the first favorable opportunity, was obliged, by the numerous friends and retainers of that nobleman, to receive him on those terms. The clergy, who could scarcely, at this time, be deemed subjects to the crown, imitated that dangerous example: they annexed to their oaths of allegiance this condition, that they were only bound so long as the king defended the ecclesiastical liberties, and supported the discipline of the church. The barons, in return for their submission, exacted terms still more destructive of public peace, as well as of royal authority: many of

them required the right of fortifying their castles, and of putting themselves in a posture of defense; and the king found himself totally unable to refuse his consent to this exorbitant demand. All England was immediately filled with those fortresses, which the noblemen garrisoned either with their vassals, or with licentious soldiers, who flocked to them from all quarters. Unbounded rapine was exercised upon the people for the maintenance of these troops; and private animosities, which had with difficulty been restrained by law, now breaking out without control, rendered England a scene of uninterrupted violence and devastation. Wars between the nobles were carried on with the utmost fury in every quarter; the barons even assumed the right of coining money, and of exercising, without appeal, every act of jurisdiction; and the inferior gentry, as well as the people, finding no defense from the laws during this total dissolution of sovereign authority, were obliged, for their immediate safety, to pay court to some neighboring chieftain, and to purchase his protection, both by submitting to his exactions, and by assisting him in his rapine upon others. The erection of one castle proved the immediate cause of building many others; and even those who obtained not the king's permission, thought that they were entitled, by the great principle of self-preservation, to put themselves on an equal footing with their neighbors, who commonly were also their enemies and rivals. The aristocratical power, which is usually so oppressive in the feudal governments, had now risen to its utmost height, during the reign of a prince who, though endowed with vigor and abilities, had usurped the throne without the pretense of a title, and who was necessitated to tolerate in others the same violence to which he himself had been beholden for his sovereignty.

But Stephen was not of a disposition to submit long to these usurpations, without making some effort for the recovery of royal authority. Finding that the legal prerogatives of the crown were resisted and abridged, he was also tempted to make his power the sole measure of his conduct; and to violate all those concessions which he himself had made on his accession, as well as the ancient privileges of his subjects. The mercenary soldiers, who chiefly supported his authority, having exhausted the royal treasure, subsisted by depredations; and every place was filled with the best-grounded complaints against the government. The Earl of Gloucester, having now settled with

his friends the plan of an insurrection, retired beyond sea, sent the king a defiance, solemnly renounced his allegiance, and upbraided him with the breach of those conditions which had been annexed to the oath of fealty sworn by that nobleman. David, King of Scotland, appeared at the head of an army in defense of his niece's title, and penetrating into Yorkshire, committed the most barbarous devastations on that country. The fury of his massacres and ravages enraged the northern nobility, who might otherwise have been inclined to join him; and William, Earl of Albemarle, Robert de Ferrers, William Piercy, Robert de Brus, Roger Moubray, Ilbert Lacey, Walter l'Espec, powerful barons in those parts, assembled an army with which they encamped at North-Allerton, and awaited the arrival of the enemy. A great battle was here fought, called the battle of the *Standard*, from a high crucifix, erected by the English on a wagon, and carried along with the army as a military ensign. The King of Scots was defeated, and he himself, as well as his son Henry, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English. This success overawed the malcontents in England, and might have given some stability to Stephen's throne, had he not been so elated with prosperity as to engage in a controversy with the clergy, who were at that time an overmatch for any monarch. . . .

Were we to relate all the military events transmitted to us by contemporary and authentic historians, it would be easy to swell our accounts of this reign into a large volume: but those incidents, so little memorable in themselves, and so confused both in time and place, could afford neither instruction nor entertainment to the reader. It suffices to say that the war was spread into every quarter, and that those turbulent barons, who had already shaken off, in a great measure, the restraint of government, having now obtained the pretense of a public cause, carried on their devastations with redoubled fury, exercised implacable vengeance on each other, and set no bounds to their oppressions over the people. The castles of the nobility were become receptacles of licensed robbers; who, sallying forth day and night, committed spoil on the open country, on the villages, and even on the cities, put the captives to torture, in order to make them reveal their treasures; sold their persons to slavery; and set fire to their houses, after they had pillaged them of everything valuable. The fierceness of their disposition, leading them to commit wanton destruction, frustrated

their rapacity of its purpose; and the property and persons even of the ecclesiastics, generally so much revered, were at last, from necessity, exposed to the same outrage which laid waste the rest of the kingdom. The land was left untilled; the instruments of husbandry were destroyed or abandoned; and a grievous famine, the natural result of those disorders, affected equally both parties, and reduced the spoilers as well as the defenseless people to the most extreme want and indigence.

THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.—NOVEMBER 25, 1120.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son;
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
The poor flung plowshares on his road.
And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,—
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land!'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the Prince assigned.

The Prince was a lawless shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel e'er yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a song bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill strange sigh —
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

"And down to the boat they leaped and fell"

From a painting by Rigaud

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R L

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And mauger the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

And now the end came o'er the waters' womb
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
The White Ship sundered on the mid main:

And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I Berold was down in the sea;
And passing strange though the thing may be,
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
The main yard rent from the mast where it ran;
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea sky,
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
Like an angel's wing that beat tow'rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
Who charged me, till the shrift were released,
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,
And he wept and mourned again and again,
As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the King?
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The Prince has lingered for his pleasaùnce."

But once the King asked: "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With such like shouts, pardie!
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea mew misses its young from the nest?"

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the King?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the King's high seat that day.

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign: —

But this King never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONGS.

By F. MAX MÜLLER.

[FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER, cosmopolitan philologist, was born December 6, 1823, at Dessau, Germany, where his father, Wilhelm Müller, the poet, was librarian. He studied at several great universities, making Sanskrit his specialty, and edited the Rig-veda, 1849–1874. He was professor at Oxford of modern languages, and later of comparative philology, which he has popularized beyond any other man by his writings. His "Chips from a German Workshop" is a well-known collection of his essays; his "Comparative Mythology," "Science of Language," "Science of Religion," "Science of Thought," "Science of Mythology," etc., have been very influential.]

SEVEN hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II., King of England; Frederick I., the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of Saint Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements.

It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas à Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abélard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the shrine of Abélard and Héloïse in the Père La Chaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber, and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very school days as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but

we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armor, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine, might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry, — poetry unknown to the ancient world, — and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called Romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry, — purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and meter, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective, as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit; the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine; the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's "Helena" and Dante's "Beatrice," if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

A volume of German poetry is called "Des Minnesangs Frühling," — "the Spring of the Songs of Love"; and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised.

Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glowing language.

"At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire: great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her."

Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray — not indeed without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music — were bidding it welcome."

And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the "Nibelunge," or to Wolfram's grand poems of the "Parcival" and the "Holy Grail," it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, — in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem; and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it; and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry: —

It has pained me in the heart,
Full many a time,
That I yearned after that
Which I may not have,

Nor ever shall win.
It is very grievous.
I do not mean gold or silver;
It is more like a human heart.

I trained me a falcon,
More than a year.
When I had tamed him,
As I would have him,
And had well tied his feathers
With golden chains,
He soared up very high,
And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,
Flying happily;
He carried on his foot
Silken straps,
And his plumage was
All red of gold. . . .
May God send them together,
Who would fain be loved.

The keynote of the whole poem of the "Nibelunge," such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is "Sorrow after Joy." This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers: —

"No more, no more, dear mother, say,
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she

belongs ; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the "Edda," the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same somber cast. He wrote his "Parcival" about the time when the songs of the "Nibelunge" were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur and his knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give is to him but a shadow, — the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Grail.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be "Minding," and it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love.

Most of the poems of the "Minnesänger" are sad rather than joyful, — joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the "Minnesänger" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise ; and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into Modern German, — much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, — Dietmar von Eist : —

A lady stood alone,
And gazed across the heath,
And gazed for her love.

She saw a falcon flying.
"O happy falcon that thou art,
Thou fliest wherever thou likest,
Thou choosest in the forest
A tree that pleases thee.
Thus I too had done,
I chose myself a man:
Him my eyes selected.
Beautiful ladies envy me for it.
Alas! why will they not leave me my love?
I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.
Now woe to thee, joy of summer!
The song of birds is gone;
So are the leaves of the lime tree:
Henceforth, my pretty eyes too
Will be overcast.
My love, thou shouldst take leave
Of other ladies;
Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.
When thou sawest me first,
I seemed to thee in truth
Right lovely made:
I remind thee of it, dear man!"

These poems, simple and homely as they may seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of kings and queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages.

One of the most original and thoughtful of the "Minnesänger" is the old Reinmar. His poems, however, are not easy to read. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry: —

High as the sun stands my heart;
That is because of a lady who can be without change
In her grace, wherever she be.
She makes me free from all sorrow.

I have nothing to give her, but my own life,
That belongs to her: the beautiful woman gives me always
Joy, and a high mind,
If I think of it, what she does for me.

Well is it for me that I found her so true!
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;
If she went across the wild sea,
There I should go; I long so much for her.

If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well
That I keep her, whom I should serve:
May she take care right well,
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

I was never quite blessed, but through her:
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me!
It was a blessed thing for me
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace.

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says that, among all this warbling of love, there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those bygone days. One poet sings: —

If the whole world was mine,
From the Sea to the Rhine,
I would gladly give it all,
That the Queen of England
Lay in my arms, etc.

Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleanor of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours; and at the court of her husband, she encouraged several of her German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne.

They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulcher, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valor are well-nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned

language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love, are still listened to by the nations of Europe; and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its royal patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and Frederick the Great, — we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom Faith, Love, and Honor were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.

SUNKEN CITIES.

THERE is a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of these islands was called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is supposed to have been situated opposite the village now called Büsen, on the west coast of Dithmarschen. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the Bœotians of Holstein.

OLD BÜSUM.

(By Klaus Groth: translated by F. Max Müller.)

Old Büsen sank into the waves;
The sea has made full many graves;
The flood came near and washed around,
Until the rock to dust was ground.
No stone remained, no belfry steep;
All sank into the waters deep.
There was no beast, there was no hound;
They all were carried to the ground.
And all that lived and laughed around
The sea now holds in gloom profound.
At times, when low the water falls,
The sailor sees the broken walls;
The church tower peeps from out the sand,
Like to the finger of a hand.
Then hears one low the church bells ringing

Then hears one low the sexton singing;
A chant is carried by the gust:
"Give earth to earth, and dust to dust."

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of Vineta,—once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe,—several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a flood. The ruins of Vineta are believed to be visible between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rügen.

VINETA.

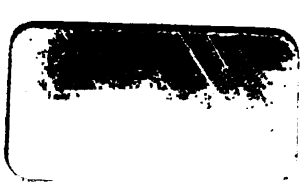
(By Wilhelm Müller: translated by J. A. Froude.)

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell notes sad and slow,
Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world, in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms, across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.